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M A G E T R I N S .



THE
NATIONAL BURNS,

INCLUDING

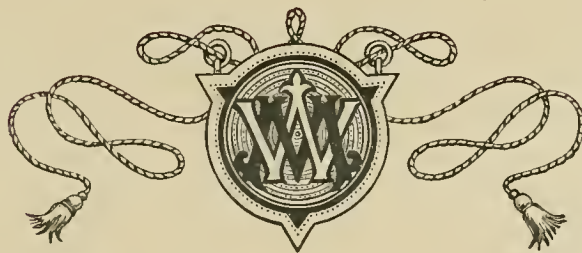
THE AIRS OF ALL THE SONGS

IN THE STAFF AND TONIC SOL-FA NOTATIONS;

EDITED,

WITH AN ORIGINAL LIFE OF BURNS,

BY THE REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN.



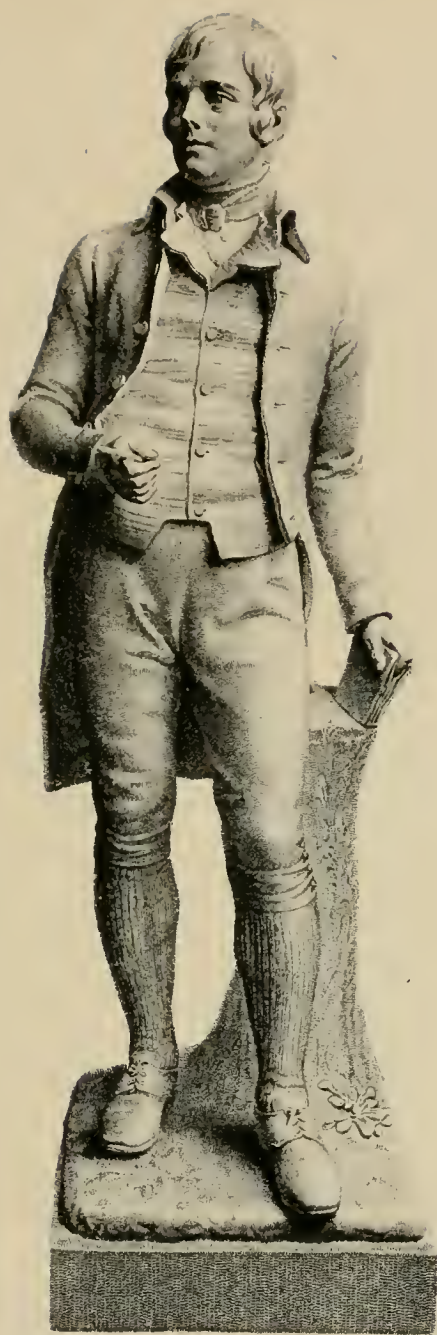
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LONDON:

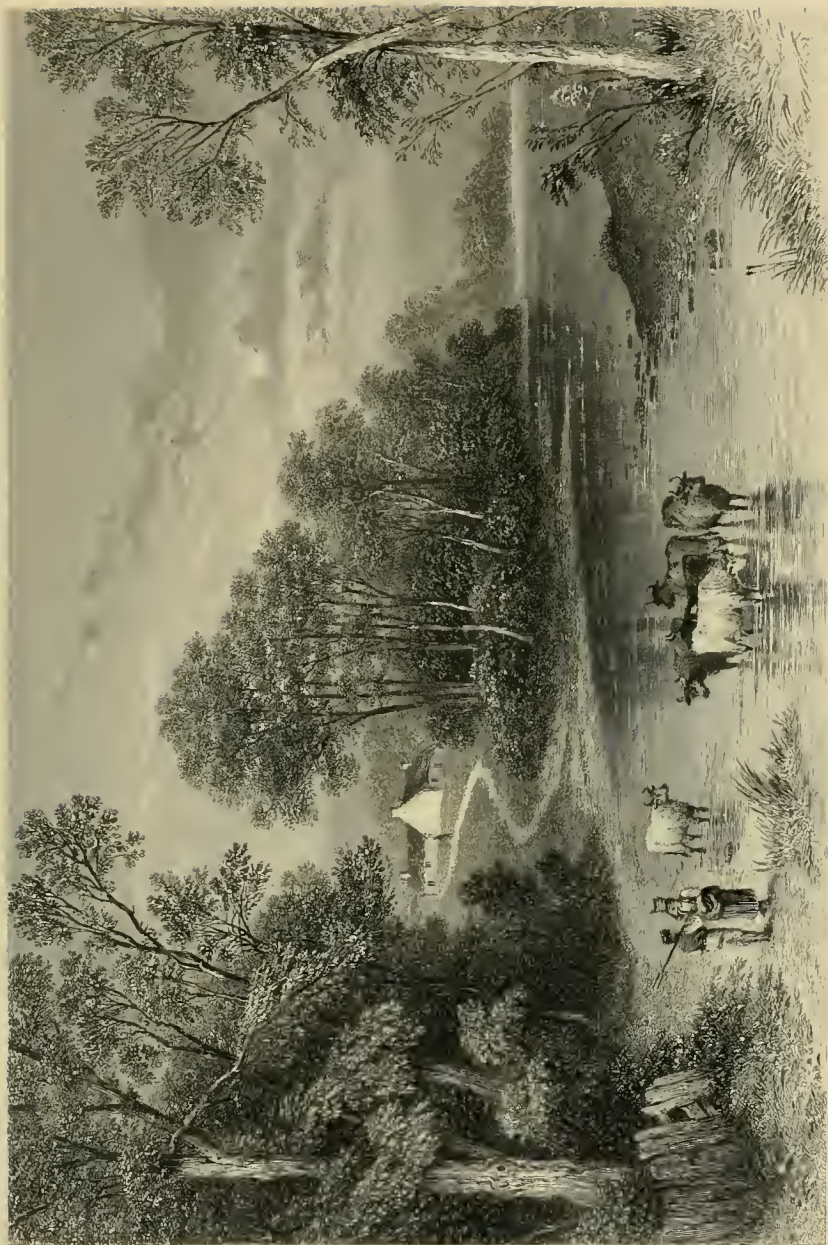
WILLIAM MACKENZIE, 69 LUDGATE HILL,

EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW.



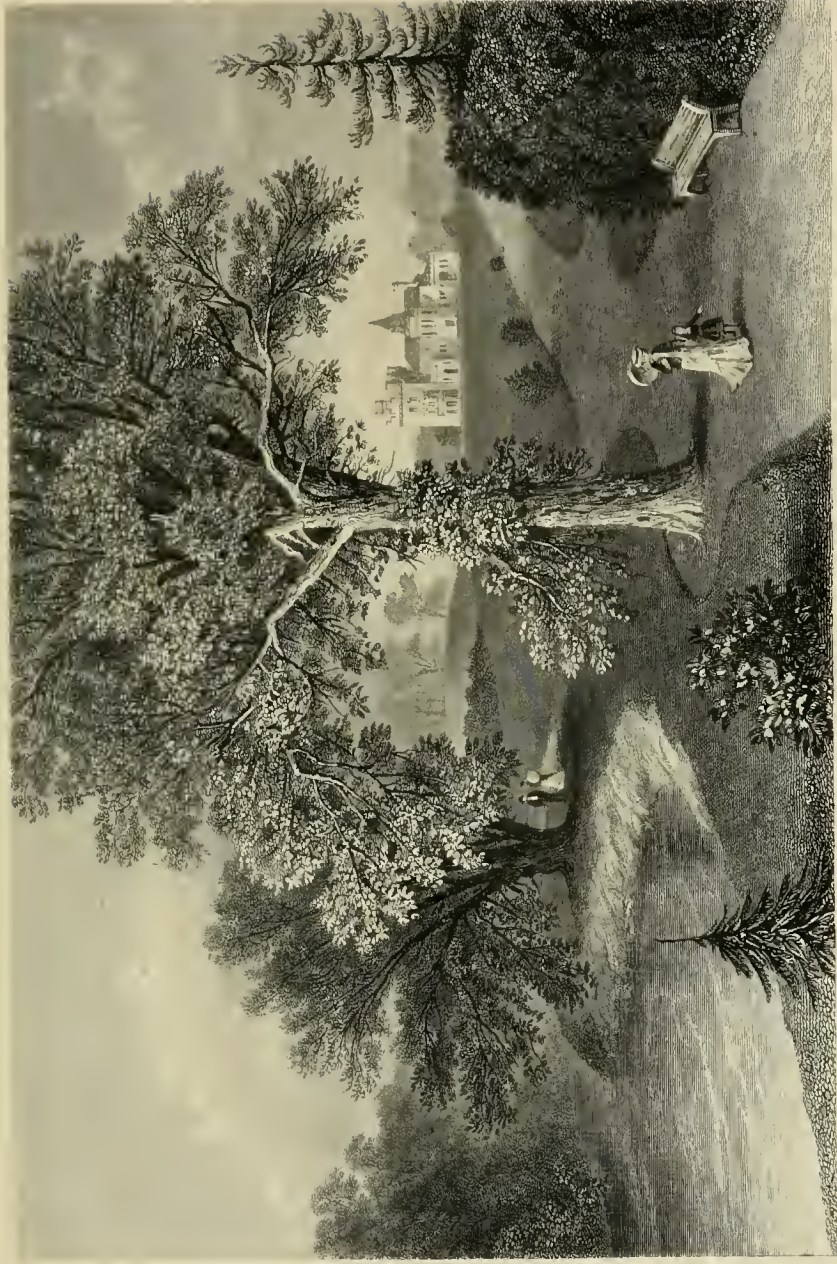
BURNS STATUE, KILMARNOCK.

ENGRAVED BY W. ROFFE FROM THE STATUE BY W. G. STEVENSON



J. Ramago

E E L S L A N D .



F R I A R S . C A R



THE VISION.



"O WAD SOME POWER THE GIFTIE GIE US,
TO SEE OURSEL'S AS I'HERS SEE US!"



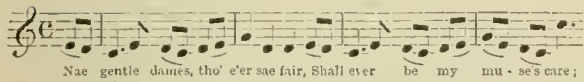
"THE HEATHER WAS BLOOMING"



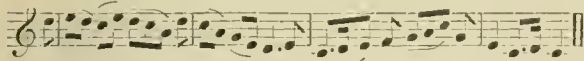
ADDRESS TO THE TOOTHACHE



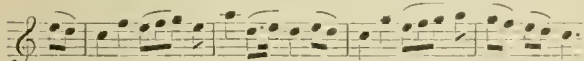
THE HIGHLAND LASSIE.*



Nae gentle dames, tho' e'er sae fair, Shall ever be my mu-se's care;



Their ti-tles a' are emp-ty show; Gie me my Highland las-sie, O.



Chorus—Within the glen sae bushy, O, A-boon the plain sae rash-y, O.



I set me down wi' right guid will, To sing my Highland las-sie, O.

* Highland Mary.—See LIFE.

VOL. I.

O were yon hills and valleys mine,
Yon palace and yon gardens fine!
The world then the love should know
I bear my Highland lassie, O!
Within the glen, &c.

But fickle fortune frowns on me,
And I maun cross the raging sea;
But while my crimson currents flow,
I'll love my Highland lassie, O!
Within the glen, &c.

Although through foreign climes I range,
I know her heart will never change,

For her bosom burns with honour's glow,
My faithful Highland lassie, O !
 Within the glen, &c.

For her I'll dare the billows' roar,
For her I'll trace a distant shore,
That Indian wealth may lustre throw
Around my Highland lassie, O !
 Within the glen, &c.

She has my heart, she has my hand,
By sacred truth and honour's band !
Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,
I'm thine, my Highland lassie, O !

Farewell, the glen sae bushy, O !
Farewell, the plain sae rushy, O !
To other lands I now must go,
To sing my Highland lassie, O !



EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FRIEND.*

I LANG hae thought, my youthfu' friend,
A something to have sent you,
Though it should serve nae ither end
Than just a kind memento :
But how the subject-theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine ;
Perhaps it may turn out a sang ;
Perhaps turn out a sermon.

Ye'll try the world fit' soon, my lad,
And, Andrew dear, believe me,
Ye'll find mankind an unco squad,
And muckle they may grieve ye :
For care and trouble set your thought,
E'en when your end 's attained !
And a' your views may come to nought,
Where every nerve is strained.

I'll no say, men are villains a' ;
The real, harden'd wicked,
Wha hae nae check but human law,
Are to a few restructer ;
But och ! mankind are unco weak,
An' little to be trusted ;
If self the wavering balance shake,
It's rarely right adjusted !

Yet they wha fa' in fortune's strife,
Their fate we shouldna censure,
For still th' important end of life
They equally may answer :
A man may hae an honest heart,
Though poortith hourly stare him ;
A man may tak a neibour's part,
Yet hae nae eash to spare him.

Aye free, aff han', your story tell,
When wi' a bosom crony :
But still keep something to yoursel'
Ye scarcely tell to ony.
Conceal yoursel' as weel 's ye can
Frae critical dissection ;
But keek through every other man,
Wi' sharpen'd, sly inspection.

The sacred lowe o' weel-placed love,
Luxuriantly indulge it ;
But never tempt th' illicit rove,
Though naething should divulge it :
I waive the quantum o' the sin,
The hazard of concealing ;
But, och ! it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling !

To catch dame Fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her ;
And gather gear by every wile
That 's justified by honour ;
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train-attendant ;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent.

The fear o' hell 's a hangman's whip
To hand the wretch in order ;
But where ye feel your honour grip,
Let that aye be your border ;
Its slightest touches, instant pause—
Debar a' side pretences ;
And resolutely keep its laws,
Uncaring consequences.

The great Creator to revere
Must sure become the creature ;
But still the preaching cant forbear,
And e'en the rigid feature ;
Yet ne'er with wits profane to range,
Be complaisance extended ;
An atheist-laugh 's a poor exchange
For Deity offended.

When ranting round in pleasure's ring,
Religion may be blinded ;
Or if she gie a random sting,
It may be little minded ;

* "Young friend;" usually thought to be Andrew Aiken, son of Robert Aiken, Burns' friend. Andrew was English consul at Riga. Willy Niven of Kilbride always pretended to be the "young friend," and Hamilton Paul thought him so.

But when on life we 're tempest-driven,
A conscience but a canker,
A correspondence fix'd wi' Heaven,
Is sure a noble anchor!

Adieu, dear, amiable youth!
Your heart can ne'er be wanting;
May prudence, fortitude, and truth,
Erect your brow undaunting!
In ploughman phrase, "God send you speed,"
Still daily to grow wiser!
And may ye better reek the rede
Than ever did th' adviser!*



FROM BEELZEBUB,

To the Right Honourable the Earl of Breadalbane, president of the Right Honourable and Honourable the Highland Society, which met on the 23rd of May last, at the Shakspeare, Covent Garden, to concert ways and means to frustrate the designs of five hundred Highlanders who, as the Society were informed by Mr. M'Kenzie of Applecross, were so audacious as to attempt an escape from their lawful lords and masters, whose property they are, by emigrating from the lands of Mr. Macdonald of Glengary to the wilds of Canada, in search of that fantastic thing—Liberty!—(B.) This is thought a very unjustifiable and undue attack on Breadalbane and on M'Kenzie.

LONG life, my lord, and health be yours,
Unskait'h'd by hunger'd Highland boors!
Lord grant nae duddie, desperate beggar,
Wi' durk, claymore, or rusty trigger,
May twin auld Scotland o' a life
She likes—as lambkins like a knife!
Faith, you and Applecross were right
To keep the Highland hounds in sight:
I doubtna, they would bid nae better
Than, let them ance out owre the water,
Then up among thae lakes and seas
They 'll mak what rules and laws they please!
Some daring Hancock, or a Franklin,
May set their Highland bluid a ranklin';
Some Washington again may head them,
Or some Montgomery, fearless, lead them;
Till (God knows what may be effected,
When by such heads and hearts directed)
Poor dunghill sons of dirt and mire,
May to patrician rights aspire!
Nae sage North now, nor sager Sackville,
To watch and premier owre the pack vile!

* Burns put out the following stanza:—

"If ye hae made a step aside—
Some hap mistake o'erta'en you,
Yet still keep up a decent pride,
And ne'er o'er far domean you;
Time comes wi' kind oblivious shade,
And daily darker sets it;
And if nae mair mistakes are made,
The world soon forgets it."

An' whare will ye get Howes and Clintons
To bring them to a right repentance,
To cowe the rebel generation,
And save the honour o' the nation?
They, and be d——! what right hae they
To meat, or sleep, or light o' day?
Far less to riches, power, or freedom,
But what your lordship likes to gie them!
But hear, my lord! Glengary, hear!
Your hand 's owre light on them, I fear:
Your factors, grieves, trustees, and bailies,
I canna say but *they* do gaylies;
They lay aside a' tender mercies,
And tirl the hallions to the birses;
Yet, while they 're only poind't and herriet,
They 'll keep their stubborn Highland spirit:
But *smash* them! *erash* them a' to spails!
And rot the dyvours i' the jails!
The young dogs, swinge them to the labour;
Let wark and hunger mak them sober!
The hizzies, if they 're aughtlins fawsont,
Let them in Drury Lane be lesson'd!
And if the wives and dirty brats
Come thigg'in' at your doors and yetts,
Flaffin' wi' duds and gray wi' beas',
Frightin' awa' your deucks and geese,
Get out a horse-whip or a jowler,
The langest thong, the fiercest growler,
And gar the tatter'd gipsies pack
Wi' a' their bastards on their back!
Go on, my lord! I lang to meet you,
And in my *house at hame* to greet you!
Wi' common lords ye shanna mingle;
The benmost neuk beside the ingle,
At my right hand assign'd your seat,
'Tween Herod's hip and Polyerate;
Or if ye on your station tarrow,
Between Almagro and Pizarro.
A seat I 'm sure ye 're weel deservin't;
And till ye come—Your humble servant,

BEELZEBUB.

June 1st, Anno Mundi 5790 [A.D. 1786.]



A DREAM.

"Thoughts, words, and deeds, the Statute blames with reason;
But surely dreams were ne'er indicted treason?"

On reading, in the public papers, the Laureate's Ode, with the other parade of June 4, 1786, the Author was no sooner dropped asleep, than he imagined himself transported to the birthday levee; and in his dreaming fancy made the following Address.—(B.) The "Ode" was by Thomas Warton.

GUID-MORNIN' to your Majesty!
May Heaven augment your blisses

On every new birthday ye see,
 A humble poet wishes !
 My hardship here, at your levee
 On sic a day as this is,
 Is sure an uncouth sight to see,
 Among thae birthday dresses
 Sae fine this day.

I see ye're complimented thrang,
 By mony a lord and lady ;
 "God save the King!" 's a cuckoo sang
 That 's unco easy said aye ;
 The poets, too, a venal gang,
 Wi' rhymes weel-turn'd an' ready,
 Wad gar you trow ye ne'er do wrang,
 But aye unmerring steady,
 On sic a day.

For me ! before a monarch's face,
 Ev'n there I winna flatter ;
 For neither pension, post, nor place,
 Am I your humble debtor :
 So, nae reflection on your Grace,
 Your kingship to bespatter ;
 There 's mony waur been o' the race,
 And aiblins ane been better
 Than you this day.

'Tis very true, my sovereign King,
 My skill may weel be doubted ;
 But facts are chiefs that winna ding,
 An' downa be disputed :
 Your royal nest,* beneath your wing,
 Is e'en right reft an' clouted,
 And now the third part o' the string,
 And less, will gang about it
 Than did ae day.

Far be 't frae me that I aspire
 To blame your legislation,
 Or say ye wisdom want, or fire,
 To rule this mighty nation !
 But, faith ! I muckle doubt, my Sire,
 Ye've trusted ministration
 To chaps wha in a barn or byre
 Wad better fill'd their station,
 Than courts yon day.

And now ye've gi'en auld Britain peace,
 Her broken shins to plaister,
 Your sair taxation does her fleece,
 Till she has scarce a tester ;
 For me, thank God ! my life 's a lease,
 Nae bargain wearin' faster,
 Or, faith ! I fear, that wi' the geese
 I shortly boost to pasture
 I' the craft some day.

* "Royal nest:" alluding to the loss of America.

I'm no mistrusting Willie Pitt,
 When taxes he enlarges,
 (An' Will 's a true guid fallow's get,
 A name not envy spairges)
 That he intends to pay your debt,
 An' lessen a' your charges ;
 But, G—d sake let nae saving fit
 Abridge your bonnie barges †
 An' boats this day.

Adieu, my liege ! may Freedom geck
 Beneath your high protection ;
 And may ye rax Corruption's neck,
 And gie her for dissection !
 But since I'm here, I'll no neglect,
 In loyal, true affection,
 To pay your Queen, wi' due respect,
 My fealty an' subjection
 This great birthday.

Hail, Majesty Most Excellent !
 While nobles strive to please ye,
 Will ye accept a compliment
 A simple poet gies ye ?
 Thae bonnie bairntime Heaven has lent,
 Still higher may they lueze ye
 In bliss, till fate some day is sent
 For ever to release ye
 Frae care that day.

For you, young potentate o' Wales,
 I tell your Highness fairly,
 Down Pleasure's stream, wi' swelling sails,
 I'm tauld ye're driving rarely ;
 But some day ye may gnaw your nails,
 And curse your folly sairly,
 That e'er ye brak Diana's pales,
 Or rattled dice wi' Charlie,
 By night or day.

Yet aft a ragged cowte 's been known
 To mak a noble aiver ;
 So, ye may doucely fill a throne,
 For a' their elish-ma-claver :
 There, him ‡ at Agincourt wha shone,
 Few better were or braver ;
 And yet, wi' funny, queer Sir Jolm, §
 He was an unco shaver
 For mony a day.

For you, right reverend Osnaburg, ||
 Nane sets the lawn-sleeve sweeter,

† "Barges:" alluding to a proposition, in 1786, by Captain Macbride, to give up 64-gun ships, and make other reductions in the navy.

‡ "Him:" King Henry V.—(B.)

§ "Sir John:" Sir John Falstaff, *vide* Shakspeare.—(B.)

|| "Osnaburg:" afterwards the Duke of York.

Although a ribbon at your lug
 Wad been a dress completer:
 As ye disown you paughty dog
 That bears the keys of Peter,
 Then, swith! and get a wife to hug,
 Or, trowth! ye 'll stain the mitre
 Some luckless day.

Young royal Tarry Brecks,* I learn,
 Ye 've lately come athwart her—
 A glorious galley, † stem and stern,
 Weel rigg'd for Venus' barter;
 But first bang out that she 'll discern
 Your hymeneal charter,
 Then heave aboard your grapple airn,
 And large up' her quarter
 Come full that day.

Ye, lastly, bonnie blossoms a',
 Ye royal lasses dainty,
 Heav'n mak you guid as weel as braw,
 An' gie you lads a-plenty:
 But sneer na British boys awa';
 For kings are unco scant aye;
 An' German gentles are but sma',
 They 're better just than want aye,
 On ony day.

God bless you a'! consider now,
 Ye 're unco muckle dautet;
 But ere the course o' life be through,
 It may be bitter sautet;
 An' I hae seen their coggie fou,
 That yet hae tarrow 't at it;
 But or the day was done, I trow,
 The laggen they hae clautet
 Fu' clean that day.



TO GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ.‡

EXPECT na, Sir, in this narration,
 A fleechin', fletthin' dedication,
 To roose you up, an' ca' you guid,
 An' sprung o' great an' noble bluid,
 Because ye 're surnamed like his Grace, §
 Perhaps related to the race;
 Then when I 'm tired, and sae are ye,
 Wi' mony a fulsome, sinfu' lie,
 Set up a face, how I stop short
 For fear your modesty be hurt.

This may do—maun do, Sir, wi' them wha
 Maun please the great folk for a wamefu';
 For me, sae laigh I needna bow,
 For, L—d be thankit, I can plough:
 And when I downa yoke a naig,
 Then, L—d be thankit, I can beg;
 Sae I shall say, an' that 's nae flatt'rin',
 It 's just sic poet an' sic patron.

The Poet, some guid angel help him,
 Or else, I fear, some ill anc skelp him;
 He may do weel for a' he 's done yet,
 But only—he 's no just begun yet.

The Patron (Sir, ye maun forgie me,
 I winna lie, come what will o' me),
 On every hand it will allow'd be,
 He 's just—nae better than he should be.

I readily and freely grant,
 He downa see a poor man want;
 What 's no his ain, he winna tak it,
 What auce he says, he winna brak it;
 Ought he can lend he 'll no refuse 't,
 Till aft his guidness is abused;
 And rascals whyles that do him wrang,
 Even that, he does na mind it lang:
 As master, landlord, husband, father,
 He does na fail his part in either.

But then, nae thanks to him for a' that;
 Nae godly symptom ye can ca' that;
 It 's naething but a milder feature
 Of our poor, sinfu', corrupt nature:
 Ye 'll get the best o' moral works
 'Mang black Gentoos and pagan Turks,
 Or hunters wild on Ponotaxi,
 Wha never heard of Orthodoxy.
 That he 's the poor man's friend in need,
 The gentleman in word and deed,
 It 's no through terror of damnation;
 It 's just a carnal inclination.

Morality, thou deadly bane,
 Thy tens o' thousands thou hast slain!
 Vain is his hope, whase stay an' trust is
 In moral mercy, truth, and justice!

No—stretch a point to catch a plack;
 Abuse a brother to his back;
 Steal through the winnock frae a wh—re,
 But point the rake that taks the door;
 Be to the poor like onie whunstone,
 And hand their noses to the grunstone;
 Ply ev'ry art o' legal thieving;
 No matter—stick to sound believing.

Learn three-mile pray'rs, an' half-mile graces,
 Wi' weel-spread looves, an' lang, wry faces;
 Grunt up a solemn, lengthen'd groan,
 And damn a' parties but your own;
 I 'll warrant then, ye 're nae deceiver,
 A steady, sturdy, staunch believer.

* "Tarry Brecks;" afterwards William IV.

† "Galley;" alluding to the newspaper account of a certain royal sailor's amour.—(B.)

‡ Meant to preface the first edition of his Poems, but inserted elsewhere in them.

§ "His Grace;" the Duke of Hamilton.

O ye wha leave the springs o' Calvin,
For gumlie dubs o' your ain delvin!
Ye sons of Heresy and Error,
Ye 'll some day squeel in quaking terror,
When Vengeance draws the sword in wrath,
And in the fire throws the sheath;
When Ruin, with his sweeping besom,
Just frets till Heaven commission gies him;
While o'er the harp pale Misery moans,
And strikes the ever-deepning tones,
Still louder shrieks, and heavier groans!

Your pardon, Sir, for this digression:
I maist forgot my Dedication;
But when divinity comes 'cross me,
My readers still are sure to lose me.

So, Sir, you see 'twas nae daft vapour;
But I maturely thought it proper,
When a' my works I did review,
To dedicate them, Sir, to you:
Because (ye need na tak' it ill),
I thought them something like yourself.

Then patronize them wi' your favour,
And your petitioner shall ever ——
I had amaist said, ever pray,
But that 's a word I need na say;
For prayin', I hae little skill o' 't,
I 'm baith dead-sweer, an' wretched ill o' 't;
But I 'se repeat each poor man's pray'r,
That kens or hears about you, Sir ——

"May ne'er Misfortune's gowling bark,
Howl through the dwelling o' the Clerk!
May ne'er his generous, honest heart,
For that same generous spirit smart!
May Kennedy's far-honour'd name
Lang beet his hymeneal flame
Till Hamiltons, at least a dizzen,
Are frae their nuptial labours risen:
Five bonnie lasses round their table,
And sev'n braw fellows, stout an' able,
To serve their king an' country weel
By word, or pen, or pointed steel!
May health and peace, with mutual rays,
Shine on the ev'ning o' his days;
Till his wee, curlie John's ier-oc,
When ebbing life nae mair shall flow,
The last, sad, mournful rites bestow!"

I will not wind a lang conclusion,
With complimentary effusion;
But, whilst your wishes and endeavours
Are blest with Fortune's smiles and favours,
I am, dear Sir, with zeal most fervent,
Your much indebted, humble servant.

But if (which Pow'r's above prevent)
That iron-hearted earl, Want,
Attended, in his grim advances,
By sad mistakes and black mischances,

While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him
Make you as poor a dog as I am,
Your "humble servant" then no more;
For who would humbly serve the poor?
But, by a poor man's hopes in Heaven
While recollection's power is given—
If, in the vale of humble life,
The victim sad of fortune's strife,
I, through the tender-gushing tear,
Should recognize my master dear;
If friendless, low, we meet together,
Then, Sir, your hand—my friend and brother!



NOTE TO DR. MACKENZIE,*

INVITING HIM TO ATTEND A MASONIC ANNIVERSARY
MEETING.

FRIDAY first 's the day appointed,
By our Right Worshipful anointed,
To hold our grand procession;
To get a blaud o' Johnnie's † morals,
And taste a swatch o' Manson's barrels, ‡
I' the way of our profession.
Our Master and the Brotherhood
Wad a' be glad to see you;
For me I would be mair than proud
To share the mercies wi' you.
If death, then, wi' skaith, then,
Some mortal heart is hechtin',
Inform him, and storn § him,
That Saturday ye 'll fecht him.

ROBERT BURNS.

MOSSGIEL, *Ar. M.* 5790 [A.D. 1786.]



FAREWELL TO THE MASON LODGE, TARBOLTON. ||

LIVELY.

TUNE—"Good night, and joy be wi' you a'."

A - dien! a heart warm, fond adieu! Dear brothers of the mystic tie!

Ye fa-vour'd, ye en lighted few, Com pan ions of my so-cied joy!

Tho' I to foreign lands must hie, Pur-su-ing For-tune's shad-dry la;

With melting heart, and burn-ful eye, I'll mind you still, tho' fur a-wa.

* Dr. Mackenzie, Tarbolton.

† Mackenzie himself.

‡ Manson, an inn-keeper.

§ "Storm;" that is, threaten him.

|| Written on the 23rd of June, 1786. Burns expected to sail for Jamaica in the August following.

Oft have I met your social band
 And spent the cheerful, festive night ;
 Oft, honour'd with supreme command,
 Presided o'er the Sons of Light ;
 And by that Hieroglyphic Bright,
 Which none but Craftsmen ever saw !
 Strong Mem'ry on my heart shall write
 Those happy scenes, when far awa'.

May Freedom, Harmony, and Love,
 Unite you in the grand design,
 Beneath the Omniscient Eye above—
 The glorious Architect Divine,
 That you may keep the merrying line,
 Still rising by the plummet's law,
 Till Order bright completely shine,
 Shall be my pray'r when far awa.

And you, farewell ! whose merits claim
 Justly that highest badge to wear !
 Heaven bless your honour'd, noble name,
 To Masonry and Scotia dear !
 A last request permit me here,
 When yearly ye assemble a',
 One round, I ask it with a tear,
 To him, the Bard that's far awa.



A SCOTCH BARD GOING TO THE WEST INDIES.

(WRITTEN IN 1786.)

A' YE wha live by sowps o' drink,
 A' ye wha live by erambo-clink,
 A' ye wha live and never think,
 Come, mourn wi' me !
 Our billie 's gien us a' a jink,
 An' owre the sea.

Lament him, a' ye rantin' core,
 Wha dearly like a random-splore ;
 Nae mair he 'll join the merry roar,
 In social key ;
 For now he 's ta'en anither shore,
 An' owre the sea.

The bonnie lasses weel may wiss him,
 And in their dear petitions place him :

The widows, wives, an' a' may bless him
 Wi' tearfu' e'e ;
 For weel I wat they 'll sairly miss him
 That 's owre the sea.

O Fortune, they hae room to grumble !
 Hadst thou ta'en aff some drowsy bummle,
 Wha can do nought but fyke an' fumble,
 'Twad been nae plea ;
 But he was gleg as ony wumble,
 That 's owre the sea.

Auld, cantie Kyle may weepers wear,
 And stain them wi' the saut, saut tear ;
 'Twill mak her poor auld heart, I fear,
 In flinders flee ;
 He was her laureate mony a year,
 That 's owre the sea.

He saw Misfortune's cauld nor'-wast
 Lang mustering up a bitter blast ;
 A jillet brak his heart at last,
 Ill may she be !
 So, took a berth afore the mast,
 An' owre the sea.

To tremble under Fortune's cummock,
 On scarce a bellyfu' o' drummock,
 Wi' his proud, independent stomach
 Could ill agree ;
 So, row't his hurdies in a hammock,
 An' owre the sea.

He ne'er was gien to great misguidin',
 Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in,
 Wi' him it ne'er was under hidin'—
 He dealt it free :
 The Muse was a' that he took pride in,
 That 's owre the sea.

Jamaica bodies, use him weel,
 And hap him in a cozie biel :
 Ye 'll find him aye a dainty chiel,
 An' fou o' glee ;
 He wad na wrang'd the vera deil,
 That 's owre the sea.

Fareweel, my rhyme-composing billie !
 Your native soil was right ill-willie ;
 But may ye flourish like a lily,
 Now bonnilie !
 I 'll toast ye in my hinmost gillie,
 Though owre the sea.



FROM THEE, ELIZA, I MUST GO.

Slow

TUNE—"Gilderoy."

From thee, E - li - za,* I must go, And from my na - tive shore ;

The cru - el fates be - tween us throw A boundless ocean's roar ;

But boundless oceans, roar - ing wide, Between my love and me,

They ne - ver, ne - ver can divide My heart and soul from thee

Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,
 The maid that I adore !
 A boding voice is in mine ear,
 We part to meet no more !
 But the last throb that leaves my heart,
 While death stands victor by,
 That throb, Eliza, is thy part,
 And thine that latest sigh !

* Elizabeth Black.—See LIFE.

THE HEATHER WAS BLOOMING, THE
MEADOWS WERE MAWN.

TUNE—"The Tailor's March."

The heather was blooming, the meadows were mawn, Our lads gaed a hunt-
 CROON—I rede you beware at the hunting, young men, I rede you beware

ing ae day at the dawn ; O'er moors and o'er mosses and
 at the hunting, young men ; Take some on the wing, and

mon - y a glen, At length they dis - cov - er - ed a bonnie moor - hen.
 some as they spring, But can - ni - ly steal on a bonnie moor - hen.

Sweet brushing the dew from the brown heather-bells,
 Her colours betray'd her on yon mossy fells ;
 Her plumage outlasted the pride o' the spring,
 And O ! as she wanton'd gay on the wing.
 I rede you beware, &c.

Auld Phœbus himsel', as he peep'd o'er the hill,
 In spite at her plumage he trièd his skill ;
 He levell'd his rays where she bask'd on the brae—
 His rays were outshone, and but mark'd where she lay.
 I rede you beware, &c.

They hunted the valley, they hunted the hill ;
The best of our lads wi' the best o' their skill ;
But still as the fairest she sat in their sight,
Then, whirr ! she was over a mile at a flight.
I rede you beware, &c.



EPITAPHS.

A BARD'S EPITAPH.

Is there a whim-inspired fool,
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool,
Let him draw near;
And owre this grassy heap sing dool,
And drap a tear.

Is there a bard of rustic song,
Who, noteless, steals the crowds among,
That weekly this area throng,
O, pass not by !
But, with a frater-feeling strong,
Here heave a sigh.

Is there a man, whose judgment clear,
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs, himself, life's mad career,
Wild as the wave;
Here pause—and, through the starting tear,
Survey this grave.

The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn, and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
 And softer flame ;
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
 And stain'd his name !

Reader, attend ! whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
 In low pursuit ;
Know, prudent, cautious, self-control,
 Is wisdom's root.

FOR ROBERT AIKEN, ESQ.

Know thou, O stranger to the fame
Of this much loved, much honour'd name!
(For none that knew him need be told)
A warmer heart death ne'er made cold.

VOLUME I.

FOR GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ.

THE poor man weeps—here Gavin sleeps,
Whom caiting wretches blamed ;
But with such as he, where'er he be,
May I be saved or damn'd !

ON WEE JOHNNY.*

"*Hic jacet* wee Johnnie."

WHOE’ER thou art, O reader, know,
That death has murder’d Johnnie !
An’ here his body lies fu’ low—
For saul he ne’er had ony.



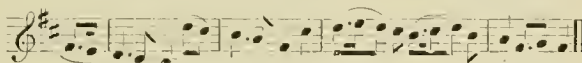
THE BONNIE LASS O' BALLOCHMYLE.†

AS DANTE.

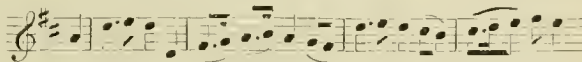
TUNE—"Ettrick Banks."



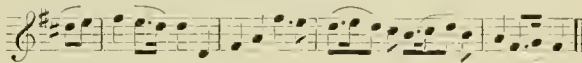
'Twas even—the dew-y fields were green, On ev-ery blade the pearls hang ;



The zephyr wanton'd round the bean, And bore its fragrant sweets along :



In ev'ry glen the ma • vis sang, All nature list'ning seem'd the while,



Ex - cept where greenwood echoes rang, Amang the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward stray'd,
My heart rejoiced in Nature's joy,
When, musing in a lonely glade,
A maiden fair I chanced to spy ;
Her look was like the morning's eye,
Her air like Nature's vernal smile :
Perfection whisper'd, passing by,
Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle !

Fair is the morn in flowery May,
And sweet is night in Autumn mild;
When roving through the garden gay,
Or wand'ring in the lonely wild:
But woman, Nature's darling child!
There all her charms she does compile;
Even there her other works are foild
By the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

* "Wee Johnny:" Wilson, the printer of Burns' Kilmarnock edition who died in Ayr, 1821, a prosperous man.

† This took place in July, 1786.—See LIFE.

Oh, had she been a country maid,
And I the happy country swain :
Though shelter'd in the lowest shed
That ever rose on Scotland's plain,

Through weary winter's wind and rain,
With joy, with rapture, I would toil ;
And nightly to my bosom strain
The bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.



Then pride might climb the slippery steep,
Where fame and honours lofty shine ;
And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
Or downward seek the Indian mine :
Give me the cot below the pine,
To tend the flocks, or till the soil,
And every day have joys divine,
With the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

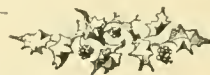


LINES TO AN OLD SWEETHEART.*

ONCE fondly loved, and still remember'd dear,
Sweet early object of my youthful vows,
Accept this mark of friendship, warm, sincere ;
Friendship ! 'tis all cold duty now allows.

* Peggy, mentioned in his letter to Dr. Moore.—See LIFE.

And when you read the simple, artless rhymes,
One friendly sigh for him—he asks no more—
Who, distant, burns in flaming torrid climes,
Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic roar.



LINES WRITTEN ON A BANK NOTE.†

WAE worth thy power, thou cursed leaf,
Fell source o' a' my woe and grief !
For lack o' thee I've lost my lass,
For lack o' thee I serimp my glass :
I see the children of affliction
Unaided, through thy cursed restriction :

† Written on a one pound bank note, dated 1st March, 1789.

I've seen the oppressor's cruel smile
 Amid his hapless victim's spoil,
 And for thy potence vainly wish'd
 To crush the villain in the dust.
 For lack o' thee I leave this much-loved shore,
 Never, perhaps, to greet old Scotland more.

R. B., Kyle.



STANZAS ON NAETHING.

EXTEMPORE EPISTLE TO GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ.

To you, Sir, this summons I've sent,
 Pray, whip till the pownie is fraething;
 But if you demand what I want,
 I honestly answer you—naething.

Ne'er scorn a poor Poet like me,
 For idly just living and breathing,
 While people of every degree
 Are busy employed about—naething.

Poor Centum-per-centum may fast,
 And grumble his hurdies their claithing;
 He'll find, when the balance is cast,
 He's gane to the devil for—naething.

The courtier cringes and bows,
 Ambition has likewise its plaything;
 A coronet beams on his brows;
 And what is a coronet?—naething.

Some quarrel the Presbyter gown,
 Some quarrel Episcopal graithing;
 And every good fellow will own
 The quarrel is a' about—naething.

The lover may sparkle and glow,
 Approaching his bonnie bit gay thing;
 But marriage will soon let him know
 He's gotten—a buskit up naething.

The Poet may jingle and rhyme,
 In hopes of a laurate wreathing,
 And when he has wasted his time,
 He's kindly rewarded wi'—naething.

The thundering bully may rage,
 And swagger and swear like a heathen;
 But collar him fast, I'll engage,
 You will find that his courage is—naething.

Last night wi' a feminine whig—
 A poet she couldna put faith in;
 But soon we grew lovingly big,
 I taught her, her terrors were—naething.

Her whigship was wonderful pleased,
 But charmingly tickled wi' ae thing;
 Her fingers I lovingly squeezed,
 And kissed her, and promised her—naething.

The priest anathêmas may threat—
 Predicament, Sir, that we're baith in;
 But when honour's reveillé is beat,
 The holy artillery's—naething.

And now I must mount on the wave—
 My voyage perhaps there is death in;
 But what is a watery grave?
 The drowning a Poet is—naething.

And now, as grim death's in my thought,
 To you, sir, I make this bequeathing;
 My service as long as ye've ought,
 And my friendship, by G—d, when ye've—
 naething.



FAREWELL, OLD SCOTIA.

"The valiant, in himself, what can he suffer?
 Or what does he regard his single woes?
 But when, alas! he multiplies himself,
 To dearer selves, to the lov'd tender fair,
 To those whose bliss, whose beings, hang upon him,
 To helpless children!—then, Oh then, he feels
 The point of misery fest'ring in his heart,
 And weakly weeps his fortunes like a coward.
 Such, such am I! undone!"—

THOMSON'S "EDWARD AND ELEANORA."

FAREWELL, old Scotia's bleak domains,
 Far dearer than the torrid plains
 Where rich ananas blow!
 Farewell, a mother's blessing dear!
 A brother's sigh! a sister's tear!
 My Jean's heart-rending throe!
 Farewell, my Bess! though thou'rt bereft
 Of my parental care;
 A faithful brother I have left,
 My part in him thou'lt share!
 Adieu too, to you too,
 My Smith, my bosom frien';
 When kindly you mind me,
 O then befriend my Jean!

What bursting anguish tears my heart !
From thee, my Jeany, must I part ?

Thou, weeping, answerest—"No !"

Alas ! misfortune stares my face,
And points to ruin and disgrace ;

I for thy sake must go !

Thee Hamilton, and Aiken dear,

A grateful, warm adieu !

I, with a much-indebted tear,

Shall still remember you !

All-hail, then, the gale, then,

Wafts me from thee, dear shore !

It rustles and whistles—

I'll never see thee more !



THE CALF.

TO THE REV. MR. JAMES STEVEN,*

On his Text, Malachi iv. 2—"And ye shall go forth, and grow up, as calves of the stall."

RIGHT, Sir ! your text I'll prove it true,

Though heretics may laugh ;

For instance, there's yourself just now,

God knows, an unco calf !

And should some patron be so kind,

As bless you wi' a kirk,

I doubt na, Sir, but then we'll find,

Ye're still as great a stirk.

But, if the lover's raptur'd hour

Shall ever be your lot,

Forbid it, every heavenly Power,

You e'er should be a stot !

Though, when some kind, connubial dear,

Your but-an'-ben adorns,

The like has been that you may wear

A noble head of horns.

And in your lag, most reverend James,

To hear you roar and rowte,

Few men o' sense will doubt your claims

To rank amang the nowte.

And when ye're number'd wi' the dead,

Below a grassy hillock,

Wi' justice they may mark your head—

"Here lies a famous bullock !"

* "Rev. Mr. James Steven : "minister, afterwards, of Kilwinning, Ayrshire. These verses were written for a wager with Gavin Hamilton. He wrote them in Hamilton's house in a few minutes after returning from church.

TAM SAMSON'S ELEGY.†

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."—POPE.

HAS auld Kilmarnock seen the Deil ?

Or great Mackinlay‡ thrawn his heel ?

Or Robertson§ again grown weel,

To preach an' read ?

"Na, waur than a' !" cries ilka chiel—

"Tam Samson's dead !"

Kilmarnock lang may grunt and grane,

And sigh, and sob, and greet her lane,

And cleed her bairns, man, wife, an' wean,

In mourning weed ;

To death, she's dearly paid the kane—

Tam Samson's dead !

The brethren o' the mystic level

May hing their head in woefu' bevel,

While by their nose the tears will revel,

Like ony bead ;

Death's gien the lodge an unco deed—

Tam Samson's dead !

When Winter muffles up his cloak,

And binds the mire up like a rock ;

When to the lochs the curlers flock

Wi' glesome speed ;

Wha will they station at the cock !—

Tam Samson's dead !

He was the king o' a' the core,

To guard, or draw, or wick a bore,

Or up the rink like Jehu roar

In time o' need ;

But now he lags on death's hog-score—

Tam Samson's dead !

Now safe the stately sawmont sail,

And trouts bedropp'd wi' crimson hail,

And eels weel kenn'd for souple tail,

And geds for greed,

Since dark in death's fish-creel we wail

Tam Samson dead !

† "Tam Samson's Elegy:" when this worthy old sportsman went out last mairfowl season, he supposed it was to be, in Ossian's phrase, "the last of his fields," and expressed an ardent wish to die and be buried in the muirs. On this hint the author composed his elegy and epitaph.—(B.) Samson was a nursery and seedsman, and a great sportsman.

‡ "Mackinlay:" a certain preacher, a great favourite with the million.—See "The Ordination," stanza ii.—(B.)

§ "Robertson:" another preacher, an equal favourite with the few, who was at that time ailing. For him, see also "The Ordination," stanza ix.—(B.)



Rejoice, ye birring pairtrieks a ;
 Ye cootie muircocks, crounsely caw ;
 Ye maukins, cock your fud fu' braw,
 Withouten dread ;
 Your mortal fae is now awa'
 Tam Samson 's dead !

That woefu' morn he ever mourn'd
 Saw him in shootin' graith adorn'd,
 While pointers round impatient burn'd,
 Frac couples freed ;
 But och ! he gaed and ne'er return'd—
 Tam Samson 's dead !

In vain auld age his body batters ;
 In vain the gout his ancles fetters ;

In vain the burns cam' down like waters,
 An aere braid !
 Now every auld wife, greetin', clatters
 Tam Samson 's dead !

Owre mony a weary hag he limpit,
 An' aye the tither shot he thumpit,
 Till coward Death behint him jumpit
 Wi' deadly feide ;
 Now he proclaims, wi' tout o' trumpet,
 Tam Samson 's dead !

When at his heart he felt the dagger,
 He reel'd his wonted bottle swagger,
 But yet he drew the mortal trigger
 Wi' weel-aim'd heed ;
 "L—d, five !" he cried, an' owre did stagger—
 Tam Samson 's dead !

EPISTLE FROM A TAILOR,*

THOMAS WALKER, OCHILTREE, TO ROBERT BURNS.

WHAT wae fu' news is this I hear?
 Frae greeting I can scarce forbear,
 Folk tells me ye 're gaun aff this year,
 Out owre the sea,
 And lasses whan ye lo'e sae dear
 Will greet for thee.

Weel wad I like were ye to stay;
 But, Robin, since ye will away,
 I hae a word yet mair to say,
 And maybe twa;
 May He protect us night and day,
 That made us a'!

Whare thou art gaun, keep mind frae me,
 Seek Him to bear thee companie,
 And, Robin, whan ye come to die,
 Ye 'll win aboon,
 And live at peace and unity
 Ayont the moon.

Some tell me, Rab, ye dinna fear
 To get a wean, and curse and swear;
 I 'm unco wae, my lad, to hear
 O' sic a trade:
 Could I persnade you to forbear,
 I wad be glad.

Fu' weel ye ken ye 'll gang to hell,
 Gin ye persist in doin' ill:
 Waes me! ye 're hurlin' down the bill
 Withouten dread;
 And ye 'll get leave to swear your fill
 After ye 're dead.

There, walth o' women ye 'll get near,
 But gettin' weans ye will forbear,
 Ye 'll never say, My bonnie dear,
 Come, gie 's a kiss;
 Nae kissing there—ye 'll girn and sneer,
 And ither hiss.

O Rab! lay by thy foolish tricks,
 And steer nae mair the female sex,
 Or some day ye 'll come through the pricks,
 And that ye 'll see;
 Ye 'll fin' hard living wi' Auld Nicks—
 I 'm wae for thee!

But what 's this comes wi' sic a knell,
 Amaist as loud as ony bell,
 While it does mak my conscience tell
 Me what is true!
 I 'm but a ragget cowl mysel',
 Owre sib to you!

We 're owre like those wha think it fit,
 To stuff their noddies fu' o' wit,
 And yet content in darkness sit,
 Wha shun the light,
 Wad let them see to 'scape the pit
 That lang dark night.

But farewell, Rab, I maun awa';
 May He that made us keep us a',
 For that wad be a dreadfu' fa',
 And hurt us sair;
 Lad, ye wad never mend awa,
 Sae, Rab, tak care.



ROBERT BURNS' ANSWER.

WHAT ails ye now, ye lousy bitch,
 To thresh my back at sic a pitch?
 Losh, man! hae mercy wi' your natch,
 Your bodkin 's bauld;
 I didna suffer half sae much
 Frae Daddy Auld.

What though at times, when I grow crouse,
 I gie their wames a random pouce,
 Is that enough for you to souse
 Your servant sae?
 Gae mind your seam, ye prick-the-louse,
 An' jag the flae!

King David, o' poetic brief,
 Wrought 'mang the lasses sic mischief,
 As till'd his after-life wi' grief
 An' bluidy rants;
 An' yet he 's ranked amang the chief
 O' langsyne saunts.

An' maybe, Tam, for a' my cants,
 My wicked rhymes, an' drucken rants,
 I 'll gie auld cloven Clootie's haunts
 An unco slip yet,
 An' sungly sit amang the saunts,
 At Davie's hip yet.

* "Tailor:" Thomas Walker, who was probably assisted in it by Willie Simson.

But fegs! the Session says I maun
 Gae fa' upo' anither plan
 Than garrin' lasses coup the cran,
 Clean heels owre body,
 An' sairly thole their mither's lan
 Afore the howdy.

This leads me on to tell for sport
 How I did wi' the Session sort:
 Auld Clinkum, at the Inner Port,
 Cried three times, "Robin!
 Come hither, lad, and answer for 't,
 Ye're blamed for jobbin'."

Wi' pinch I put a Sunday's face on,
 And snooved awa' before the Session.
 I made an open, fair confession,
 I scorn'd to lee;
 An' syne Mess John, beyond expression,
 Fell foul o' me.

A fornicator loun he call'd me,
 And said my fant frae bliss expell'd me:
 I own'd the tale was true he tell'd me;
 "But what the matter?"
 Quo' I, "I fear, unless ye geld me,
 I'll ne'er be better."

"Geld you!" quo' he, "an' what for no?
 If that your right hand, leg, or toe,
 Should ever prove your spiritual foe,
 You should remember
 To cut it aff, and what for no
 Your dearest member!"

"Na, na," quo' I, "I'm no for that,
 Gelding's nae better than it's ca't;
 I'd rather suffer for my fant,
 A hearty flewit,
 As sair owre hip as ye can draw 't,
 Though I should rue it.

"Or gin ye like to end the bother,
 To please us a', I've just aeither;
 When next wi' you lass I forgather,
 Whate'er betide it,
 I'll fraukly gie her 't a' thegither,
 And let her guide it."

But, Sir, this pleased them warst of a',
 An' therefore, Tam, when that I saw,
 I said, "Gude-night," an' cam' awa'.
 And left the Session;
 I saw they were resolv'd a'
 On my oppression.

WILLIE CHALMERS.*

Wi' braw new branks in mickle pride,
 And eke a braw new breechan,
 My Pegasus I'm got astride,
 And up Parnassus peechin';
 Whiles owre a bush, wi' downwar'd crush,
 The doited beastie stammers;
 Then up he gets, and off he sets,
 For sake o' Willie Chalmers.

I doubtna, lass, that weel-ken'd name
 May cost a pair o' blushes;
 I am nae stranger to your fame,
 Nor his warm-urg'd wishes.
 Your bonnie face, sae mild and sweet,
 His honest heart enamours,
 And, faith, ye'll no be lost a whit,
 Though wair'd on Willie Chalmers.

Auld Truth hersel' might swear ye're fair,
 And Honour safely back her,
 And Modesty assume your air,
 And ne'er a ane mistak her:
 And sic twa love-inspiring e'en
 Might fire even holy palmers;
 Nae wonder, then, they've fatal been
 To honest Willie Chalmers.

I doubtna fortune may you shore
 Some mim-mou'd ponthier'd priestie,
 Fu' lifted up wi' Hebrew lore,
 And band upon his breastie:
 But oh! what signifies to you
 His lexicons and grammars?
 The feeling heart's the royal blue,
 And that's wi' Willie Chalmers.

Some gapin', glowrin', countra laird,
 May warsle for your favour;
 May claw his lug, and straik his beard,
 And hoast up some palaver.
 My bonnie maid, before ye wed
 Sic clumsy-witted hammers,
 Seek Heaven for help, and bareft skelp
 Awa' wi' Willie Chalmers.

Forgive the Bard! my fond regard
 For aye that shares my bosom,
 Inspires my Muse to gie 'm his dues,
 For deil a hair I roose him.
 May Powers aboon unite you soon,
 And fructify your amours,
 And every year come in mair dear
 To ye and Willie Chalmers!

* William Chalmers, writer in Ayr, being in love, got Burns to write the above verses for him to his *inamorata*.



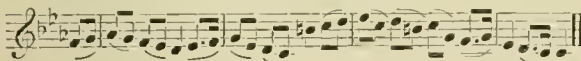
SONG. *

TUNE—"Roslin Castle."

Slow.



The gloomy night is gath'ring fast, Loud roars the wild in-con-stant blast,



Yon murky cloud is foul with rain, I see it driv-ing o'er the plain;



The hunter now has left the moor, The scatt'ed cor-eyes meet se-cure;



While here I wan-der, prest with care, A-long the lone-ly banks of Ayr.

* Written on a dreary moor after leaving Mr. Laurie's house (Loudoun parish), and intended for Burns' last song on leaving Scotland.

VOL. I.

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn
By early Winter's ravage torn;
Across her placid, azure sky,
She sees the scowling tempest fly;
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave;
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr.

'Tis not the surging billow's roar,
'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore;
Though death in every shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear!
But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpierced with many a wound,
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.

12

Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales,
 Her heathy moors and winding vales;
 The scenes where wretched Fancy roves,
 Pursuing past, unhappy loves!
 Farewell, my friends! farewell, my foes!
 My peace with these, my love with those—
 The bursting tears my heart declare;
 Farewell, the bonnie banks of Ayr!



A PRAYER.

LYING AT A REVEREND FRIEND'S* HOUSE ONE NIGHT,
 THE AUTHOR LEFT THE FOLLOWING VERSES IN THE
 ROOM WHERE HE SLEPT.

O Thou dread Power, who reign'st above!
 I know Thou wilt me hear,
 When for this scene of peace and love
 I make my prayer sincere.

The hoary sire—the mortal stroke,
 Long, long, be pleased to spare!
 To bless his little filial flock,
 And show what good men are.

She, who her lovely offspring eyes
 With tender hopes and fears,
 O bless her with a mother's joys,
 But spare a mother's tears!

Their hope, their stay, their darling youth,
 In manhood's dawning blush—
 Bless him, Thou God of love and truth.
 Up to a parent's wish!

The beauteous, seraph sister-band,
 With earnest tears I pray—
 Thon know'st the snares on ev'ry hand—
 Guide Thou their steps alway!

When soon or late they reach that coast,
 O'er life's rough ocean driven,
 May they rejoice, no wanderer lost,
 A family in heaven!



THE BRIGS OF AYR—A POEM.

INSCRIBED TO J. BALLANTYNE,† ESQ., AYR.

THE simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough,
 Learning his tuneful trade from every bough;

* "Reverend Friend:" Mr. Laurie of Loudoun. See in *LIFE* an account of this gentleman, and Burns' visit to him.

† "Ballantyne:" an early friend and patron of Burns, who was superintending, as chief magistrate, the erection of a new bridge in Ayr in place of the old one.

The chanting linnet, or the mellow thrush,
 Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn bush;
 The soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill,
 Or deep-toned plovers, gray, wild-whistling o'er the hill:
 Shall he—nurst in the peasant's lowly shed,
 To hardy independence bravely bred,
 By early poverty to hardship steel'd,
 And train'd to arms in stern Misfortune's field—
 Shall he be guilty of their hireling crimes,
 The servile, mercenary Swiss of rhymes?
 Or labour hard the panegyric close,
 With all the venal soul of dedicating prose!
 No! though his artless strains he rudely sings,
 And throws his hand uncouthly o'er the strings,
 He glows with all the spirit of the Bard,
 Fame, honest fame, his great, his dear reward!
 Still, if some patron's generous care he trace,
 Skill'd in the secret to bestow with grace;
 When Ballantyne befriends his humble name,
 And hands the rustic stranger up to fame,
 With heartfelt throes his grateful bosom swells;
 The godlike bliss, to give, alone excels.

'Twas when the stacks get on their winter hap,
 And thack and rape secure the toil-won crap;
 Potatoe-bings are smuggled up frae skaith
 Of coming Winter's biting, frosty breath;
 The bees, rejoicing o'er their summer toils,
 Unnumber'd buds and flowers' delicious spoils,
 Seal'd up with frugal care in massive waxen piles,
 Are doom'd by Man, that tyrant o'er the weak,
 The death o' devils, smoor'd wi' brimstone reek:
 The thundering guns are heard on every side,
 The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide;
 The feather'd field-mates, bound by Nature's tie,
 Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie:
 (What warm, poetic heart but inly bleeds,
 And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds!)
 Nae mair the flower in field or meadow springs:
 Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings,
 Except, perhaps, the robin's whistling glee,
 Proud o' the height o' some bit half-lang tree:
 The hoary morns precede the sunny days,
 Mild, calm, serene, wide spreads the noontide blaze,
 While thick the gossamer waves wanton in the rays.
 'Twas in that season, when a simple Bard,
 Unknown and poor, simplicity's reward,
 Ae night, within the ancient brugh of Ayr,
 By whim inspired, or haply press'd wi' care,
 He left his bed, and took his wayward route,
 And down by Simpson's‡ wheel'd the left about:
 Whether impell'd by all-directing Fate,
 To witness what I after shall narrate;
 Or whether, wrapt in meditation high,
 He wander'd out he knew not where, nor why.

‡ "Simpson's:" a noted tavern at the Auld Brig end.—(B.)

The drowsy Dungeon-clock * had number'd two,
And Wallace-tower * had sworn the fact was true :
The tide-swoln firth, with sullen-sounding roar,
Through the still night dash'd hoarse along the shore ;
All else was hush'd as Nature's closed e'e ;
The silent moon shone high o'er tower and tree ;
The chilly frost, beneath the silver beam,
Crept, gently-crusting, o'er the glittering stream.

When, lo ! on either hand the listening Bard,
The clanging sigh of whistling wings is heard ;
Two dusky forms dart through the midnight air,
Swift as the gos† drives on the wheeling hare ;
Ane on th' Auld Brig his airy shape uprears,
The ither flutters o'er the rising piers :
Our warlock Rhymer instantly descried
The Sprites that owe the Brigs of Ayr preside.
(That Bards are second-sighted is nae joke,
And ken the lingo of the sp'ritual folk ;
Fays, Spunkies, Kelpies, a', they can explain them,
And even the vera deils they brawly ken them).
Auld Brig appear'd of ancient Pictish race,
The very wrinkles Gothic in his face :
He seem'd as he wi' Time had warstled lang,
Yet, teughly dour, he bade ane unco bang.
New Brig was buskit in a braw new coat,
That he at Lon'on, frae ane Adams, got ;
In 's hand five taper staves as smooth 's a bead,
Wi' virls and whirlygigums at the head.
The Goth was stalking round with anxious search,
Spying the time-worn flaws in every arch ;
It chanced his new-come neibour took his e'e,
And e'en a vex'd and angry heart had he !
Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien,
He down the water gies him this guid-een :—

AULD BRIG.

I doubt na', frien', ye 'll think ye 're nae sheepshank,
Ane ye were streekit o'er frae bank to bank !
But gin ye be a brig as auld as me—
Though faith ! that day I doubt ye 'll never see—
There 'll be, if that date come, I 'll wad a bodle,
Some fewer whignaleeries in your noddle.

NEW BRIG.

Auld Vandal, ye but show your little mense,
Just much about it wi' your scanty sense ;
Will your poor, narrow footpath of a street—
Where twa wheelbarrows tremble when they meet—
Your ruin'd, formless bulk o' stane an' lime,
Compare wi' bonnie brigs o' modern time ?
There 's men o' taste would tak the Ducat-stream, ‡
Though they should cast the very sark and swim,
Ere they would grate their feelings wi' the view
Of sic an ugly Gothic hulk as you.

* "Dungeon-clock and Wallace-tower:" the two steeples.—(B.)

† "Gos:" the gos-hawk, or falcon.—(B.)

‡ "Ducat-stream:" a noted ford, just above the Auld Brig.—(B.)

AULD BRIG.

Conceited gowk ! puff'd up wi' windy pride !
This mony a year I 've stood the flood an' tide ;
And though wi' crazy eild I 'm sair forfain,
I 'll be a brig when ye 're a shapeless cairn ! §
As yet ye little ken about the matter,
But twa-three winters will inform ye better.
When heavy, dark, continued, a'-day rains
Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains ;
When from the hills where springs the brawling Coil,
Or stately Lugar's mossy fountains boil,
Or where the Greenock winds his moorland course,
Or haunted Garpal || draws his feeble source,
Aroused by blustering winds and spotting thowes,
In mony a torrent down his snaw-broo rows ;
While crashing ice, borne on the roaring spate,
Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brigs a' to the gate ;
And from Glenbuck, ¶ down to the Ratton-key, **
Auld Ayr is just one lengthen'd, tumbling sea—
Then down ye 'll hurl, (deil nor ye never rise !)
And dash the gumlie jaups up to the pouring skies ;
A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost,
That Architecture's noble art is lost !

NEW BRIG.

Fine Architecture, troth, I needs must say 't o't !
The Lord be thankit that we 've tint the gate o't !
Gaunt, ghastly, ghaist-alluring edifices,
Hanging with threat'ning jut like precipices ;
O'erarching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves,
Supporting roofs fantastic, stony groves :
Windows and doors in nameless sculptures dress'd,
With order, symmetry, or taste unblest'd ;
Forms like some bedlam statuary's dream,
The crazed creations of misguided whim ;
Forms might be worshipp'd on the bended knee,
And still the second dread command be free,
Their likeness is not found on earth, in air, or sea !
Mansions that would disgrace the building taste
Of any mason reptile, bird or beast :
Fit only for a doited monkish race,
Or frosty maids forsworn the dear embrace ;
Or cuifs of later times, wha held the notion
That sullen gloom was sterling, true devotion :
Fancies that our guid Brugh denies protection,
And soon may they expire, unblest wi' resurrection !

AULD BRIG.

O ye, my dear remember'd, ancient yealings,
Were ye but here to share my wounded feelings !

§ This prediction was fulfilled in 1877.

|| "Garpal:" the banks of Garpal Water is one of the few places in the West of Scotland where those fancy-searing beings, known by the name of Ghaists, still continue pertinaciously to inhabit.—(B.)

¶ "Glenbuck:" the source of the river Ayr.—(B.)

** "Ratton-key:" a small landing-place above the large quay.—(B.)

Ye worthy Proveses, an' mony a Bailie,
 Wha in the paths o' righteousness did toil aye;
 Ye dainty Deacons, an' ye douce Conveners,
 To whom our moderns are but causey-cleaners;
 Ye godly Councils, wha hae blest this town;
 Ye godly Brethren o' the sacred gown,
 Wha meekly gie your hurdies to the smiters;
 And (what would now be strange) ye godly Writers:
 A' ye douce folk I've borne aboon the broo,
 Were ye but here, what would ye say or do!
 How would your spirits groan in deep vexation,
 To see each melancholy alteration;
 And, agonising, curse the time and place
 When ye begat the base, degenerate race!
 Nae langer reverend men, their country's glory,
 In plain braid Scots hold forth a plain braid story;
 Nae langer thrifty citizens, an' douce,
 Meet owre a pint or in the council-house;
 But stauwrel, corky-headed, graceless gentry,
 The herryment and ruin of the country;
 Men, three-parts made by tailors and by barbers,
 Wha waste your weel-hain'd gear on d——d new brigs and
 harbours!

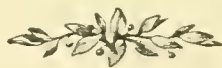
NEW BRIG.

Now haud you there! for, faith, ye've said enough,
 And muckle mair than ye can mak to through;
 As for your Priesthood, I shall say but little,
 Corbies and Clergy are a shot right kittle:
 But, under favour o' your langer beard,
 Abuse o' Magistrates might weel be spared:
 To liken them to your auld-warld squad,
 I must needs say, comparisons are odd.
 In Ayr, wag-wits nae mair can hae a handle
 To mouth "a citizen," a term o' scandal;
 Nae mair the Council waddles down the street,
 In all the pomp of ignorant conceit;
 Men wha grew wise priggins' owre hops an' raisins,
 Or gather'd liberal views in bonds and seisins,
 If haply Knowledge, on a random tramp,
 Had shored them with a glimmer of his lamp,
 And would to Common-sense for once betray'd them,
 Plain, dull Stupidity stept kindly in to aid them.

What farther clishmaclaver might been said,
 What bloody wars, if Sprites had blood to shed,
 No man can tell: but all before their sight,
 A fairy train appear'd in order bright.
 Adown the glittering stream they featly danced;
 Bright to the moon their various dresses glanced.
 They footed o'er the watery glass so neat,
 The infant ice scarce bent beneath their feet:
 While arts of minstrelsy among them rung,
 And soul-ennobling bards heroic ditties sung.

Oh had M'Lauchlan,* tnaarm-inspiring sage,
 Been there to hear this heavenly band engage,
 When through his dear strathspeys they bore with High-
 land rage;
 Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs,
 The lover's raptured joys or bleeding cares;
 How would his Highland lug been nobler fired,
 And even his matchless hand with finer touch inspired!
 No guess could tell what instrument appeared,
 But all the soul of Music's self was heard;
 Harmonious concert rung in every part,
 While simple melody pour'd moving on the heart.

The Genius of the Stream in front appears,
 A venerable chief advanced in years;
 His hoary head with water-lilies crown'd,
 His manly leg with garter-tangle bound.
 Next came the loveliest pair in all the ring,
 Sweet Female Beauty hand in hand with Spring;
 Then, crown'd with flowery hay, came Rural Joy,
 And Summer, with his fervid-beaming eye:
 All-cheering Plenty, with her flowing horn,
 Led yellow Autumn wreath'd with nodding corn;
 Then Winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary show,
 By Hospitality with cloudless brow.
 Next follow'd Courage, with his martial stride,
 From where the Feal wild-woody coverts hide;
 Benevolence, with mild benignant air,
 A female form, came from the towers of Stair:†
 Learning and Worth in equal measures trode
 From simple Catrine,‡ their long-loved abode:
 Last, white-robed Peace, crown'd with a hazel wreath,
 To rustic Agriculture did bequeath
 The broken, iron instruments of death;
 At sight of whom our Sprites forgat their kindling wrath.



LINES ON MEETING WITH BASIL,
 LORD DAER.§

THIS wot ye all whom it concerns,
 I, Rhymer Robin, alias Burns,
 October twenty-third,
 A ne'er-to-be-forgotten day,
 Sae far I sprachled up the brae,
 I dinner'd wi' a Lord.

* "M'Lauchlan:" a well-known performer of Scotch music on the violin.—(B.) He was from Argyleshire, and patronized by the Earl of Eglinton, himself a great musician, and alluded to in the last stanza as "Courage."

† "Towers of Stair:" the poet alludes here to Mrs. Stewart of Stair, his early patroness.

‡ "Catrine:" alluding to Dugald Stewart.

§ "Lord Daer:" son of the Earl of Selkirk.—See LIFE.

I've been at drucken writers' feasts,
 Nay, been bitch-fou 'mang godly priests,
 Wi' reverence be it spoken;
 I've even join'd the honour'd jorum,
 When mighty Squireships of the quorum
 Their hydra drouth did sloken.

But wi' a Lord—stand out my shin!
 A Lord—a Peer—an Earl's son!
 Up higher yet, my bonnet!
 An' sic a Lord!—lang Scotch ells twa,
 Our Peerage he o'erlooks them a',
 As I look o'er my sonnet.

But oh for Hogarth's magic power!
 To show Sir Bardie's willart glower,
 An' how he stared an' stammer'd,
 When, goavin, as if led wi' branks,
 An' stumpin on his ploughman shanks,
 He in the parlour hammer'd.

I sidling shelter'd in a nook,
 An' at his Lordship steal't a look,
 Like some portentous omen;
 Except good sense and social glee,
 An' (what surprised me) modesty,
 I mark'd nought uncommon.

I watch'd the symptoms o' the Great,
 The gentle pride, the lordly state,
 The arrogant assuming;
 The feint a pride, nae pride had he,
 Nor sauce, nor state, that I could see,
 Mair than an honest ploughman.

Then from his Lordship I shall learn,
 Henceforth to meet with unconcern
 One rank as weel's another;
 Nae honest, worthy man need care
 To meet with noble, youthful Daer,
 For he but meets a brother.



EPISTLE TO MAJOR W. LOGAN.*

HAIL, thairm-inspirin', rattlin' Willie!
 Though Fortune's road be rough and hilly
 To every fiddling, rhyming billie,
 We never heed,
 But tak it like the unback'd filly,
 Proud o' her speed.

* Major Logan of Camlurg was one of the best fiddlers of his day. He was the brother of Miss Logan to whom Burns presented a copy of "Beattie's Minstrel." He was a retired military officer, residing at Park House, near Ayr, where Burns met him.

When, idly goavin, whiles we saunter,
 Yirr! Faney barks, awa' we canter,
 Up-hill, down-brae, till some mishanter,
 Some black bog-hole,
 Arrests us; then the seathie an' banter
 We're forced to thole.

Hale be your heart! hale be your fiddle!
 Lang may your elbuck jink an' diddle,
 To cheer you through the weary widdle
 O' this wild warl';
 Until you on a crummock driddle,
 A gray-hair'd earl.

Come wealth, come poortith, late or soon,
 Heaven send your heart-strings aye in tune!
 And screw your temper-pins aboon,
 A fifth or mair,
 The melancholious, lazy croon
 O' cankrie care!

May still your life from day to day,
 Nae "lente largo" in the play,
 But "allegretto forte" gay,
 Harmonious flow,
 A sweeping, kindling, bauld strathspey—
 Encore! Bravo!

A blessing on the cheerie gang,
 Wha dearly like a jig or sang,
 An' never think o' right an' wrang
 By square an' rule,
 But, as the elegs o' feeling stang,
 Are wise or fool!

My hand-waled curse keep hard in chase,
 The harpy, hoodlock, purse-proud race,
 Wha count on poortith as disgrace:
 Their tuneless hearts,
 May fireside discords jar a base
 To a' their parts!

But come—your hand, my careless brither;
 I th' ither warl', if there's anither—
 And that there is, I've little swither
 About the matter—
 We, cheek for chow, shall jog thegither;
 I'se ne'er bid better.

We've faults and failings—granted clearly;
 We're frail, backsliding mortals merely;
 Eve's bonnie squad, priests wyte them sheerly
 For our grand fa';
 But still—but still—I like them dearly;
 God bless them a'!

Och on for poor Castalian drinkers,
 When they fa' foul o' earthly jinkers !
 The witching, curst, delicious blinkers
 Hae put me hyte,
 And gart me weet my waukrife winkers,
 Wi' girnin' spite.

But, by yon moon!—an' that 's high swearin'—
 An' every star within my hearin' !
 An' by her e'en, wha was a dear ane
 I 'll ne'er forget !
 I hope to gie the jauds a clearin'
 In fair play yet.

My loss I mourn, but not repent it,
 I 'll seek my pursic whare I tint it ;
 Ance to the Indies I were wonted,
 Some cantrip hour,
 By some sweet elf I 'll yet be dinted,
 Then, *vive l'amour!*

Faites mes baissemains respectueuses
 To sentimental sister Susie,
 And honest Luckie ; no to roose you,
 Ye may be proud
 That sic a couple Fate allows ye,
 To grace your blood.

Nae mair at present can I measure,
 An', troth, my rhymin' ware 's nae treasure ;
 But when in Ayr, some half-hour's leisure,
 Be 't light, be 't dark,
 Sir Bard will do himsel' the pleasure
 To call at Park.

ROBERT BURNS.

MOSSGIEL, 30th October, 1786.



LINES TO MRS. LAWRIE

RUSTICITY's ungainly form
 May cloud the highest mind ;
 But when the heart is nobly warm,
 The good excuse will find.

Propriety's cold, cautious rules
 Warm fervour may o'erlook ;
 But spare poor sensibility
 The ungentle, harsh rebuke.

THE COOPER O' CUDDIE.

LIVELY.

TUNE—"Bab at the Bowster."

The cooper o' Cuddie cam' here a - wa', He ca'd the girrs out owre us a'—
 An' our gude wife has got - ten a - ca', That anger'd the silly gudeman, O.
 CHORUS—We'll hide the cooper behind the door, Behind the door, be - hind the door,
 We'll hide the cooper be - hind the door, And cover him under a mawn, O.

He sought them out, he sought them in,
 Wi' deil hae her! and deil hae him !
 But the body was sae doited and blin',
 He wist na where he was gam, O.
 We 'll hide the cooper, &c.

They cooper'd at e'en, they cooper'd at morn,
 Till our gudeman has gotten the scorn ;
 On ilka brow she 's planted a horn,
 And swears that they shall stan', O.
 We 'll hide the cooper, &c.



ADDRESS TO EDINBURGH.

EDINA ! Scotia's darling seat !
 All hail thy palaces and towers,
 Where once, beneath a monarch's feet,
 Sat Legislation's sovereign powers !
 From marking wildly-scatter'd flowers,
 As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,
 And singing, lone, the lingering hours,
 I shelter in thy honour'd shade.

Here wealth still swells the golden tide,
 As busy Trade his labours plies ;
 There Architecture's noble pride
 Bids elegance and splendour rise ;
 Here Justice, from her native skies,
 High yields her balance and her rod ;
 There Learning, with his eagle eyes,
 Seeks Science in her coy abode.

Thy sons, Edina ! social, kind,
 With open arms the stranger hail ;
 Their views enlarged, their liberal mind,
 Above the narrow, rural vale ;
 Attentive still to Sorrow's wail,
 Or modest Merit's silent claim ;
 And never may their sources fail !
 And never Envy blot their name !

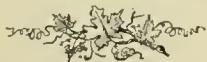
Thy daughters bright thy walks adorn,
 Gay as the gilded summer sky,
 Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,
 Dear as the raptured thrill of joy !
 Fair Burnet * strikes the adoring eye,
 Heaven's beauties on my fancy shine ;
 I see the Sire of Love on high,
 And own his work indeed divine !

There, watching high the least alarms
 Thy rough, rude fortress gleams afar ;
 Like some bold veteran, gray in arms,
 And mark'd with many a seamy scar ;
 The ponderous wall and massy bar,
 Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock,
 Have oft withstood assailing war,
 And oft repell'd the invader's shock.

With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,
 I view that noble, stately Dome,
 Where Scotia's kings of other years,
 Famed heroes ! had their royal home :
 Alas ! how changed the times to come !
 Their royal name low in the dust !
 Their hapless race wild-wandering roam,
 Though rigid Law cries out, " 'twas just."

Wild beats my heart to trace your steps,
 Whose ancestors, in days of yore,
 Through hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps
 Old Scotia's bloody Lion bore ;
 E'en I who sing in rustic lore,
 Haply, my sires have left their shed,
 And faced grim Danger's loudest roar,
 Bold-following where your fathers led !

Edina ! Scotia's darling seat !
 All hail thy palaces and towers,
 Where once, beneath a monarch's feet,
 Sat Legislation's sovereign powers !
 From marking wildly-scatter'd flowers,
 As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,
 And singing, lone, the lingering hours,
 I shelter in thy honour'd shade.



ODE ON CHARLES EDWARD'S BIRTHDAY.†

AFAR the illustrious Exile roams,
 Whom kingdoms on this day should hail ;

* "Burnet:" Eliza, daughter of Lord Monboddo, who died of consumption, June, 1776.

† A small knot of enthusiasts met once a year to celebrate Prince Charles Edward's birthday. This ode was written for the meeting on the 31st December, 1787.

An inmate in the casual shed,
 On transient pity's bounty fed,
 Haunted by busy memory's bitter tale !
 Beasts of the forest have their savage homes,
 But He, who should imperial purple wear,
 Owns not the lap of earth where rests his royal head !
 His wretched refuge, dark despair,
 While ravening wrongs and woes pursue,
 And distant far the faithful few
 Who would his sorrows share,

False flatterer, Hope, away !

Nor think to lure us as in days of yore :
 We solemnize this sorrowing natal day,
 To prove our loyal truth—we can no more,
 And owning Heaven's mysterious sway,
 Submissive, low adore.

Ye honoured, mighty Dead,

Who nobly perished in the glorious cause,
 Your King, your Country, and her laws,
 From great Dundee, who smiling Victory led,
 And fell a martyr in her arms,
 (What breast of northern ice but warms !)
 To bold Balmerino's undying name,
 Whose soul of fire, lighted at Heaven's high flame,
 Deserves the proudest wreath departed heroes claim :

Not unrevenged your fate shall lie,
 It only lags, the fatal hour ;
 Your blood shall with incessant cry
 Awake at last th' unsparing Power ;
 As from the cliff, with thundering course,
 The snowy ruin smokes along
 With doubling speed and gathering force,
 Till deep it, crushing, whelms the cottage in the vale ;
 So Vengeance' arm, ensanguin'd, strong,
 Shall with resistless might assail,
 Usurping Brunswick's pride shall lay,
 And Stuart's wrongs and yours, with tenfold weight,
 repay.

Perdition, baleful child of night !
 Rise and revenge the injured right
 Of Stuart's royal race :
 Lead on the unmuzzled hounds of hell,
 Till all the frightened echoes tell
 The blood-notes of the chase !
 Full on the quarry point their view,
 Full on the base usurping crew,
 The tools of faction, and the nation's curse !
 Hark how the cry grows on the wind ;
 They leave the lagging gale behind,
 Their savage fury, pitiless, they pour ;
 With murdering eyes already they devour ;
 See Brunswick spent, a wretched prey,
 His life one poor despairing day,
 Where each avenging hour still ushers in a worse !



Such havoc, howling all abroad,
 Their utter ruin bring;
 The base apostates to their God,
 Or rebels to their King.



TO MISS LOGAN,*

WITH BEATTIE'S POEMS FOR A NEW YEAR'S GIFT,
 JANUARY 1, 1787.

AGAIN the silent wheels of Time
 Their annual round have driven,
 And you, though scarce in maiden prime,
 Are so much nearer heaven.

No gifts have I from Indian coasts
 The infant year to hail;
 I send you more than India boasts,
 In Edwin's simple tale.

Our sex with guile and faithless love
 Is charged, perhaps too true;
 But may, dear maid, each lover prove
 An Edwin still to you!

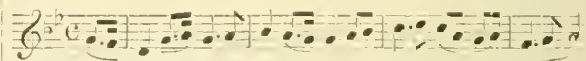
*Miss Logan: "sister to Major Logan: see epistle to him.

THE BANKS O' DOON.

FIRST VERSION.

Slow.

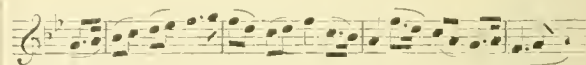
TUNE—"Katherine Ogile.



Sweet are the banks—the banks o' Doon, The spreading flowers are fair,



And everything is blythe and glad, But I am full of care.



Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird, That sings upon the bough,



Thou minds me o' the happy days When my false Love was true.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
 That sings beside thy mate;
 For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
 And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
To see the woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its Luvie,
And sae did I o' mine:

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Upon its thorny tree;
But my fause Luvie staw my rose,
And left the thorn wi' me:

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Upon a morn in June;
And sae I flourished on the morn,
And sae was pu'd or noon!



THE BANKS O' DOON.*

SECOND VERSION.

YE flowery banks o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye blume sae fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fit o' care!

Thou 'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
That sings upon the bough;
Thou minds me o' the happy days
When my fause Luvie was true.

Thou 'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
That sings beside thy mate;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the woodbine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its Luvie,
And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Frae aff its thorny tree,
But my fause luvie staw the rose,
And left the thorn wi' me.



EPIGRAM ON ROUGH ROADS.†

I 'M now arrived—thanks to the gods!—
Through pathways rough and muddy,
A certain sign that makin' roads
Is no this people's study:

* The young lady referred to in this song was Miss Kennedy (the blooming Peggy of a former song), an heiress in Carrick, who was seduced by a Captain M., in Wigtonshire, had a child to him, instituted an action against him in the Consistorial Court, but died, while it was going on, of a broken heart.

† The "Rough Roads" are those between Stewarton and Kilmarnock.

Although I 'm not wi' Scripture cramm'd,
I 'm sure the Bible says
That heedless sinners shall be damn'd,
Unless they mend their ways.



THE GUIDWIFE OF WAUCHOPE-HOUSE‡

TO ROBERT BURNS.

February, 1787.

My canty, witty, rhyming ploughman,
I haffins doubt it is na true, man,
That ye between the stilts were bred,
Wi' ploughmen school'd, wi' ploughmen fed;
I doubt it sair, ye 've drawn your knowledge
Either frae grammar-school or college.
Guid troth, your saul and body baith
Were better fed, I 'd gie my aith,
Than theirs, wha sup sour-milk and parritch,
And bummil through the Single Carritch.
Wha ever heard the ploughman speak
Could tell gif Homer was a Greek?
He 'd flee as soon upon a cudgel,
As get a single line of Virgil.
And then sae slee ye crack your jokes
On Willie Pitt and Charlie Fox:
Our great men a' sae weel describe,
And how to gar the nation thrive,
Ane maist wad swear ye dwalt amang them,
And as ye saw them, sae ye sang them.
But be ye ploughman, be ye peer,
Ye are a funny blade, I swear:
And though the cauld I ill can bide,
Yet twenty miles, and mair, I 'd ride,
O'er moss, and muir, and never grumble,
Though my auld yad should gie a stumble,
To crack a winter night wi' thee,
And hear thy sangs and sonnets slee.
A guid saut herring and a cake,
Wi' sic a chiel, a feast wad make;
I 'd rather scour your reaming yill,
Or eat o' cheese an' bread my fill,
Than wi' dull hairs on turtle dine,
And ferlie at their wit and wine.
Oh, gif I kenn'd but where ye baid,
I 'd send to you a marled plaid;
'Twad haud your shoulters warm and braw,
And dounce at kirk or market shaw;
For south as weel as north, my lad,
A' honest Scotsmen lo'e the *maud*.
Right wae that we 're sae far frae ither,
Yet proud I am to ca' ye brither.

Your most obedient, E. S.

‡ "The guidwife of Wauchope-house:" was the late gifted Mrs. Scott of Wauchope, in Roxburghshire.

TO THE GUIDWIFE O' WAUCHOPE HOUSE.

GUIDWIFE,

March, 1787.

I MIND it weel, in early date,
When I was beardless, young, an' blate,

An' first could thresh the barn,
Or haul a yokin' at the plough ;
An' though forfoughten sair enough,

Yet unco prond to learn :
When first amang the yellow corn
A man I reckon'd was,

An' wi' the lave ilk merry morn
Could rank my rig an' lass,

Still shearing an' clearing
The tither stook'd raw,

Wi' clavers an' haivers
Wearing the day awa'.

E'en then a wish (I mind its power),
A wish that to my latest hour

Shall strongly heave my breast—
That I, for puir auld Scotland's sake,
Some usefu' plan or benk could make,
Or sing a sang at least.

The rough burr-thistle, spreading wide
Amang the bearded bear,

I turn'd the wooer-clips aside,
An' spared the symbol dear :

No nation, no station,
My envy e'er could raise :

A Scot still, but blot still,
I knew nae higher praise.

But still the elements o' sang
In formless jumble, right an' wrang,

Wild floated in my brain :
Till on that hairst I said before

My partner in the merry core,
She roused the forming strain ;

I see her yet, the sonsie quean,
That lighted up my juggle,

Her witching smile, her pauky een,
That gart my heart-strings tingle ;

I fir'd, inspir'd,

At every kindling keek,

But bashing, and dashing,

I fear'd aye to speak.

Health to the sex ! ilk guid chiel says
Wi' merry dance in winter days,

An' we to share in common :
The gust of joy, the balm of woe,

The soul o' life, the heaven below,
Is rapture-giving woman.

Ye surly samplis, who hate the name,
Be mindfu' o' your mither ;

She, honest woman, may think shame
That ye're connected with her.

Ye're wae men, ye're nae men,
That slight the lovely dears ;
To shame ye, disclaim ye,
Ilk honest birkie swears.

For you, no bred to barn and byre,
Wha sweetly tune the Scottish lyre,

Thanks to you for your line :
The marled plaid ye kindly spare,
By me should gratefully be ware ;
'Twad please me to the nine.

I'd be mair vauntie o' my hap,
Douce hingin' o'er my curle,

Than ony ermine ever lap,
Or proud imperial purple.

Farewell then, lang hale then,
And plenty be your fa' :

May losses, and crosses,
Ne'er at your hallan ca' !



THE POET'S PROGRESS.*

A POEM IN EMBRYO.

THOU, Nature, partial Nature, I arraign ;
Of thy caprice maternal I complain.

The peopled fold thy kindly care have found,
The horned bull, tremendous, spurns the ground ;
The lordly lion has enough and more,
The forest trembles at his very roar ;
Thou giv'st the ass his hide, the snail his shell,
The puny wasp, victorious, guards his cell.
Thy minions, kings defend, control, devour,
In all th' omnipotence of rule and power :
Foxes and statesmen subtle wiles ensure ;
The cit and polecat stink, and are secure :
Toads with their poison, doctors with their drug,
The priest and hedgehog, in their robes, are snug :
E'en silly women have defensive arts,
Their eyes, their tongues—and nameless other parts.

But O thou cruel stepmother and hard,
To thy poor fenceless, naked child, the Bard !
A thing unteachable in worldly skill,
And half an idiot too, more helpless still :
No heels to bear him from the opening dun,
No claws to dig, his hated sight to shun :
No horns, but those by luckless Hymen worn,
And those, alas ! not Amalthea's horn :
No nerves olfact'ry, true to Mammon's foot,
Or grunting grub, sagacious, evil's root :
The silly sheep that wanders wild astray,
Is not more friendless, is not more a prey ;

* Afterwards changed into an Epistle to Mr. Graham of Fintry.

Vampyre-booksellers drain him to the heart,
And viper-critics cureless venom dart.

Critics! appall'd I venture on the name,
Those cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame,
Bloody dissectors, worse than ten Monroes,
He hacks to teach, they mangle to expose:
By blockhead's daring into madness stung,
His heart by wanton, causeless malice wrung,
His well-won bays—than life itself more dear—
By misereants torn who ne'er one sprig must wear;
Foil'd, bleeding, tortur'd in th' unequal strife,
The hapless Poet flounders on through life,
Till, fled each hope that once his bosom fired,
And fled each Muse that glorious once inspired,
Low-sunk in squalid, unprotected age,
Dead even resentment for his injur'd page,
He heeds no more the ruthless critics' rage.

So by some hedge the generous steed deceased,
For half-starved, snarling curs a dainty feast;
By toil and famine worn to skin and bone,
Lies, senseless of each tugging litch's son.

A little upright, pert, tart, tripping wight,
And still his precious self his dear delight;
Who loves his own smart shadow in the streets,
Better than e'er the fairest she he meets;
Much specious lore, but little understood,
(Veneering oft outshines the solid wood),
His solid sense by inches you must tell,
But mete his cunning by the Scottish ell!
A man of fashion too, he made his tour,
Learn'd "vive la bagatelle et vive l'amour;"
So travell'd monkeys their grimace improve,
Polish their grin—nay, sigh for ladies' love!
His meddling vanity, a busy fiend,
Still making work his selfish craft must mend.

Crochallan came,
The old cock'd hat, the brown surtout—the same;
His grisly beard just bristling in its might—
'Twas four long nights and days from shaving-night!
His uncomb'd, hoary locks, wild-staring, thatch'd
A head, for thought profound and clear, unmatched;
Yet, though his caustic wit was biting-rude,
His heart was warm, benevolent, and good.

O Dulness, portion of the truly blest!
Calm, shelter'd haven of eternal rest!
Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
Of Fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams;
If mantling high she fills the golden cup,
With sober, selfish ease they sip it up;
Conscious the bounteous meed they well deserve,
They only wonder "some folks" do not starve!

The grave, sage henn thus easy picks his frog,
And thinks the mallard a sad worthless dog.
When disappointment snaps the thread of Hope,
When, thro' disastrous night, they darkling grope,
With deaf endurance sluggishly they bear,
And just conclude that "fools are Fortune's care;"
So, heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks,
Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox.

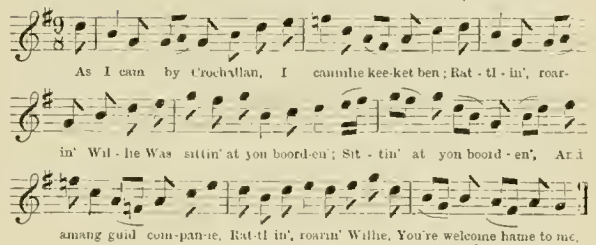
Not so the idle Muses' mad-cap train,
Not such the workings of their moon-struck brain;
In equanimity they never dwell,
By turns in soaring heaven, or vaulted hell!



RATTLIN', ROARIN' WILLIE.

LIVELY.

TUNE—"Rattlin', Roarin' Willie."



VERSES

ADDRESSED TO THE LANDLADY OF THE INN AT ROSLIN.*

My blessings on ye, sonsy wife;
I ne'er was here before;
You've gien us walth for horn and knife,
Nae heart could wish for more.

Heaven keep you clear o' sturt and strife,
Till far ayont fourscore;
And while I toddle on through life,
I'll ne'er gang by your door.



INSCRIPTION FOR THE HEADSTONE OF FERGUSON THE POET.

No sculptured marble here, nor pompous lay,
"No storied urn nor animated bust;"
This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way,
To pour her sorrows o'er the Poet's dust.

* She had supplied Burns with a good breakfast after a debauch and a sleepless night spent among the Pentland Hills.

She mourns, sweet tuneful youth, thy hapless fate ;
 Though all the powers of song thy fancy fired,
 Yet Luxury and Wealth lay by in state,
 And, thankless, starv'd what they so much admired.

This tribute, with a tear, now gives
 A brother Bard—he can no more bestow ;
 But dear to fame thy Song immortal lives,
 A nobler monument than Art can show.*



INSCRIBED UNDER FERGUSSON'S PORTRAIT.

CURSE on ungrateful man, that can be pleased,
 And yet can starve the author of the pleasure.
 O thou, my elder brother in misfortune,
 By far my elder brother in the Muses,
 With tears I pity thy unhappy fate !
 Why is the bard unpitied by the world,
 Yet has so keen a relish of its pleasures ?



A BOTTLE AND A FRIEND.

"There 's nane that 's blest of human kind
 But the cheerful and the gay, man,
 Fal, la, la, &c.

HERE 's a bottle and an honest friend !
 What wad ye wish for mair, man ?
 Wha kens, before his life may end,
 What his share may be o' care, man ?

Then catch the moments as they fly,
 And use them as ye ought, man :
 Believe me, happiness is shy,
 And comes not aye when sought, man.



VERSES INTENDED TO BE WRITTEN BELOW A NOBLE EARL'S PICTURE.

WHOSE is that noble, dauntless brow ?
 And whose that eye of fire ?
 And whose that generous princely mien,
 E'en rooted foes admire ?

Stranger ! to justly show that brow,
 And mark that eye of fire,
 Would take *His* hand, whose vernal tints
 His other works inspire.

Bright as a cloudless summer sun,
 With stately port he moves ;
 His guardian seraph eyes with awe
 The noble ward he loves.

Among the illustrious Scottish sons,
 That Chief thou may'st discern ;
 Mark Scotia's fond-returning eye,
 It dwells upon Glencairn.



TO A HAGGIS.†

FAIR fa' your honest, sonsie face,
 Great chieftain o' the puddin'-race !
 Aboon them a' ye tak your place,
 Painch, tripe, or thairm :
 Weel are ye wordy o' a grace
 As lang 's my arm.

The groaning trencher there ye fill,
 Your hurdies like a distant hill,
 Your pin wad help to mend a mill
 In time o' need,
 While through your pores the dew's distil
 Like amber bead.

His knife see rustic Labour dight,
 An' cut you up wi' ready sleight,
 Trenching your gushing entrails bright,
 Like ony ditch ;
 And then, O what a glorious sight,
 Warm-reekin', rich !

Then horn for horn they stretch an' strive,
 Deil tak the hindmost ! on they drive,
 Till a' their weel-swallow'd kytes belyve
 Are bent like drums ;
 Then auld Guidman, maist like to ryve,
 " Bethaukit " hums.

Is there that owre his French ragout,
 Or olio that wad staw a sow,
 Or fricassee wad mak her spew
 Wi' perfect scunner,
 Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view,
 On sic a dinner ?

† Robert Chambers defines a haggis, Burns sings it, Wilson has painted it in flood (see "Noctes"); but the proof of this and all puddings is the preening of it ; and let the grace be the above poem.

* The last two stanzas are from Alexander Smith's edition, 1865.

Poor devil ! see him owre his trash
As feckless as a wither'd rash,
His spindle-shank a guid whip-lash,
His nieve a nit ;
Through bloody flood or field to dash,
O how unfit !

But mark the rustic, haggis-fed,
The trembling earth resounds his tread ;
Clap in his walle nieve a blade,
He 'll mak it whistle ;
An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will sned,
Like taps o' thrissle.

Ye Powers wha mak mankind your care,
And dish them out their bill o' fare,
Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware
That jaups in huggies ;
But, if ye wish her gratefu' prayer,
Gie her a haggis !



EXTEMPORE IN THE COURT OF SESSION.

LORD ADVOCATE.*

HE clench'd his pamphlets in his fist,
He quoted and he hinted,
Till in a declamation-mist,
His argument he tint it :
He gapèd for 't, he graipèd for 't,
He fand it was awa', man ;
But what his common sense came short,
He eked it out wi' law, man.

MR. ERSKINE.†

Collected, Harry stood a wee
Then open'd out his arm, man :
His lordship sat wi' ruefu' c'e,
And eyed the gathering storm, man ;
Like wind-driven hail it did assail,
Or torrents owre a linn, man ;
The Bench sae wise lift up their eyes,
Half-wauken'd wi' the din, man.



PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MR. WOODS ‡ ON HIS BENEFIT-NIGHT,
EDINBURGH, MONDAY, APRIL 16, 1787.

WHEN, by a generous Public's kind acclaim,
That dearest meed is granted—honest fame :

* Mr. Islay Campbell, afterwards Lord President.

† The famous Henry Erskine, brother of Thomas, Lord Erskine and Lord Buchan.

‡ Joseph Woods, a player, and an old friend of Fergusson the poet.

When here your favour is the actor's lot,
Nor even the man in private life forgot ;
What breast so dead to heavenly Virtue's glow,
But heaves impassion'd with the grateful throe !
Poor is the task to please a barbarous throng,
It needs no Siddons' powers in Southern's song ;
But here an ancient nation famed afar,
For genius, learning high, as great in war—
Hail, Caledonia, name for ever dear !
Before whose sons I 'm honour'd to appear !
Where every science, every nobler art,
That can inform the mind or mend the heart,
Is known ; as grateful nations oft have found
Far as the rude barbarian marks the bound.
Philosophy, no idle pedant dream,
Here holds her search by heaven-taught Reason's beam ;
Here History paints with elegance and force
The tide of Empire's fluctuating course ;
Here Douglas forns wild Shakspeare into plan,
And Harley § rouses all the God in man.
When well-form'd taste and sparkling wit unite
With manly lore, or female beauty bright
(Beauty, where faultless symmetry and grace,
Can only charm us in the second place),
Witness my heart, how oft with panting fear
As on this night, I 've met these judges here !
But still the hope Experience taught to live,
Equal to judge, you 're candid to forgive.
No hundred-headed Riot here we meet,
With Decency and Law beneath his feet ;
Nor insolence assumes fair Freedom's name :
Like Caledonians, you applaud or blame.

O thou dread Power ! whose empire-giving hand
Has oft been stretch'd to shield the honour'd land !
Strong may she glow with all her ancient fire !
May every son be worthy of his sire !
Firm may she rise, with generous disdain
At Tyranny's, or direr Pleasure's chain !
Still self-dependent in her native shore,
Bold may she brave grim Danger's loudest roar,
Till Fate the curtain drop on worlds to be no more.



IMPROMPTU TO MISS AINSLIE.

FAIR maid, you need not take the hint,
Nor idle texts pursue :
'Twas guilty sinners that he meant—
Not angels such as you !

§ "Harley : " "The Man of Feeling," wrote by Mr. Mackenzie.—(B.)

ON WILLIAM CREECH.

AULD chuckie Reekie's sair distrest,
Down droops her ance weel-burnish'd crest,
Nae joy her bonnie buskit nest

Can yield ava,
Her darling bird that she lo'es best—
Willie 's awa'!

O Willie was a witty wight,
And had o' things an unco sleight,
Auld Reekie aye he keepit tight,
And trig an' braw:
But now they 'll busk her like a fright—
Willie 's awa'!

The stiffest o' them a' he bow'd,
The bauldest o' them a' he cow'd;
They durst nae mair than he allow'd,
That was a law:
We 've lost a birkie weel worth gowd—
Willie 's awa'!

Now gawkies, tawpies, gowks, and fools,
Frae colleges and boarding schools,
May sprout like simmer puddock-stools
In glen or shaw;
He wha could brush them down to mools—
Willie 's awa'!

The brethren o' the commerce-chammer
May mourn their loss wi' doolfu' clamour;
He was a dictionar and grammar
Amang them a';
I fear they 'll now mak mony a stammer—
Willie 's awa'!

Nae mair we see his levee door
Philosophers and Poets pour,
And toothy critics by the score,
In bloody raw!
The adjutant o' a' the core—
Willie 's awa'!

Now worthy Gregory's Latin face,
Tytler's and Greenfield's modest grace;
Mackenzie, Stewart, such a brace
As Rome ne'er saw;
They a' mann meet some ither place—
Willie 's awa'!

Poor Burns e'en Scotch drink canna quicken
He cheeps like some bewilder'd chicken
Scar'd frae its minnie and the cleekin'
By hoodie-craw;
Grief 's gien his heart an unco kickin'—
Willie 's awa'!

Now ev'ry sour-mou'd givin' blellum,
And Calvin's folk, are fit to fell him;
Ilk self-conceited critie skellum
His quill may draw;
He wha could brawlie ward their bellum—
Willie 's awa'!

Up wimpling stately Tweed I 've sped,
And Eden scenes on crystal Jed,
And Ettrick banks, now roaring red,
While tempests blaw;
But every joy and pleasure 's fled—
Willie 's awa'!

May I be slander's common speech;
A text for infamy to preach;
And lastly, streekit out to bleach
In winter snaw;
When I forget thee, Willie Creech,
Tho' far awa'!

May never wicked fortune touzle him!
May never wicked men bamboozle him!
Until a pow as auld 's Methusalem
He canty claw!
Then to the bless'd new Jerusalem
Fleet wing awa'!



SYMON GRAY.

DEAR Symon Gray, the other day,
When you sent me some rhyme,
I could not then just ascertain
Its worth, for want of time.
But now to-day, good Mr. Gray,
I've read it o'er and o'er,
Tried all my skill, but find I'm still
Just where I was before.
We auld wives' minions gi'e our opinions,
Solicited or no;
Then of its faults my honest thoughts
I 'll give—and here they go.*



NOTE TO MR. RENTON OF LAMERTON.

Your billet, Sir, I grant receipt;
Wi' you I 'll canter ony gate,
Though 'twere a trip to yon blue warl',
Whare birkies march on burning marl:
Then, Sir, God willing, I 'll attend ye,
And to his goodness I commend ye.

R. BURNS.

* They were given in prose, and far from complimentary.

EPIGRAM.

WHOE'ER he be that sojourns here,
I pity much his case,
Unless he come to wait upon
The Lord their God, his Grace.

There 's naething here but Highland pride,
And Highland scab and hunger ;
If Providence has sent me here,
'Twas surely in his anger.*



A VERSE,

COMPOSED AND REPEATED BY BURNS, TO THE MASTER
OF THE HOUSE, ON TAKING LEAVE OF A PLACE IN
THE HIGHLANDS WHERE HE HAD BEEN HOSPITABLY
ENTERTAINED.

WHEN Death's dark stream I ferry o'er,
(A time that surely shall come),
In heaven itself I 'll ask no more,
Than just a Highland welcome.



ON THE DEATH OF JOHN McLEOD,† ESQ.,

BROTHER TO A YOUNG LADY, A PARTICULAR FRIEND OF
THE AUTHOR.

SAD thy tale, thou idle page,
And rueful thy alarms—
Death tears the brother of her love
From Isabella's arms.

Sweetly deck'd with pearly dew
The morning rose may blow ;
But cold successive noontide blasts
May lay its beauties low.

Fair on Isabella's morn
The sun propitious smiled ;
But, long ere noon, succeeding clouds
Succeeding hopes beguiled.

Fate oft tears the bosom chords
That Nature finest strung :
So Isabella's heart was formed,
And so that heart was wrung.

* This was written at Inverary by the poet, indignant at some fancied slight.

† Burns knew the McLeods through the Campbells of Londoun. To Isabella McLeod he wrote the song, "Raving winds around her blowing." John died 2nd July, 1787.

Were it in the poet's power,
Strong as he shares the grief
That pierces Isabella's heart,
To give that heart relief !

Dread Omnipotence, alone,
Can heal the wound he gave ;
Can point the brimful grief-worn eyes
To scenes beyond the grave.

Virtue's blossoms there shall blow,
And fear no withering blast ;
There Isabella's spotless worth
Shall happy be at last.

ON THE DEATH OF SIR JAMES HUNTER
BLAIR.‡

THE lamp of day, with ill-presaging glare,
Dim, cloudy, sank beneath the western wave ;
Th' inconstant blast how'd through the darkening air,
And hollow whistled in the rocky cave.

Lone as I wander'd by each cliff and dell,
Once the loved haunts of Scotia's royal train ;
Or mused where limpid streams, once hallow'd, well,
Or mouldering ruins mark the sacred fane ;

Th' increasing blast roar'd round the beetling rocks,
The clouds, swift-wing'd, flew o'er the starry sky,
The groaning trees untimely shed their locks,
And shooting meteors caught the startled eye.

The paly moon rose in the livid east,
And 'mong the cliffs disclos'd a stately form
In weeds of woe, that frantic beat her breast,
And mix'd her wailings with the raving storm.

Wild to my heart the filial pulses glow,
'Twas Caledonia's trophied shield I view'd :
Her form majestic droop'd in pensive woe,
The lightning of her eye in tears imbued.

Revers'd that spear, redoubtable in war ;
Reclined that banner, erst in fields unfurl'd,
That like a deathful meteor gleam'd afar,
And braved the mighty monarchs of the world.

"My patriot son fills an untimely grave !"
With accents wild and lifted arms she cried ;
"Low lies the hand that oft was stretch'd to save,
Low lies the heart that swell'd with honest pride !"

‡ An Ayrshire squire, member of the banking house of Sir. W. Forbes ; an excellent man.

"A weeping country joins a widow's tear,
The helpless poor mix with the orphan's cry;
The drooping arts surround their patron's bier,
And grateful science heaves the heartfelt sigh!

"I saw my sons resume their ancient fire;
I saw fair Freedom's blossoms richly blow;
But, ah! how hope is born but to expire!
Relentless fate has laid their guardian low.

"My patriot falls, but shall he lie unsung,
While empty greatness saves a worthless name!
No; every muse shall join her tuneful tongue,
And future ages hear his growing fame.

"And I will join a mother's tender cares,
Through future times to make his virtues last,
That distant years may boast of other Blairs!"
She said, and vanish'd with the sweeping blast.



TO MISS FERRIER,

INCLOSING THE ELEGY ON SIR J. H. BLAIR.

NAE heathen name shall I prefix,
Frae Pindus or Parnassus;
Auld Reekie dings them a' to sticks,
For rhyme-inspiring lasses.

Jove's tunefu' dochters three times three
Made Homer deep their debtor;
But, gien the body half an e'e,
Nine Ferriers wad done better!

Last day my mind was in a bog,
Down George's Street I stoited;
A creeping cauld prosaie fog
My very senses doited.

Do what I dought to set her free,
My saul lay in the mire;
Ye turned a neuk—I saw your e'e—
She took the wing like fire!

The mournfu' sang I here inclose,
In gratitude I send you;
And pray, in rhyme as weel as prose,
A' guid things may attend you!

EPIGRAM ON CARRON WORKS.*

WE cam' na here to view your warks,
In hopes to be mair wise,
But only, lest we gang to hell,
It may be nae surprise:
But when we tirl'd at your door,
Your porter dought na hear us;
Sae may, should we to hell's yetts come,
Your billie Satan sair us!



LINES ON A WINDOW AT CROSS KEYS, FALKIRK.

SOUND be his sleep and blythe his morn,
That never did a lassie wrang;
Who poverty ne'er held in scorn,
For misery ever tholed a pang.



LINES ON STIRLING.

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW IN WINGATE'S INN THERE.

HERE Stuarts once in glory reign'd,
And laws for Scotia's weal ordain'd;
But now unroof'd their palace stands,
Their sceptre 's sway'd by foreign hands;
Fallen indeed, and to the earth,
Whence grovelling reptiles take their birth.
The Stuarts' native race is gone!
A race outlandish fills their throne—
An idiot race, to honour lost:
Who know them best despise them most.†



THE REPROOF.

RASH mortal, and slanderous poet, thy name
Shall no longer appear in the records of Fame;
Dost not know that old Mansfield, who writes like the Bible,
Says the more 'tis a truth, Sir, the more 'tis a libel!



VERSES WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL

OVER THE CHIMNEY-PIECE IN THE PARLOUR OF THE
INN AT KENMORE, TAYMOUTH.

ADMIRING Nature in her wildest grace,
These northern scenes with weary feet I trace:

* Carron Iron Works, near Falkirk, famous even then.

† Burns, who was then a zealous Jacobite, being challenged by a friend for these lines, replied, "I shall reprove myself;" and instantly wrote "The Reproof" on the same pane.

O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,
 The abodes of covey'd grouse and timid sheep,
 My savage journey, curious, I pursue,
 Till famed Breadalbane opens to my view.
 The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,
 The woods, wild-scatter'd, clothe their ample sides;

Th' outstretching lake, embosom'd 'mong the hills,
 The eye with wonder and amazement fills;
 The Tay meand'ring sweet in infant pride,
 The palace rising on his verdant side;
 The lawns wood-fringed in Nature's native taste;
 The hillocks dropt in Nature's careless haste;



The arches striding o'er the new-born stream:
 The village glittering in the noontide beam—

• • • • •
 Poetic ardours in my bosom swell,
 Lone wand'ring by the hermit's mossy cell:
 The sweeping theatre of hanging woods;
 The incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods—

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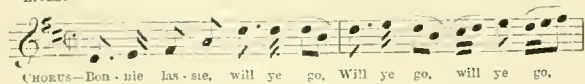
Here Poesy might wake her heaven-taught lyre,
 And look through Nature with creative fire;
 Here, to the wrongs of Fate half reconciled,
 Misfortune's lighten'd steps might wander wild;
 And Disappointment, in these lonely bounds,
 Find balm to soothe her bitter rankling wounds;
 Here heart-struck Grief might heavenward stretch her
 sean,
 And injured Worth forget and pardon man.



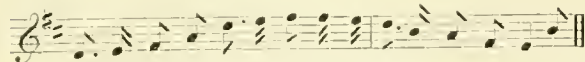
THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

LIVELY

TUNE—"The Birks of Abergeldie."



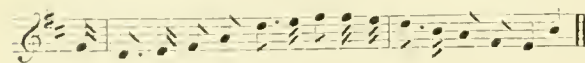
[CHORUS—Bon - nie las - sie, will ye go, Will ye go, will ye go,



Bon - nie las - sie will ye go, To the birks of A - ber - fel - dy?



Now simmer blinks on flowery braes, And o'er the crys - tal streamlet plays;



Come let us spend the lightsome days In the birks of A - ber - fel - dy.

The little birdies blythely sing,
While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the birks of Abergeldy.

Bonnie lassie, &c.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foamy stream deep-roaring fa's,
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws—
The birks of Abergeldy.

Bonnie lassie, &c.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
White o'er the lums the burnie pours,
And, rising, weets wi' misty showers
The birks of Abergeldy.

Bonnie lassie, &c.



Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me ;
Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
In the birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.



THE HUMBLE PETITION OF BRUAR WATER *

TO THE NOBLE DUKE OF ATHOLE.

My lord, I know, your noble ear
Woe ne'er assails in vain ;
Embolden'd thus, I beg you 'll hear
Your humble slave complain,
How saucy Phoebus' scorching beams,
In flaming summer-pride,
Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams,
And drink my crystal tide.

* "Bruar Water:" Bruar Falls, in Athole, are exceedingly picturesque and beautiful; but their effect is much impaired by the want of trees and shrubs.—(B.) This charge no longer applies.

The lightly-jumpin', glowrin' trouts,
That through my waters play,
If, in their random, wanton spouts,
They near the margin stray ;
If, hapless chance ! they linger lang,
I 'm scorching up so shallow,
They 're left the whitening stans amang,
In gasping death to wallow.

Last day I grat wi' spite and teen,
As poet Burns came by,
That, to a bard, I should be seen
Wi' half my channel dry ;
A panegyric rhyme, I ween,
Even as I was, he shor'd me ;
But had I in my glory been,
He, kneeling, wad ador'd me.

Here, foaming down the skelvy rocks,
In twisting strength I rin ;
There, high my boiling torrent smokes,
Wild-roaring o'er a linn :



ON THE FALL OF FYERS,* NEAR LOCH-NESS.

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL ON THE SPOT.

AMONG the heathy hills and ragged woods
 The roaring Fyers pours his mossy floods;
 Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,
 Where, through a shapeless breach, his stream resounds.

* "Fyers:" called more frequently Foyers.

As high in air the bursting torrents flow,
 As deep recoiling surges foam below,
 Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends,
 And viewless Echo's ear, astonished, rends.
 Dim-seen, through rising mists and ceaseless showers,
 The hoary cavern, wide-surrounding, lours.
 Still through the gap the struggling river toils,
 And still below, the horrid cauldron boils—



ON SCARING SOME WATER FOWL IN LOCH
TURIT,

A WILD SCENE AMONG THE HILLS OF OCHTERTYRE.*

WHY, ye tenants of the lake,
For me your wat'ry haunt forsake?
Tell me, fellow-creatures, why
At my presence thus you fly?
Why disturb your social joys,
Parent, filial, kindred ties?
Common friend to you and me,
Nature's gifts to all are free.
Peaceful keep your dimpling wave,
Busy feed, or wanton lave:

* "Ochertyre:" near Crieff, Perthshire, famous for its beauty, as Loch Turit behind is for wild and lonely grandeur.

Or, beneath the sheltering rock,
Bide the surging billow's shock.

Conscious, blushing for our race,
Soon, too soon, your fears I trace.
Man, your proud usurping foe,
Would be lord of all below:
Plumes himself in Freedom's pride,
Tyrant stern to all beside.
The eagle, from the cliffy brow,
Marking you his prey below,
In his breast no pity dwells,
Strong necessity compels:
But Man, to whom alone is given
A ray direct from pitying Heaven,
Glories in his heart humane—
And creatures for his pleasure slain!
In these savage, liquid plains,



Only known to wand'ring swains,
 Where the mossy riv'let strays,
 Far from human haunts and ways,
 All on Nature you depend,
 And life's poor season peaceful spend.

Or, if Man's superior might,
 Dare invade your native right,
 On the lofty ether borne,
 Man with all his powers you scorn;
 Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,
 Other lakes and other springs;
 And the foe you cannot brave,
 Scorn at least to be his slave.

CASTLE GORDON. *

STREAMS that glide in orient plains
 Never bound by winter's chains;
 Glowing here on golden sands,
 There commix'd with foulest stains
 From Tyranny's emurpurled hands:
 These, their richly-gleaming waves,
 I leave to tyrants and their slaves:
 Give me the stream that sweetly laves
 The banks by Castle Gordon.

* See LIFE.

Spicy forests, ever gay,
 Shading from the burning ray
 Hapless wretches sold to toil,
 Or the ruthless native's way,
 Bent on slaughter, blood, and spoil:
 Woods that ever verdant wave,
 I leave the tyrant and the slave;
 Give me the groves that lofty brave
 The storms, by Castle Gordon.

Wildly here, without control,
 Nature reigns and rules the whole;
 In that sober, pensive mood,
 Dearest to the feeling soul,
 She plants the forest, pours the flood.
 Life's poor day I'll musing rave,
 And find at night a sheltering cave,
 Where waters flow and wild woods wave,
 By bonnie Castle Gordon.



THERE'S A YOUTH IN THIS CITY.*

SLOW.

TUNE—A Gaelic Air.

There's a youth in this city, it was a great joy, That he from
 our lasses should wander away; For he's bon-nie and braw, weel favour'd
 with-a', An' his hair has a na-tur-al buckle an' a'. His coat is
 the hue o' his bonnet sae blue; His fecket is white as the new-driven
 snaw. His hose they are blue, and his shoon like the slae, And his clear siller buckles
 they dazzle us a'. His coat is the hue o' his bonnet sae blue; His
 fecket is white as the new-driven snaw; His hose they are blue, and his
 shoon like the slae, And his clear siller buckles they dazzle us a'.

For beauty and fortune the laddie's been courtin';
 Weel-featur'd, weel-tocher'd, weel-mounted an' braw;
 But chiefly the siller that gars him gang till her,
 The penny's the jewel that beautifies a'.

* Partly old.

There's Meg wi' the mailen that fain wad a haen him,
 And Susie, wha's daddie was laird o' the Ha';
 There's lang-tocher'd Nancy maist fetters his fancy,
 But the laddie's dear sel' he lo'es dearest o' a'.



HEE BALOU!

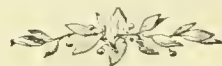
SLOW

TUNE—"The Highland Balou."

Hee balou! my sweet wee Donald, Picture o' the great Canronald;
 Brawlie kens our wanton chief Wha got my young Highland thief.

Leeze me on thy bonnie craigie,
 An thou live thou 't steal a naigie,
 Travel the country through and through,
 And bring hame a Carlisle cow.

Through the Lawlands, o'er the border,
 Weel, my baby, may thou furdur;
 Herry the louns o' the laigh countrie,
 Syne to the Highlands hame to me.



TO MISS CRUICKSHANK,† A VERY YOUNG LADY.

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF A BOOK PRESENTED
 TO HER BY THE AUTHOR.

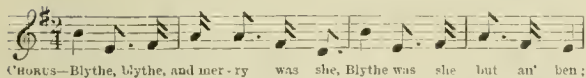
BEAUTEOUS rose-bud, young and gay,
 Blooming on thy early May,
 Never may'st thou, lovely flower,
 Chilly shrink in sleety shower!
 Never Boreas' hoary path,
 Never Eurus' poisonous breath,
 Never baleful stellar lights,
 Taint thee with untimely blights!
 Never, never reptile thief
 Riot on thy virgin leaf!
 Nor even Sol too fiercely view
 Thy bosom blushing still with dew!
 May'st thou long, sweet crimson gem,
 Richly deck thy native stem;
 Till some ev'ning, sober, calm,
 Dropping dews, and breathing balm,
 While all around the woodland rings,
 And every bird thy requiem sings;
 Thou, amid the dirgeful sound,
 Shed thy dying honours round,
 And resign to parent Earth
 The loveliest form she e'er gave birth.

† See LIFE.

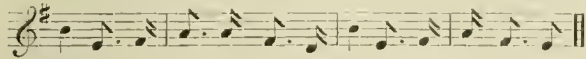


BLYTHE WAS SHE.

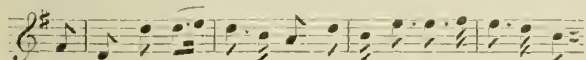
TUNE—"Andro and his Cutty Gun."



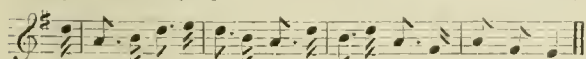
CHORUS—Blythe, blythe, and mer-ry was she, Blythe was she but an' ben;



Blythe by the banks of Earn, And blythe in Glen-tu-rit glen.



By Och-ter-tyre grows the aik, On Yarrow banks the birken shaw;



But Phemie was a bonnier lass Than braes o' Yar-row e-ver saw.

* A cousin of Burns' host at Ochtertyre, a beautiful girl of eighteen, called the "Flower of Strathmore," afterwards married to Mr. Smythe of Methven, a judge of the Court of Session. See LIFE.

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Her looks were like a flower in May,
Her smile was like a simmer morn;
She tripped by the banks of Earn,
As light 's a bird upon a thorn.
Blythe, blythe, &c.

Her bonnie face it was as meek
As ony lamb upon a lea;
The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet
As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e.
Blythe, blythe, &c.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,
And o'er the Lowlands I hae been;
But Phemie was the blythest lass
That ever trod the dewy green.
Blythe, blythe, &c.

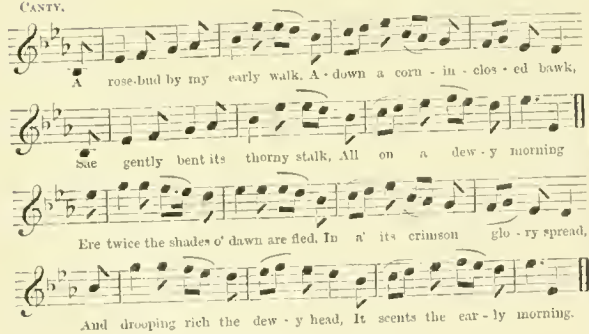
17



A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY WALK.

CANTY.

"The Shepherd's Wife."



Within the bush her cover'd nest
 A little linnet fondly prest,
 The dew sat chilly on her breast,
 Sae early in the morning.

She soon shall see her tender brood,
 The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,
 Among the fresh green leaves bedew'd,
 Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeany fair,
 On trembling string or vocal air,
 Shalt sweetly pay the tender care
 That tents thy early morning.

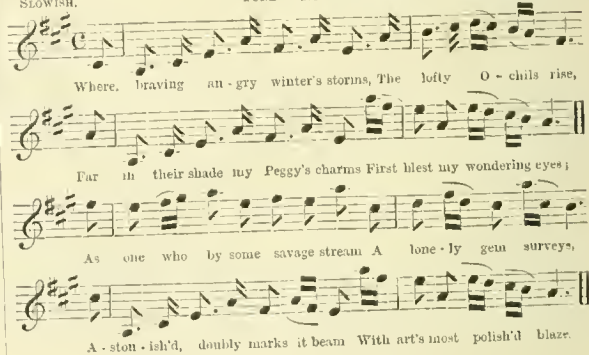
So thou, sweet Rose-bud, young and gay,
 Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
 And bless the parent's evening ray
 That watch'd thy early morning.



BRAVING ANGRY WINTER'S STORMS.

SLOWISH.

TUNE—"Neil Gow's Lamentation for Abercainry."



Blest be the wild, sequester'd shade,
 And blest the day and hour,
 Where Peggy's charms I first surveyed,
 When first I felt their power!

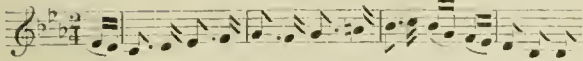
The tyrant Death, with grim control,
May seize my fleeting breath;
But tearing Peggy* from my soul
Must be a stronger death.



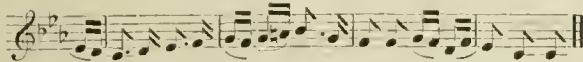
MY PEGGY'S FACE.†

SLOWISH.

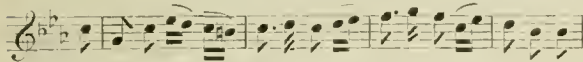
TUNE—"My Peggy's face."



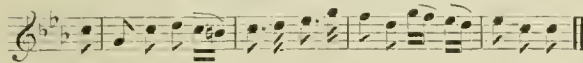
My Peggy's face, my Peggy's form, The frost of hermit Agemight warm;



My Peggy's worth, my Peggy's mind, Might charm the first of human kind.



I love my Peg-gy's angel air, Her face so tru-ly, heavenly fair.



Her native grace, so void of art, But I a-dore my Peggy's heart.

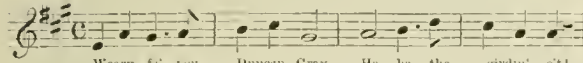
The lily's hue, the rose's dye,
The kindling lustre of an eye;
Who but owns their magic sway?
Who but knows they all decay?
The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
The generous purpose nobly dear,
The gentle look that age disarms—
These are all immortal charms.



WEARY FA' YOU, DUNCAN GRAY.

LIVELY.

TUNE—"Duncan Gray."



Weary fa' you, Duncan Gray— Ha, ha, the girdin' o't!



Wae gae by you, Duncan Gray— Ha, ha, the girdin' o't!



When a' the lave gae to their play, Then I maun sit the leelang day,



And jog the cradle wi' my tae, And a' for the girdin' o't.

Bonnie was the Lammas moon—
Ha, ha, the girdin' o't
Glowrin' a' the hills aboon—
Ha, ha, the girdin' o't!

* "Peggy;" Margaret Chalmers, afterwards Mrs. Lewis Hay, friend of Charlotte Hamilton.

† Margaret Chalmers.

The girdin' brak, the beast cam down,
I tint my eureh and baith my shoon;
Ah! Duncan, ye're an unco loon—
Wae on the bad girdin' o't!

But, Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith—
Ha, ha, the girdin' o't!
I se bless you wi' my hindmost breath—
Ha, ha, the girdin' o't!
Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith,
The beast again can bear us baith,
And auld Mess John will mend the skaith,
And clout the bad girdin' o't.



ADDRESS TO MR. WILLIAM TYTLER,‡

WITH THE PRESENT OF THE BARD'S PICTURE.

REVERED defender of beauteous Stuart,
Of Stuart, a name once respected;
A name, which to love was the mark of a true heart,
But now 'tis despised and neglected.

Though something like moisture conglobes in my eye,
Let no one misdeem me disloyal;
A poor friendless wand'rer may well claim a sigh,
Still more, if that wanderer were royal.

My fathers that name have revered on a throne:
My fathers have fallen to right it;
Those fathers would spurn their degenerate son,
That name should he scoffingly slight it.

Still in prayers for King George I most heartily join,
The Queen, and the rest of the gentry:
Be they wise, be they foolish, is nothing of mine;
Their title's avow'd by my country.

But why of that epocha make such a fuss,
That gave us th' Electoral stem?
If bringing them over was lucky for us,
I'm sure 'twas as lucky for them.

But loyalty, truce! we're on dangerous ground;
Who knows how the fashions may alter?
The doctrine, to-day, that is loyalty sound,
To-morrow may bring us a halter!

I send you a trifle, a head of a bard,
A trifle scarce worthy your care;
But accept it, good Sir, as a mark of regard,
Sincere as a saint's dying prayer.

Now life's chilly evening dim shades on your eye,
And ushers the long dreary night:
But you, like the star that athwart gilds the sky,
Your course to the latest is bright.

‡ One of the soberest and ablest defenders of a bad cause—that of Mary Queen of Scots.

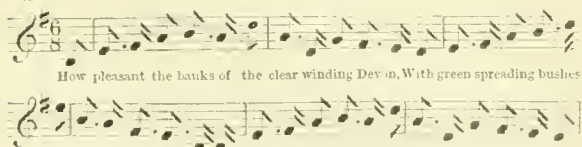


ON A YOUNG LADY,*

RESIDING ON THE BANKS OF THE SMALL RIVER DEVON,
IN CLACKMANNANSHIRE, BUT WHOSE INFANT YEARS
WERE SPENT IN AYRSHIRE.

SLOW.

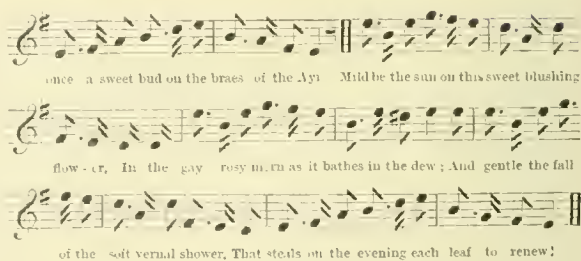
TUNE—"The Brown Dairy-maid."



How pleasant the banks of the clear winding Devon, With green spreading bushes

and flow'rs blooming fair! But the bon-ni-est flow'r on the banks of the Devon, W.

* "Young lady:" Charlotte Hamilton, whom Robert Burns very warmly loved, sister of Gavin Hamilton, born in Ayrshire.



once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr! Mild be the sun on this sweet blushing

flow-er, In the gay rosy morn as it bathes in the dew; And gentle the fall

of the soft vernal shower, That steals on the evening each leaf to renew!

O, spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,
With chill hoary wing as ye usher the dawn!

And far be thou distant, thou reptile that seizes
The verdure and pride of the garden or lawn !

Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded lilies,
And England triumphant display her proud rose ;
A fairer than either adorns the green valleys
Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.



ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF LORD PRESIDENT DUNDAS.*

LONE on the bleaky hills the straying flocks
Shun the fierce storms among the sheltring rocks ;
Down foam the riv'lets, red with dashing rains ;
The gathering floods burst o'er the distant plains ;
Beneath the blast the leafless forests groan,
The hollow caves return a sullen moan.
Ye hills, ye plains, ye forests, and ye caves,
Ye howling winds, and wintry swelling waves !
Unheard, unseen, by human ear or eye,
Sad, to your sympathetic glooms I fly,
Where, to the whistling blast and water's roar,
Pale Scotia's recent wound I may deplore.

O heavy loss, thy country ill could bear !
A loss these evil days can ne'er repair !
Justice, the high vicegerent of her God,
Her doubtful balance eyed and swayed her rod ;
Hearing the tidings of the fatal blow,
She sunk, abandon'd to the wildest woe.

Wrongs, injuries, from many a darksome den,
Now gay in hope explore the paths of men :
See, from his cavern grim Oppression rise,
And throw on Poverty his cruel eyes ;
Keen on the helpless victim see him fly,
And stifle, dark, the feebly-bursting cry ;
Mark ruffian Violence, distain'd with crimes,
Rousing elate in these degenerate times :
View unsuspecting Innocence a prey,
As guileful Fraud points out the erring way ;
While subtle Litigation's pliant tongue
The life-blood equal sucks of Right and Wrong :
Hark, injured Want recounts the unlisten'd tale,
And much-wrong'd Misery pours the unpitied wail !

Ye dark waste hills, and brown unsightly plains,
Inspire and soothe my melancholy strains !
Ye tempests, rage ! ye turbid torrents, roll !
Ye suit the joyless tenor of my soul ;
Life's social haunts and pleasures I resign ;
Be nameless wilds and lonely wanderings mine,
To mourn the woes my country must endure,
That wound degenerate ages cannot cure.

* "Lord President : " Robert Dundas of Arniston, brother of Lord Melville, born 1713, died 1787. Charles Hay, advocate, urged Burns to write this vernal and heartless Jitty.

ON ELPHINSTONE'S TRANSLATION OF MARTIAL'S EPIGRAMS.

O THOU whom Poesy abhors,
Whom Prose has turn'd out of doors !
Heard'st thou yon groan ? proceed no further,
'Twas laurel'd Martial roaring "murther."



SYLVANDER TO CLARINDA.

EXTEMPORE REPLY TO VERSES ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR
BY A LADY, UNDER THE SIGNATURE OF "CLARINDA."

WHEN dear Clarinda, matchless fair,
First struck Sylvander's raptur'd view,
He gaz'd, he listened to despair,
Alas ! 'twas all he dared to do.

Love, from Clarinda's heavenly eyes,
Transfix'd his bosom through and through ;
But still in Friendship's guarded guise,
For more the demon fear'd to do.

That heart, already more than lost,
The imp beleaguer'd all *perdue* ;
For frowning Honour kept his post—
To meet that frown he shrunk to do.

His paugs the Bard refused to own,
Though half he wish'd Clarinda knew :
But Anguish wrung the unweeting groan—
Who blames what frantic pain must do ?

That heart, where motley follies blend,
Was sternly still to Honour true :
To prove Clarinda's fondest friend,
Was what a lover sure might do.

The Muse his ready quill employed,
No nearer bliss he could pursue ;
That bliss Clarinda cold deny'd—
"Send word by Charles how you do !"

The chill behest disarm'd his muse,
Till passion all impatient grew :
He wrote, and hinted for excuse,
'Twas 'cause "he 'd nothing else to do."

But by those hopes I have above !
And by those faults I dearly rue !
The deed, the boldest mark of love,
For thee, that deed I dare to do !

O could the Fates but name the price
 Would bless me with your charms and you!
 With frantic joy I'd pay it thrice,
 If human art and power could do!

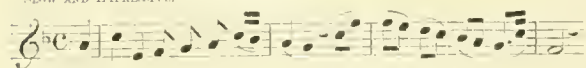
Then take, Clarinda, friendship's hand,
 (Friendship, at least, I may avow);
 And lay no more your chill command—
 I'll write, whatever I've to do.

SYLVANDER.

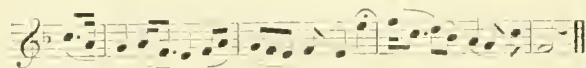


FAREWELL TO CLARINDA,
 ON LEAVING EDINBURGH.

SLOW AND EXPRESSIVE.



Cla - rinda, mistress of my soul, The treasur'd time is run!



The wretch beneath the drear-y pole, So marks his lat - est sun.

To what dark cave of frozen night
 Shall poor Sylvander hie?

Deprived of thee, his life and light,
 The sun of all his joy!

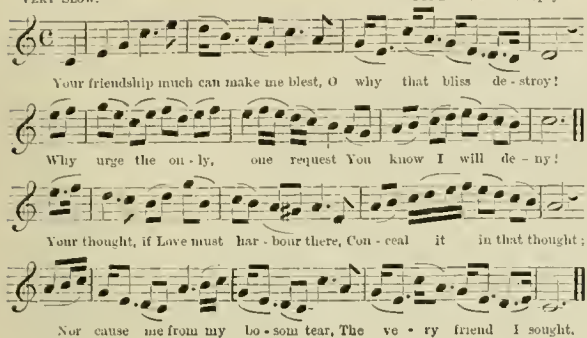
We part—but, by these precious drops
 That fill thy lovely eyes,
 No other light shall guide my steps
 Till thy bright beams arise.

She, the fair sun of all her sex,
 Has blest my glorious day;
 And shall a glimmering planet fix
 My worship to its ray?

LOVE IN THE GUISE OF FRIENDSHIP.*

VERY SLOW.

TUNE—"Banks of Spey."



WHEN I THINK ON THE HAPPY DAYS.

WHEN I think on the happy days
 I spent wi' you, my dearie;
 And now what lands between us lie,
 How can I be but eerie?

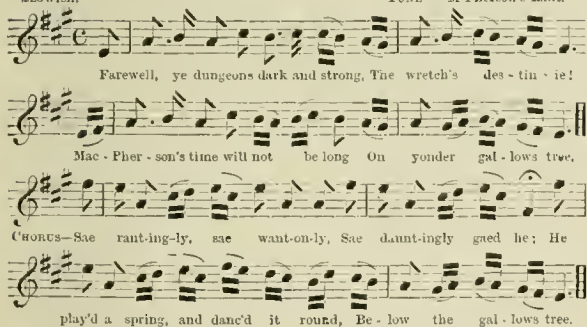
How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,
 As ye were wae and weary!
 It wasna sae ye glinted by
 When I was wi' my dearie.



MACPHERSON'S FAREWELL.†

SLOWISH.

TUNE—"MacPherson's Rant."



O what is death but parting breath?
 On many a bloody plain

* Additional to a canzonette sent to Clarinda 3rd January, 1788.

† James Macpherson, a noted Norland freebooter, a man of vast strength, executed on Gallows Hill of Banff, 16th November, 1700. He played a tune on the gallows, offered the fiddle to any one who would accept it as a gift; and none accepting it, he indignantly broke the instrument and threw it away.

I've dared his face, and in this place
 I scorn him yet again!
 Sae rantingly, &c.

Untie these bands from off my hands,
 And bring to me my sword;
 And there's no a man in all Scotland,
 But I'll brave him at a word.
 Sae rantingly, &c.

I've lived a life of sturt and strife;
 I die by treachery:
 It burns my heart I must depart,
 And not avenged be.
 Sae rantingly, &c.

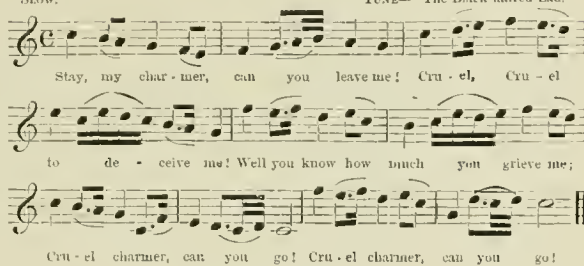
Now farewell, light—thou sunshine bright,
 And all beneath the sky!
 May coward shame distain his name,
 The wretch that dare not die!
 Sae rantingly, &c.



STAY, MY CHARMER, CAN YOU LEAVE ME!

SLOW.

TUNE—"The Black-haired Lad."



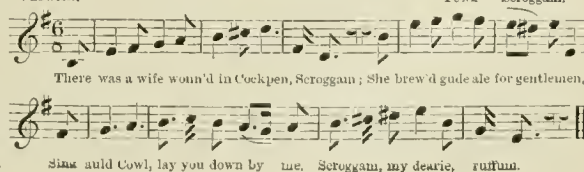
By my love so ill requited,
 By the faith you fondly plighted,
 By the pangs of lovers slighted,
 Do not, do not leave me so!
 Do not, do not leave me so!



THERE WAS A WIFE.

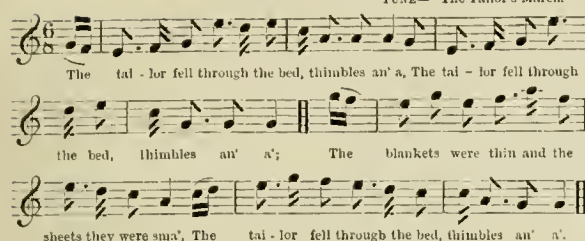
SLOWISH.

TUNE—"Scroggam."



THE TAILOR.

TUNE—"The Tailor's March."



The sleepy bit lassie, she dreaded nae ill,
The sleepy bit lassie, she dreaded nae ill;
The weather was cauld, and the lassie lay still,
She thought that a tailor could do her nae ill.

Gie me the groat again, canny young man,
Gie me the groat again, canny young man;
The day it is short, and the night it is lang,
The dearest siller that ever I wan!

There 's somebody weary wi' lying her lane,
There 's somebody weary wi' lying her lane;
There 's some that are dowie, I trow wad be fain
To see the bit tailor come skippin' again.

VERSES TO MY BED.*

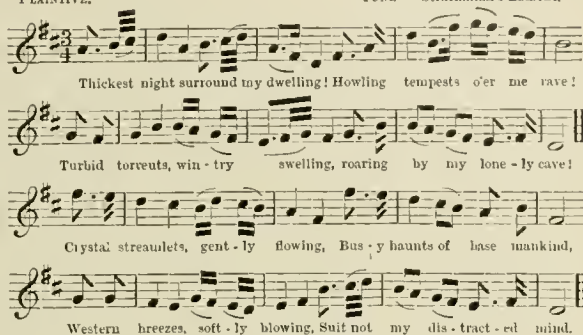
THOU bed, in which I first began
To be that various creature—*Man*!
And when again the Fates decree,
The place where I must cease to be;
When sickness comes, to whom I fly
To soothe my pain, or close mine eye;
When cares surround me where I weep,
Or lose them all in balmy sleep;
When sore with labour, whom I court,
And to thy downy breast resort;
Where, too, ecstatic joys I find,
When deigns my Delia to be kind,
And full of love, in all her charms,
Thou giv'st the fair one to my arms.
The centre thou, where grief and pain,
Disease and rest, alternate reign.
O, since within thy little space,
So many various scenes take place;
Lessons as useful shalt thou teach
As sages dictate—churchmen preach;
And man, convinc'd by thee alone,
This great important truth shall own:—
That thin partitions do divide
The bounds where good and ill reside;
That nought is perfect here below;
But bliss still bordering upon woe.

* A Glasgow Correspondent writes us that he found these verses, translated from the French, in the *London Magazine*, vol. xxviii., 1759 (the year of Burns' birth), and signed, R. B. The probability is that they were found in his possession, and supposed from the initials to be his.

STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT.*

PLAINITIVE.

TUNE—"Strathallan's Lament,"



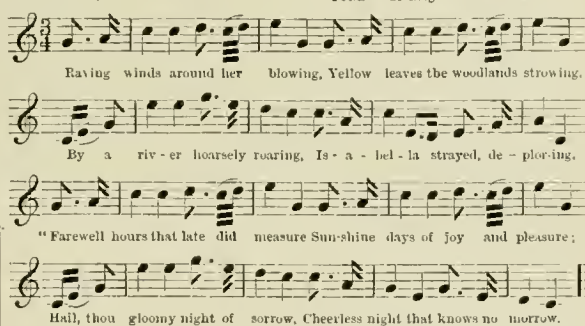
In the cause of Right engagèd,
Wrongs injurious to redress,
Honour's war we strongly wagèd,
But the Heavens denied success.
Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,
Not a hope that dare attend;
The wide world is all before us—
But a world without a friend!



RAVING WINDS AROUND HER BLOWING.†

VERY SLOW.

TUNE—"McGrigor of Roro's Lament."



"O'er the past too fondly wandering,
On the hopeless future pondering;
Chilly grief my life-blood freezes,
Fell despair my fancy seizes.
Life, thou soul of every blessing,
Load to misery most distressing,
Oh, how gladly I'd resign thee,
And to dark oblivion join thee!"

* "Strathallan:" fourth earl of that name, was one of the followers of the young Chevalier, and is supposed in the song to be lying concealed in some cave of the Highlands, after the battle of Culloden, but actually fell in the battle. The tune was by Allan Masterton, Burns' great friend.

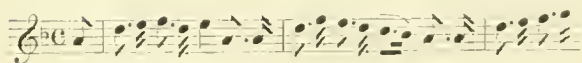
† This was written in compliment to Isabella Macleod, afterwards Mrs. Ross, a very great friend of Burns. It alludes to the death of her sister and her sister's husband.



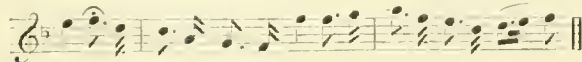
THE YOUNG HIGHLAND ROVER.*

SLOW

TUNE—"Morag."



Loud blaw the frosty breezes, The snaw the mountains cover; Like winter on me



seizes, Since my young Highland rover Far wanders nations o-ver.



CHORUS—Where'er he go, Where'er he strow, May Heaven be his warlen;



Re-turn him safe to fair Strathspey, And bon-nie Cas-tle Gordon.

The trees now naked groaning,
Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging.

* "The Young Highland Rover:" is supposed to be the Chevalier, Prince Charles Edward.

The birdies dowie moaning,
Shall a' be blythely singing,
And every flower be springing.
Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day,
When by his mighty Warden
My youth's returned to fair Strathspey,
And bonnie Castle Gordon!



GO ON, SWEET BIRD, AND SOOTHE MY CARE.

Go on, sweet bird, and soothe my care,
Thy tuneful notes will hush despair;
Thy plaintive warblings, void of art,
Thrill sweetly through my aching heart.
Now choose thy mate, and fondly love,
And all the charming transport prove,

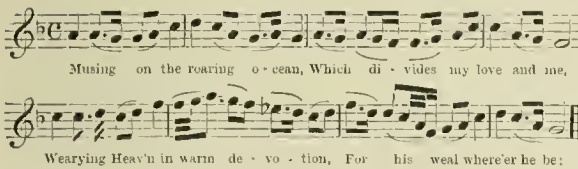
While I a lovelorn exile live,
Nor transport or receive or give.
For thee is laughing nature gay,
For thee she pours the vernal day :
For me in vain is Nature dressed,

While joy 's a stranger to my breast.
These sweet emotions all enjoy,
Let love and song thy hours employ ;
Go on, sweet bird, and soothe my care,
Thy tuneful notes will hush despair.*



MUSING ON THE ROARING OCEAN.

TUNE—"Drumion Dubh."



Hope and fear's alternate billow
Yielding late to Nature's law,
Whisp'ring spirits round my pillow
Talk of him that 's far awa'.

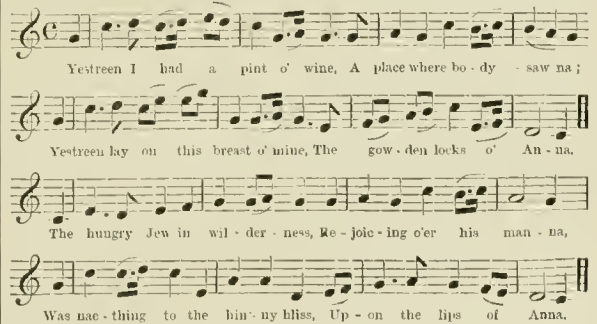
Ye whom sorrow never wounded,
Ye who never shed a tear,
Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,
Gaudy day to you is dear.

Gentle night, do thou befriend me ;
Downy sleep, the curtain draw ;
Spirits kind, again attend me,
Talk of him that 's far awa' !

THE GOWDEN LOCKS OF ANNA.

SLOWISH.

TUNE—"Banks of Banna."



Ye monarchs, take the East and West,
Frae Indus to Savaunah ;
Gie me, within my straining grasp,
The melting form of Anna :
There I 'll despise Imperial charms,
An Empress or Sultana,
While dying raptures, in her arms,
I give and take wi' Anna !

Awa, thou flaunting God of Day
Awa, thou pale Diana !

* The above is an improvement upon verses which Clarinda had composed and sent to Burns. See CLARINDA CORRESPONDENCE p. 287.

Ilk Star, gae hide thy twinkling ray,
 When I'm to meet my Anna!
 Come, in thy raven plumage, Night,
 (Sun, Moon, and Stars, withdrawn a';)
 And bring an angel-pen to write
 My transports with my Anna!

POSTSCRIPT.

The Kirk an' State may join an' tell,
 To do sic things I maunna;
 The Kirk an' State may gae to h—,
 And I'll gae to my Anna.
 She is the sunshine o' my e'e,
 To live but her I eanna;
 Had I on earth but wishes three,
 The first should be my Anna.



TO A LADY,*

WITH A PRESENT OF A PAIR OF DRINKING-GLASSES

FAIR Empress of the Poet's soul,
 And Queen of Poetesses;
 Clarinda, take this little boon,
 This humble pair of glasses;
 And fill them high with generous juice,
 As generous as your mind;
 And pledge me in the generous toast—
 "The whole of human kind!"
 "To those who love us!" second fill;
 But not to those whom we love,
 Lest we love those who love not us;
 A third—"To thee and me, love!"



TO CLARINDA.

BEFORE I saw Clarinda's face
 My heart was blythe and gay,
 Free as the wind, or feather'd race
 That hop from spray to spray.
 But now dejected I appear,
 Clarinda proves unkind;
 I, sighing, drop the silent tear,
 But no relief can find.
 In plaintive notes my tale rehearses
 When I the fair have found;
 On every tree appear my verses
 That to her praise resound.
 But she, ungrateful, shuns my sight,
 My faithful love disdains,
 My vows and tears her scorn excite,
 Another happy reigns.

* "Lady:" Mrs. McLhose.

Ah, though my looks betray
 I envy your success,
 Yet love to friendship shall give way—
 I cannot wish it less.



EPISTLE TO HUGH PARKER.†

In this strange land, this uncouth clime,
 A land unknown to prose or rhyme;
 Where words ne'er cross'd the Muse's heekles,
 Nor limpet in poetic shackles;
 A land that Prose did never view it,
 Except when drunk he stacher't through it;
 Here, ambush'd by the chinla cheek,
 Hid in an atmosphere of reek,
 I hear a wheel thrum i' the neuk,
 I hear it—for in vain I leuk.
 The red peat gleams, a fiery kernel,
 Enhusk'd by a fog infernal;
 Here, for my wonted rhyming raptures,
 I sit and count my sins by chapters;
 For life and spunk like other Christians,
 I'm dwindled down to mere existence—
 Wi' nae converse but Gallowa' bodies,
 Wi' nae kent face but Jenny Geddes.
 Jenny, my Pegasean pride!
 Dowie she saunters down Nithside,
 And aye a westlin' leuk she throws,
 While tears hap o'er her auld brown nose!
 Was it for this, wi' canny care,
 Thou bure the Bard through mony a shire?
 At howes or hillocks never stumbled,
 And late or early never grumbled?
 O had I power like inclination,
 I'd heeze thee up a constellation,
 To canter with the Sagitarre,
 Or loup the ecliptic like a bar;
 Or turn the pole like any arrow;
 Or, when auld Phoebus bids good-morrow,
 Down the zodiac urge the race,
 And cast dirt on his godship's face;
 For I could lay my bread and kail
 He'd ne'er cast saut upo' thy tail.
 Wi' a' this care and a' this grief,
 And sma', sma' prospect of relief,
 And nought but peat-reek i' my head,
 How can I write what ye can read?
 Tarbolton, twenty-fourth o' June,
 Ye'll find me in a better tune;
 But till we meet and weet our whistle,
 Tak this excuse for nae epistle.

ROBERT BURNS.

† This poetical letter, written at Ellisland, and dated June, 1788, is addressed to Hugh Parker, merchant Kilmarnock, an early friend of Burns.



THE CHEVALIER'S LAMENT.*

SLOW.

TUNE—"Captain O'Kear."

The small birds rejoice in the green leaves re- turn- ing, The moun-ning
streamlet winds clear through the vale; The prim-roses blow in the dew of the morn-ing,
And wild scat-tered cowslips bedeck the green dale: But what can give pleasure, or
what can seem fair, While the linger-ing moments are num-ber'd by care? No flow'rs gaily
spring-ing, nor birds sweetly sing-ing, Can soothe the sad bosom of joy-less despair.

The deed that I dared, could it merit their malice,
A king and a father to place on his throne?
His right are these hills, and his right are these valleys,
Where the wild beasts find shelter, though I can find none,
But 'tis not my sufferings thus wretched, forlorn;
My brave gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn:
Your deeds proved so loyal in hot bloody trial—
Alas! can I make you no sweeter return!

* Written in the moors between Galloway and Ayrshire, and sent to R. Cleghorn.

OF A' THE AIRS.

SLOW.

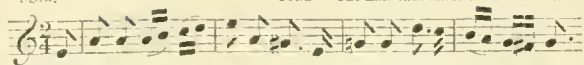
TUNE—"Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey."

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw, I dearly lo'e the west,
For there the bon-nie las-sie lives, The lass that I lo'e best,
Though wild woods grow, and rivers row, Wi' mo-n-y a hill between;
Baith day and night my fan-cy's flight is ev-er with my Jean,
I see her in the dew-y flow'r, So lovely, sweet, and fair;
I hear her voice in il-ka bird, Wi' music charm the air!
There's not a bonnie flow'r that springs By fountain, shaw, or green,
Nor yet a bon-nie bird that sings, But minds me o' my Jean.

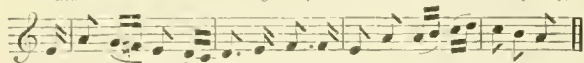
WHEN JANUAR' WIND.

SLOW.

TUNE—"The Lass that Made the Bed to me."



When winter's wind was blawing cauld, As to the north I bent my way,



The mirksome night did me enfauld, I knew na where to lodge till day.

A charming girl I chanc'd to meet,
Just in the middle o' my care;
And kindly she did me invite
Her father's humble cot to share.

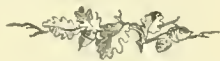
Her hair was like the gowd sae fine,
Her teeth were like the ivorie;
Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,
The lass that made the bed to me.

Her bosom was the drifted snaw,
Her limbs like marble fair to see;
A finer form nane ever saw,
Than her's that made the bed to me.

She made the bed baith lang and braid,
Wi' twa white hands she spread it down;
She bade "gude night," and smiling, said
"I hope ye 'll sleep baith saft and soun'!"

Upon the morrow when I raise,
I thank'd her for her courtesie;
A blush cam o'er the comely face
Of her that made the bed to me.

I clasp'd her waist, and kiss'd her syne;
The tear stood twinkling in her e'e;
O dearest maid, gin ye 'll be mine,
Ye aye sall mak the bed to me.



O WERE I ON PARNASSUS HILL.

SLOW.

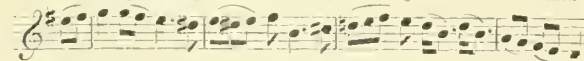
TUNE—"My Love is Lost to me."



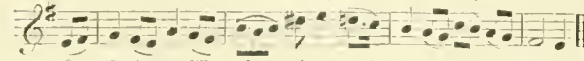
O were I on Par-nass-us hill, Or lad o' He-li-con my fill;



That I might catch po-et-ic skill, To sing how dear I love thee.



But Nith maun be my Mus-es well, My Muse maun be thy bon-nie sel'.



On Corsincon* I'll glow'r and spell, And write how dear I love thee.

Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay!
For a' the lee-lang simmer's day
I couldna sing, I couldna say,
How much, how dear, I love thee.

* "Corsincon:" a hill near Ellisland.

I see thee dancing o'er the green,
Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
Thy tempting lips, thy roguish een—
By heaven and earth I love thee!

By night, by day, a-field, at hame,
The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame;
And aye I muse and sing thy name—
I only live to love thee.

Though I were doom'd to wander on,
Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
Till my last weary sand was run;
Till then—and then—I love thee.

WRITTEN IN FRIARS CARSE HERMITAGE,
ON NITHSIDE.

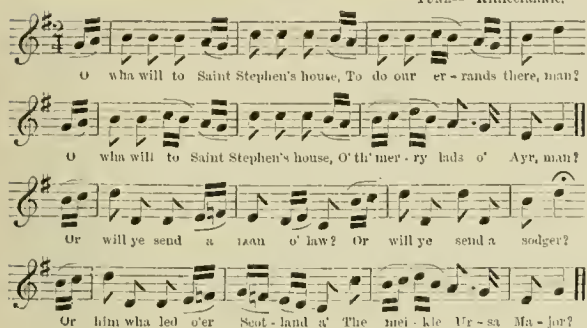
FIRST VERSION.

Thou whom chance may hither lead,
Be thou clad in russet weed,
Be thou decked in silken stole,
Grave these maxims on thy soul:—
Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night, in darkness lost;
Day, how rapid in its flight—
Day, how few may see the night;
Hope not sunshine every hour,
Fear not clouds will always lower;
Happiness is but a name,
Make content and ease thy aim.
Ambition is a meteor gleam;
Fame a restless, idle dream;
Pleasures, insects on the wing
Round Peace, the tenderest flower of Spring;
Those that sip the dew alone,
Make the butterflies thy own;
Those that would the bloom devour,
Crush the locusts—save the flower.
For the future be prepared,
Guard whatever thou canst guard;
But, thy utmost duly done,
Welcome what thou canst not shun.
Follies past give thou to air,
Make their consequence thy care:
Keep the name of Man in mind,
And dishonour not thy kind.
Reverence with lowly heart
Him whose wondrous work thou art;
Keep his goodness still in view,
Thy trust—and thy example too.
Stranger, go! Heaven be thy guide!
Quod the Bedesman on Nithside.

† "Friars Carse:" an estate near Ellisland, belonging to Mr Riddell. See LIFE.

O WHA WILL TO ST. STEPHEN'S HOUSE?*

TUNE—"Killiecrankie."



Come, will ye court a noble lord,
Or buy a score o' lairds, man?
For worth and honour pawn their word,
Their vote shall be Gleneaird's, man.
Ane gies them coin, ane gies them wine,
Anither gies them clatter;
Annbank, wha guess'd the ladies' taste,
He gies a *fête champêtre*.

When Love and Beauty heard the news,
The gay green-woods amang, man;
Where, gathering flowers, and busking bowers,
They heard the blackbird's sang, man;
A vow, they seal'd it with a kiss,
Sir Politics to fetter,
As theirs alone, the patent bliss,
To hold a *fête champêtre*.

Then mounted Mirth on gleesome wing,
O'er hill and dale she flew, man;
Ilk wimpling burn, ilk crystal spring,
Ilk glen and shaw she knew, man;
She summon'd every social sprite,
That sports by wood or water,
On th' bonnie banks o' Ayr to meet,
And keep this *fête champêtre*.

Cauld Boreas, wi' his boisterous crew,
Were bound to stakes like kye, man;

* "Saint Stephen's House." The occasion of this ballad was as follows:—When Mr. Cunningham of Enterkin came to his estate, two mansion-houses on it—Enterkin and Annbank—were both in a ruinous state. Wishing to introduce himself with some *eclat* to the county, he got temporary erections made on the banks of Ayr, decorated with shrubs and flowers, and got up a supper and ball, to which most of the respectable families in the county were invited. It was a novelty in the county, and attracted great notice. A dissolution of Parliament was soon expected, and the festivity was thought to pave the way for a canvass for representing the county. Several other candidates were spoken of, particularly Sir John Whitefoord, then residing at Cloncaird, commonly pronounced Gleneaird, and Mr. Boswell, the able biographer of Dr. Johnson. Mr. Cunningham did not canvass the county, however, and the political views alluded to in the ballad were speedily laid aside.

And Cynthia's ear, o' silver fu',
Clamb up the starry sky, man;
Reflected beams dwell in the streams,
Or down the current shatter;
The western breeze steals through the trees,
To view this *fête champêtre*.

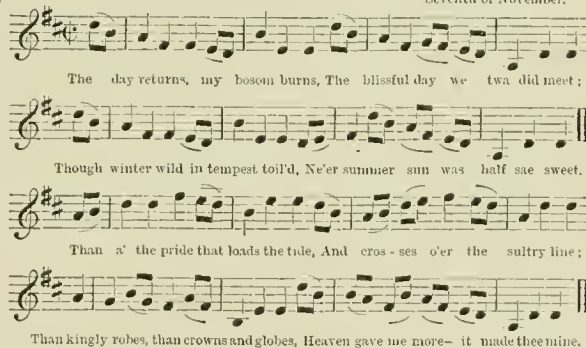
How many a robe sae gaily floats!
What sparkling jewels glanee, man,
To Harmony's enchanting notes,
As moves the mazy dance, man!
The echoing wood, the winding flood,
Like Paradise did glitter,
When angels met at Adam's yett
To hold their *fête champêtre*.

When Politics came there, to mix,
And make his ether-stane,† man,
He circled round the magic ground,
But entrance found he nane, man;
He blush'd for shame, he quat his name,
Forswore it every letter,
Wi' humble prayer to join and share
This festive *fête champêtre*.



THE DAY RETURNS, MY BOSOM BURNS.‡

"Seventh of November."



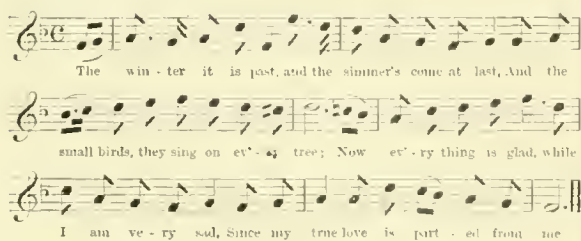
While day and night can bring delight,
Or Nature aught of pleasure give;
While joys above my mind can move,
For thee, and thee alone, I live!
When that grim foe of life below
Comes in between to make us part;
The iron hand that breaks our band,
It breaks my bliss—it breaks my heart!

† "Ether-stane:" alluding to the little annular stones, supposed to be formed from the sloughs of adders, but which in reality are Druidical.
‡ Composed for the anniversary of the marriage of Captain Riddell of Glenriddell.



THE WINTER IT IS PAST.

VERY SLOW.

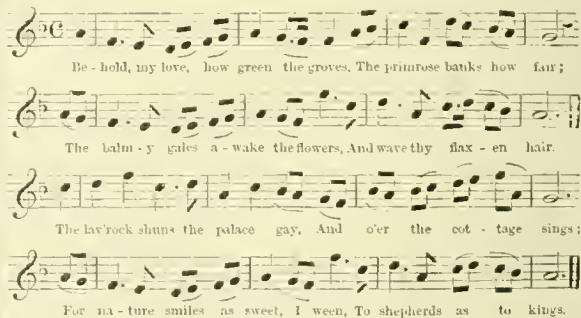


The rose upon the breer, by the waters running clear,
May have charms for the linnet or the bee;
Their little loves are blest, and their little hearts at rest,
But my true love is parted from me.

BEHOLD, MY LOVE, HOW GREEN THE GROVES.

ANDANTE.

TUNE—"Down the Burn, Davie."



Let skilful minstrels sweep the string
In loudly lighted ha',

The shepherd stops his simple reed
 Blythe in the birken shaw;
 The princely revel may survey
 Our rustic dance wi' scorn,
 But are their hearts as light as ours,
 Beneath the milk-white thorn?

The shepherd in the flowery glen
 In homely phrase will woo;
 The courtier tells a finer tale,
 But is his heart as true?
 These wild-wood flowers I've paid to deck
 That spotless breast of thine;
 The courtier's gems may witness love,
 But 'tis na love like mine.



SIMMER'S A PLEASANT TIME.

STOW. TREF.—"Ay Waukin, O!"

CHORUS—Aye waukin', O! Waukin' still and wearie: Sleep I can get
 nane For think- ing on my dear- ie. Aye wauk- in', O!

Simmer's a pleasant time, Flow'rs of e'ry colour: The water rins o'er the heugh, And
 I long for my true lover. Aye waukin' O! Waukin' still and wear- ie:
 Sleep I can get nane For thinking on my dearie. Aye waukin', O!

When I sleep I dream,
 When I wauk I'm eerie:
 Sleep I can get nane
 For thinking on my dearie.
 Aye waukin' O, &c.

Lanely night comes on,
 A' the lave are sleepin';
 I think on my bonnie lad,
 And bleer my e'en wi' greetin'.
 Aye waukin' O, &c.



FIRST EPISTLE TO MR. GRAHAM OF FINTRY.*

WHEN Nature her great masterpiece design'd,
 And fram'd her last, best work, the human mind,

* Written because Burns was told by some injudicious friends to try his hand at English instead of Scotch.

Her eye intent on all the mazy plan,
 She form'd of various parts the various Man.

Then first she calls the useful many forth;
 Plain plodding industry, and sober worth:
 Thence peasants, farmers, native sons of earth,
 And merchandise' whole genus take their birth;
 Each prudent cit a warm existence finds,
 And all mechanics' many-apron'd kinds.
 Some other rarer sorts are wanted yet,
 The lead and buoy are needful to the net:
 The *caput mortuum* of gross desires
 Makes a material for mere knights and squires;
 The martial phosphorus is taught to flow;
 She kneads the lumpish philosophic dough,
 Then marks the unyielding mass with grave designs,
 Law, physic, politics, and deep divines;
 Last, she sublimes the Anrora of the poles,
 The flashing elements of female souls.

The order'd system fair before her stood,
 Nature, well-pleased, pronounced it very good;
 But ere she gave creating labour o'er,
 Half-jest, she tried one curious labour more.
 Some spumy, fiery, *ignis fatuus* matter,
 Such as the slightest breath of air might scatter;
 With arch alacrity and conscious glee
 (Nature may have her whim as well as we,
 Her Hogarth-art perhaps she meant to show it),
 She forms the thing, and christens it—a Poet:
 Creature, though oft the prey of care and sorrow,
 When blest to-day, unmindful of to-morrow.
 A being form'd to amuse his graver friends,
 Admired and praised—and there the homage ends:
 A mortal quite unfit for Fortune's strife,
 Yet oft the sport of all the ills of life;
 Prone to enjoy each pleasure riches give,
 Yet haply wanting wherewithal to live;
 Longing to wipe each tear, to heal each groan,
 Yet frequent all unheeded in his own.
 But honest Nature is not quite a Turk;
 She laugh'd at first, then felt for her poor work.
 Pitying the propless climber of mankind,
 She cast about a standard tree to find;
 And, to support his helpless woodbine state,
 Attach'd him to the generous, truly great;
 A title, and the only one I claim,
 To lay strong hold for help on bounteous Graham.
 Pity the tuneless Muses' hapless train,

Weak, timid landmen on life's stormy main!
 Their hearts no selfish, stern, absorbent stuff,
 That never gives—though humbly takes enough;
 The little fate allows they share as soon,
 Unlike sage proverb'd wisdom's hard-wrung boon.
 The world were blest did bliss on them depend,
 Ah, that "the friendly e'er should want a friend!"
 Let prudence number o'er each sturdy son,
 Who life and wisdom at one race began,

Who feel by reason and who give by rule
 (Instinct 's a brute, and sentiment a fool!),
 Who make poor "will do" wait upon "I should"—
 We own they 're prudent, but who feels they 're good!
 Ye wise ones, hence! ye hurt the social eye!
 God's image rudely etch'd on base alloy!
 But come, ye who the godlike pleasure know,
 Heaven's attribute distinguish'd—to bestow!
 Whose arms of love would grasp the human race:
 Come *thou* who giv'st with all a courtier's grace:
 Friend of my life, true patron of my rhymes,
 Prop of my dearest hopes for future times!
 Why shrinks my soul, half-blushing, half-afraid,

Backward, abash'd to ask thy friendly aid?
 I know my need, I know thy giving hand,
 I crave thy friendship at thy kind command.
 But there are such who court the tuneful Nine—
 Heavens! should the branded character be mine—
 Whose verse in manhood's pride sublimely flows,
 Yet vilest reptiles in their begging prose.
 Mark, how their lofty independent spirit
 Soars on the spurning wing of injured merit!
 Seek you the proofs in private life to find!
 Pity the best of words should be but wind!
 So to heaven's gates the lark's shrill song ascends,
 But grovelling on the earth the carol ends.



In all the clamorous cry of starving want,
 They dun benevolence with shameless front;
 Oblige them, patronize their tinsel lays,
 They persecute you all your future days!
 Ere my poor soul such deep damnation stain,
 My horny fist assume the plough again;
 The piebald jacket let me patch once more;
 On eighteenpence a week I 've lived before.
 Though, thanks to Heaven, I dare even that last shift,
 I trust, meantime, my boon is in thy gift:
 That, placed by thee upon the wished-for height,
 Where, man and nature fairer in her sight,
 My Muse may imp her wing for some sublimer flight.

A MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF HER SON.*

Slow.

TUNE—"Finlayston House."



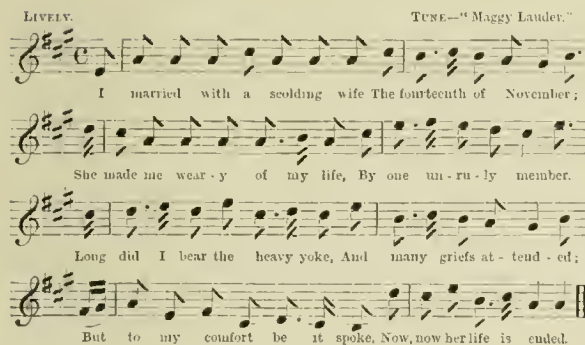
* Burns here alludes to Mrs. Ferguson of Craigdarroch, who had lost her son—a youth of eighteen years of age, and of uncommon promise—at Glasgow College.



The mother linnet in the brake
Bewails her ravish'd young;
So I, for my lost darling's sake,
Lament the live-day long.
Death! oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow,
Now, fond, I bare my breast:
Oh, do thou kindly lay me low
With him I love, at rest!



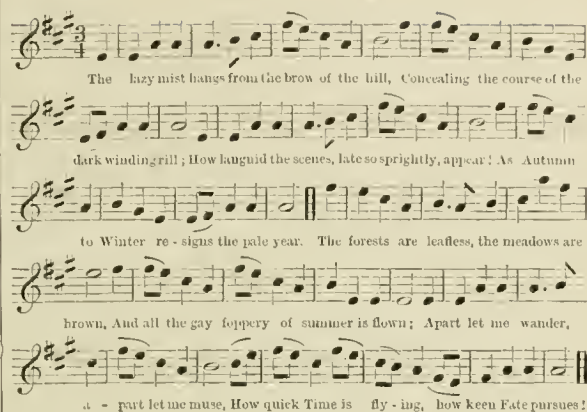
THE JOYFUL WIDOWER.



We lived full one-and-twenty years
A man and wife together;
At length from me her course she's steer'd,
And gone I know not whither;
Would I could guess, I do profess,
I speak and do not flatter,
Of all the women in the world,
I never could come at her.

Her body is bestow'd well,
A handsome grave does hide her;
But sure her soul is not in hell,
The deil would ne'er abide her.
I rather think she is aloft,
And imitating thunder;
For why—methinks I hear her voice
Tearing the clouds asunder.

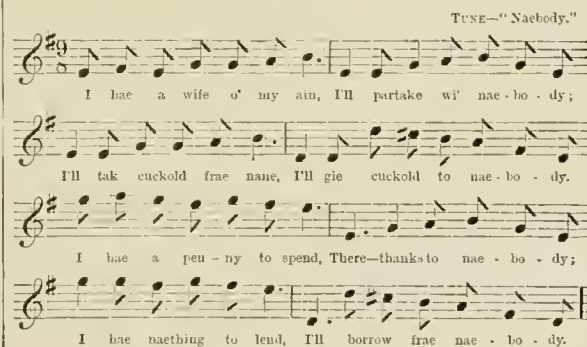
THE LAZY MIST.



How long I have lived—but how much lived in vain;
How little of life's scanty span may remain;
What aspects old Time, in his progress, has worn;
What ties cruel fate in my bosom has torn!
How foolish, or worse, till our summit is gain'd!
And downward, how weaken'd, how darken'd, how pain'd!
This life's not worth having with all it can give—
For something beyond it poor man, sure, must live.



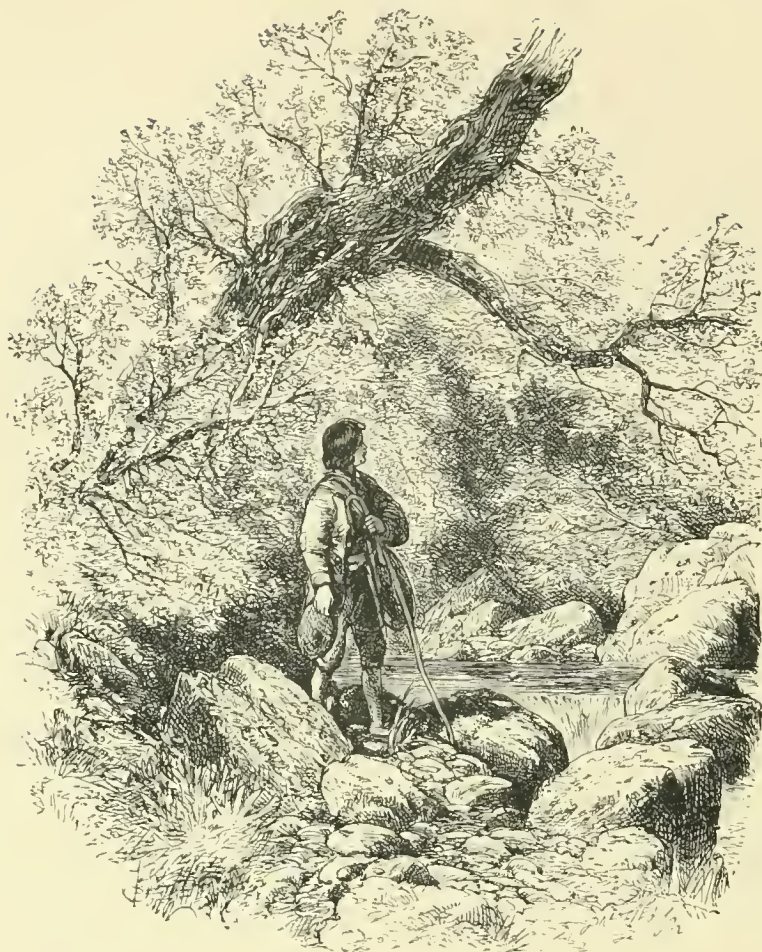
NABODY.*



I am naebody's lord,
I'll be slave to naebody;
I hae a guid braid sword,
I'll tak dunts frae naebody.

I'll be merry and free,
I'll be sad for naebody;
Naebody cares for me,
I'll care for naebody.

* Written at Ellisland shortly after marriage.



LAMENT,

WRITTEN AT A TIME WHEN THE POET WAS ABOUT TO
LEAVE SCOTLAND.

Slow. TUNE—"The Brown Dairy-maid."

O'er the mist-shrouded cliffs of the lone mountain straying, Where the wild winds of winter in - ces-sant-ly rave, What woes wring my heart while intently surveying The storm's gloomy path on the breast of the wave. Ye foam-crested billows, allow me to wail, Ere ye toss me afar from my lov'd native shore, Where the flow'r which bloom'd sweet-est in Coila's green vale, The pride of my bosom, my Mary's no more!

No more by the banks of the streamlet we'll wander,
And smile at the moon's rippled face in the wave;
No more shall my arms cling with fondness around her,
For the dew-drops of morning fall cold on her grave.

No more shall the soft thrill of love warm my breast,
I haste with the storm to a far distant shore;
Where unknown, unlamented, my ashes shall rest,
And joy shall revisit my bosom no more.



WRITTEN IN FRIARS CARSE HERMITAGE,
ON NITHSIDE.

SECOND VERSION.

Thou whom chance may hither lead,
Be thou clad in russet weed,



Be thou deckt in silken stole,
Grave these counsels on thy soul.

Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night, in darkness lost;
Hope not sunshine ev'ry hour,
Fear not clouds will always lower.

As Youth and Love with sprightly dance
Beneath thy morning star advance,
Pleasure with her siren air
May delude the thoughtless pair;
Let Prudence bless Enjoyment's cup,
Then raptur'd sip, and sip it up.

As thy day grows warm and high,
Life's meridian flaming nigh,
Dost thou spurn the humble vail?
Life's proud summits wouldst thou scale?
Check thy climbing step, elate,
Evils lurk in felon wait:

Dangers, eagle-pinion'd, bold,
Soar around each cliffy hold;
While cheerful Peace, with linnet song,
Chants the lowly dells among.

As the shades of ev'ning close,
Beck'ning thee to long repose;
As life itself becomes disease,
Seek the chimney-nook of ease:
There ruminat with sober thought,
On all thou'st seen, and heard, and wrought;
And teach the sportive youngers round,
Saws of experience, sage and sound.
Say, man's true, genuine estimate,
The grand criterion of his fate,
Is not, Art thou high or low?
Did thy fortune ebb or flow?
Did many talents gild thy span?
Or frugal Nature grudge thee one?

Tell them, and press it on their mind,
As thou thyself must shortly find,
The smile or frown of awful Heaven,
To Virtue or to Vice is given;
Say, to be just, and kind, and wise—
There solid self-enjoyment lies;
That foolish, selfish, faithless ways
Lead to be wretched, vile, and base.

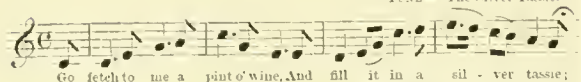
Thus resign'd and quiet, creep
To the bed of lasting sleep—
Sleep, whence thou shalt ne'er awake,
Night, where dawn shalt never break,
Till future life, future no more,
To light and joy the good restore,
To light and joy unknown before.

Stranger, go! Heaven be thy guide!
Quod the Bedesman of Nithside.

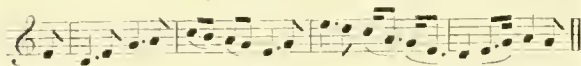


MY BONNIE MARY.*

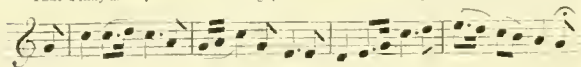
TUNE—"The Silver Tassie"



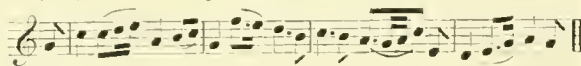
Go fetch to me a pint o' wine, And fill it in a sil-ver tassie;



That I may drink, be-fore I go, A service to my bon-nie lassie.



The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith; Fu' loud the wind blows frae the Ferry;



The ship rides by the Berwick-law, And I maun leave my bon-nie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are rank'd ready;
The shouts o' war are heard afar,
The battle closes deep and bloody;
It 's not the roar o' sea or shore
Wad make me langer wish to tarry;
Nor shouts o' war that 's heard afar—
It 's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.



TO ALEX. CUNNINGHAM, ESQ., WRITER,
EDINBURGH.

ELLISLAND, NITHSDALE, July 27th, 1788.

My god-like friend—nay, do not stare,
You think the phrase is odd-like:
But "God is Love," the saints declare.
Then surely thou art god-like.

* The first four lines are from an old ballad by Alexander Lesslie of Edinburgh, Derwan-side, grandfather to Archbishop Sharpe.

And is thy ardour still the same?
And kindled still at Anna? †
Others may boast a partial flame,
But thou art a volcano!

Ev'n Wedlock asks not love beyond
Death's tie-dissolving portal;
But thou, omnipotently fond,
May'st promise love immortal!

Thy wounds such healing powers defy,
Such symptoms dire attend them,
That last great anti hectic try:
Marriage perhaps may mend them.

Sweet Anna has an air—a grace,
Divine, magnetic, touching;
She talks, she charms—but who can trace
The process of bewitching?



ELEGY ON THE YEAR 1788.

For Lords or Kings I dinna mourn,
E'en let them die—for that they 're born!
But, oh! prodigious to reflect,
A townmont, sirs, is gane to wreck!
O Eighty-eight, in thy sma' space
What dire events hae taken place!
Of what enjoyments thou hast reft us!
In what a pickle thou hast left us!

The Spanish empire 's tint a head,
And my auld toothless Bawtie's dead;
The tulyie 's tough 'tween Pitt and Fox,
And our guidwife's wee birdie cocks;
The tane is game, a bluidy devil,
But to the hen-birds unco civil;
The tither 's something dour o' treadin',
But better stuff ne'er claw'd a midden!

Ye ministers, come mount the pu'pit,
And cry till ye be hearse and roopit:
For Eighty-eight, he wish'd you weel,
And gied you a' baith gear and meal;
E'en mony a plaek, and mony a peck,
Ye ken yoursels, for little feek!

Ye bonnie lasses, dight your e'en.
For some o' you hae tint a frien';
In Eighty-eight, ye ken, was ta'en
What ye 'll ne'er hae to gie again.

Observe the very nowte and sheep
How dowf and dowie now they creeq;

† Anna was Anne Stewart, daughter of John Stewart of East Craigs. She did not marry Cunningham, but Mr. Forrest Dewar surgeon, and afterwards baillie in Edinburgh.

Nay, even the yirth itsel' does cry,
For Embro' wells are grutten dry.

O Eighty-nine, thou 's but a bairn,
And no owre auld, I hope, to learn !
Thou beardless boy, I pray tak care,
Thou now has got thy Daddy's chair,
Nae hand-cuff'd, muzzled, hap-shackled Regent,
But, like himsel', a full free agent.
Be sure ye follow out the plan
Nae waur than he did, honest man !
As meikle better as you can.

January 1, 1789.



SKETCH. [W. CREECH.*]

A LITTLE, upright, pert, tart, tripping wight,
And still his precious self his dear delight :
Who loves his own smart shadow in the streets,
Better than e'er the fairest she he meets.
A man of fashion, too, he made his tour,
Learn'd *vive la bagatelle, et vive l'amour* ;
So travell'd monkeys their grimace improve,
Polish their grin, nay, sigh for ladies' love.
Much specious lore, but little understood ;
Veneering oft outshines the solid wood :
His solid sense by inches you must tell,
But mete his cunning by the old Scots ell ;
His meddling vanity, a busy fiend,
Still making work his selfish craft must mend.



TO CAPTAIN RIDDEL, GLENRIDDEL.†

EXTEMPORE LINES ON RETURNING A NEWSPAPER.

ELLISLAND, *Monday Evening.*

YOUR news and review, sir, I 've read through and
through, sir,

With little admiring or blaming :
The papers are barren of home-news or foreign,
No murders or rapes worth the naming.

Our friends the reviewers, those chippers and hewers,
Are judges of mortar and stone, sir ;
But of meet or unmeet, in a fabric complete,
I 'll boldly pronounce they are none, sir.

* Creech Burns thought had used him ill. Their differences, however, are said to have been ultimately made up. See LIFE.

† Riddel had sent him a newspaper with some severe remarks on his poetry.

My goose-quill too rude is to tell all your goodness
Bestow'd on your servant, the Poet ;
Would to God I had one like a beam of the sun,
And then all the world, sir, should know it !



ODE,‡ SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. OSWALD OF AUCHENCROUTE.

DWELLER in yon dungeon dark,
Hangman of creation ! mark
Who in widow-weeds appears,
Laden with unhonour'd years,
Noosing with care a bursting purse,
Baited with many a deadly curse !

STROPHE.

View the wither'd Beldam's face ;
Can thy keen inspection trace
Aught of Humanity's sweet, melting grace ?
Note that eye, 'tis rheum o'erflows,
Pity's flood there never rose.
See those hands, ne'er stretch'd to save,
Hands that took, but never gave :
Keeper of Mammon's iron chest,
Lo, there she goes, unpitied and unblest,
She goes, but not to realms of everlasting rest !

ANTISTROPHE.

Plunderer of Armies, lift thine eyes,
(A while forbear, ye torturing fiends ;)
Seest thou whose step, unwilling, hither bends ?
No fallen angel, hurl'd from upper skies ;
'Tis thy trusty quondam mate,
Doom'd to share thy fiery fate ;
She, tardy, hell-ward plies.

EPODE.

And are they of no more avail,
Ten thousand glittering pounds a-year ?
In other worlds can Mammon fail,
Omnipotent as he is here !
O, bitter mockery of the pompous bier,
While down the wretched vital part is driven !
The cave-lodg'd beggar, with a conscience clear,
Expires in rags, unknown, and goes to heaven.

‡ His Correspondence describes the circumstances under which this savage ode was composed—driven out of comfortable quarters in an inn by Mrs. Oswald's funeral, and forced to ride on through tempests and over moors to the next inn.

EPISTLE TO JOHN TAYLOR.*

WITH Pegasus upon a day,
 Apollo weary flying,
 Through frosty hills the journey lay,
 On foot the way was plying.

Poor slip-shod giddy Pegasus
 Was but a sorry walker;
 To Vulcan then Apollo goes,
 To get a frosty caulker.

Obliging Vulcan fell to work,
 Threw by his coat and bonnet,
 And did Sol's business in a crack:
 Sol paid him with a sonnet.

Ye Vulcan's sons of Wanlockhead,
 Pity my sad disaster;
 My Pegasus is poorly shod—
 I'll pay you like my master.

ON AN EVENING VIEW OF THE RUINS OF
 LINCLUDEN ABBEY.

YE holy walls, that, still sublime,
 Resist the crumbling touch of time,
 How strongly still your form displays
 The piety of ancient days!
 As through your ruins, hoar and gray—
 Ruins yet beauteous in decay—
 The silvery moonbeams trembling fly:
 The forms of ages long gone by
 Crowd thick on fancy's wand'ring eye,
 And wake the soul to musings high.
 E'en now, as lost in thought profound,
 I view the solemn scene around,
 And, pensive, gaze with wistful eyes,
 The past returns, the present flies;
 Again the dome, in pristine pride,
 Lifts high its roof and arches wide,
 That, knit with curious tracery,
 Each Gothic ornament display.
 The high arch'd windows, painted fair,
 Show many a saint and martyr there.
 As on their slender forms I'd gaze,
 Methinks they brighten to a blaze!
 With noiseless step and taper bright,
 What are yon forms that meet my sight?

* Burns at Wanlockhead on a winter day wished Jenny Geddes frosted, but the smith, John Taylor, was busy, and refused till Burns handed him the above epistle. Taylor thought himself well paid for once with money, drink, and verse, "and all by a poet."

Slowly they move, while every eye
 Is heavenward raised in ecstasy.
 'Tis the fair, spotless, vestal train,
 That seek in prayer the midnight fane.
 And, hark! what more than mortal sound
 Of music breathes the pile around!
 'Tis the soft chanted choral song,
 Whose tones the echoing aisles prolong;
 Till, thence return'd, they softly stray
 O'er Chuden's wave, with fond delay;
 Now on the rising gale swell high,
 And now in fainting murmurs die;
 The boatmen on Nith's gentle stream,
 That glistens in the pale moonbeam,
 Suspend their dashing oars to hear
 The holy anthem, loud and clear;
 Each worldly thought awhile forbear,
 And mutter forth a half-form'd prayer.
 But, as I gaze, the vision fails,
 Like frost-work touch'd by southern gales;
 The altar sinks, the tapers fade,
 And all the splendid scene 's decay'd;
 In window fair the painted pane
 No longer glows with holy stain,
 But through the broken glass the gale
 Blows chilly from the misty vale:
 The bird of eve flits sullen by,
 Her home, these aisles and arches high;
 The choral hymn, that erst so clear
 Broke softly sweet on fancy's ear,
 Is drown'd amid the mournful scream,
 That breaks the magic of my dream!
 Roused by the sound, I start and see
 The ruin'd sad reality!



FRAGMENT.

INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HON. C. J. FOX.

How Wisdom and Folly meet, mix, and unite;
 How Virtue and Vice blend their black and their white;
 How Genius, th' illustrious father of fiction,
 Confounds rule and law, reconciles contradiction—
 I sing: If these mortals, the critics, should bustle,
 I care not, not I—let the critics go whistle.
 But now for a Patron, whose name and whose glory
 At once may illustrate and honour my story.
 Thon first of our orators, first of our wits:
 Yet whose parts and acquirements seem mere lucky hits:
 With knowledge so vast, and with judgment so strong,
 No man with the half of 'em e'er could go wrong;
 With passions so potent, and fancies so bright,
 No man with the half of 'em e'er could go right:
 A sorry, poor, misbegot son of the Muses,
 For using thy name offers fifty excuses.

Good L—d, what is Man ! for as simple he looks
Do but try to develop his hooks and his crooks ;
With his depths and his shallows, his good and his evil,
And in all he 's a problem must puzzle the devil.

On his one ruling passion Sir Pope hugely labours,
That, like th' old Hebrew walking-switch, eats up its
neighbours :

Mankind are his show-box—a friend, would you know him ?
Pull the string, ruling passion the picture will show him.
What pity, in rearing so beauteous a system,
One trifling particular—Truth—should have miss'd him ;
For, spite of his fine theoretic positions,
Mankind is a science defies definitions.

Some sort all our qualities each to its tribe,
And think human nature they truly describe ;
Have you found this, or t' other ? there 's more in the wind.
As by one drunken fellow his comrades you 'll find ;
But such is the flaw, or the depth of the plan,
In the make of that wonderful creature call'd Man,
No two virtues, whatever relation they claim,
Nor even two different shades of the same,
Though like as was ever twin-brother to brother,
Possessing the one shall imply you 've the other.

But truce with abstraction, and truce with the Muse,
Whose rhymes you 'll perhaps, sir, ne'er deign to peruse ;
Will you leave your joustings, your jars, and your quarrels,
Contending with Billy for proud-nodding laurels ?
My much-honour'd Patron, believe your poor Poet,
Your courage much more than your prudence you show it ;
In vain with Squire Billy for laurels you struggle,
He 'll have them by fair trade, if not, he will smuggle.
Not cabinets even of kings would conceal 'em,
He'd up the back-stairs, and, by G—d, he would steal 'em !
Then feats like Squire Billy's you ne'er can achieve 'em ;
It is not, outdo him—the task is, out-thieve him !



LETTER TO JAMES TENNANT,* GLENCONNER.

AULD comrade dear, and brither sinner,
How 's a' the folk about Glenconner ?
How do you, this blae eastlin' win',
That 's like to blow a body blin' ?
For me, my faculties are frozen,
My dearest member nearly dozen'.
I've sent you here by Johnnie Simpson
Twa sage philosophers to glimpse on ;
Smith, wi' his sympathetic feeling,
An' Reid, to common sense appealing.
Philosophers have fought and wrangled,
An' meikle Greek an' Latin mangled,
Till, wi' their logic-jargon tired,
And in the depth of Science mired,
To Common Sense they now appeal,
What wives and wabsters see and feel.

But, hark ye, friend ! I charge you strictly,
Peruse them, and return them quickly,
For now I 'm grown sae cursed dounce,
I pray and ponder butt the house ;
My shins, my lane, I there sit roastin',
Perusing Bunyan, Brown, and Boston,
Till by an' by, if I haud on,
I 'll grunt a real gospel groan :
Already I begin to try it,
To cast my e'en up like a pyet,
When by the gun she tumbles o'er
Flutt'ring an' gasping in her gore :
Sae shortly you shall see me bright,
A burning an' a slining light.

My heart-warm love to guid auld Glen,
The ace an' wale of honest men :
When bending down wi' auld grey hairs
Beneath the load of years and cares,
May He who made him still support him,
An' views beyond the grave comfort him ;
His worthy family far and near,
God bless them a' wi' grace and gear !

My auld school-fellow, Preacher Willie,
The marly tar, my mason billie,
And Auchencray, I wish him joy ;
If he 's a parent, lass or boy,
May he be dad, and Meg the mither,
Just five-and-forty years thegither !
And no forgetting wabster Charlie,
I 'm tauld he offers very fairly.
An', L—d, remember singing Sammock
Wi' hale breeks, saxpence, an' a bamock !
And next, my auld acquaintance, Nauey,
Since she is fitted to her fancy,
An' her kind stars hae airted till her
A guid chiel wi' a pickle siller.
My kindest, best respects I sen' it,
To cousin Kate and sister Janet ;
Tell them, frae me, wi' chieks be cautious,
For, faith, they 'll aiblins fin' them fashious :
To grant a heart is fairly civil,
But to grant a maidenhead 's the devil.
An' lastly, Jamie, for yoursel',
May gwardian angels tak a spell,
And steer you seven miles south o' hell :
But first, before you see heaven's glory,
May ye get mony a merry story,
Mony a laugh, and mony a drink,
An' aye enough o' needfu' clink !

Now fare ye weel, an' joy be wi' you ;
For my sake this I beg it o' you,
Assist poor Simpson a' ye can,
Ye 'll fin' him just an honest man ;
Sae I conclude, and quat my chanter,
Yours, saint or sinner,

* An old friend of Burns', who assisted him in the choice of Ellisland.
VOL. I.



ON SEEING A WOUNDED HARE LIMP BY ME,*

WHICH A FELLOW HAD JUST SHOT AT.

INHUMAN man! curse on thy barbarous art,
And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye:
May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,
Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart!

Go, live, poor wanderer of the wood and field!
The bitter little that of life remains:
No more the thickening brakes and verdant plains
To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield.

Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted rest,
No more of rest, but now thy dying bed!
The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy head,
The cold earth with thy bloody bosom press'd.

Off as by winding Nith I, musing, wait
The sober eve, or hail the cheerful dawn,
I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,
And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy hapless fate.



DELIA.†

FAIR the face of orient day,
Fair the tints of op'ning rose:

* See CORRESPONDENCE.

† "Delia:" doubtful if it be by Burns', said to have been sent by him to the *London Star*.

But fairer still my Delia dawns,
More lovely far her beauty blows.

Sweet the lark's wild-warbled lay,
Sweet the tinkling rill to hear;
But, Delia, more delightful still
Steal thine accents on mine ear!

The flower-enamour'd, busy bee
The rosy banquet loves to sip;
Sweet the streamlet's limpid laps
To the sun-brown'd Arab's lip;

But, Delia, on thy balmy lips
Let me, no vagrant insect, rove!
O let me steal one liquid kiss,
For, oh! my soul is parch'd with love!



YE HAE LIEN A' WRANG, LASSIE.

YOUR rosy cheeks are turn'd sae wan,
Ye're greener than the grass, lassie;
Your coatie's shorter by a span,
Yet ne'er an inch the less, lassie.
Ye hae lien a' wrang, lassie,
Ye've lien a' wrang;
Ye've lien in an unco bed,
And wi' a fremit man.

O lassie, ye ha'e play'd the fool,
And ye will feel the scorn, lassie;

For aye the brose ye sup at e'en,
Ye bock them e'er the morn, lassie.
Ye hae lien a' wrang, &c.

Oh, ance ye danced upon the knowes,
And through the wood ye sang, lassie,
But in the herrying o' a bee byke,
I fear ye 've got a stang, lassie.
Ye hae lien a' wrang, &c.



ADDRESS TO THE TOOTHACHE.

My curse upon your venom'd stang,
That shoots my tortur'd gums along,
An' thro' my lug gies sic a twang,
Wi' gnawing vengeance,
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,
Like racking engines!

When fevers burn, or agues freeze us,
Rheumatics gnaw, or colics squeeze us,
Our neighbours' sympathy can ease us,
Wi' pitying moan;
But thee—thou hell o' a' diseases—
Aye mocks our groan!

Adown my beard the slavers trickle,
I throw the wee stools o'er the mickle,
While round the fire the gidgets keckle,
To see me loup;
An', raving mad, I wish a heckle
Were in their doup!

In a' the numerous human dools—
Ill hairsts, daft bargains, cutty-stools,
Or worthy frien's rak'd i' the mools,
Sad sight to see!
The tricks o' knaves, or fash o' fools—
Thou bear'st the gree!

Where'er that place be priests ca' hell,
Where a' the tones o' misery yell,
An' ranket plagues their numbers tell,
In dreadfu' raw,
Thou, Toothache, surely bear'st the bell,
Among them a'!

O thou, grim, mischief-making chiel,
That gars the notes o' discord squeel,
Till daft mankind aft dance a reel
In gore, a shoe-thick,
Gie a' the faes o' Scotland's weal
A townmond's toothache!

THE KIRK'S ALARM:*

A SATIRE.

ORTHODOX, orthodox, wha believe in John Knox,
Let me sound an alarm to your conscience;
There's a heretic blast has been blawn i' the Wast,
That what is no sense must be nonsense.

Dr. Mac,† Dr. Mac, you should stretch on a rack,
To strike evil-doers wi' terror;
To join faith and sense upon ony pretence,
Is heretic, damnable error.

Town of Ayr, town of Ayr, it was mad, I declare,
To meddle wi' mischief a-brewin';
Provost John is still deaf to the Church's relief,
And orator Bob‡ is its ruin.

D'rymple mild,§ D'rymple mild, though your heart's like
a child,
And your life like the new-driven snaw,
Yet that winna save ye, auld Satan must have ye,
For preaching that three's ane an' twa.

Rumble John,|| Rumble John, mount the steps wi' a groan,
Cry, the book is wi' heresy cramm'd;
Then lug out your ladle, deal brimstone like aidle,
And roar every note of the damn'd.

Simper James,¶ Simper James, leave the fair Killie dames,
There's a holier chase in your view!
I'll lay on your head that the pack ye'll soon lead,
For puppies like you there's but few.

Singet Sawney,** Singet Sawney, are ye huiridin' the penny,
Unconscious what evils await?
Wi' a jump, yell, and howl, alarm every soul,
For the foul thief is just at your gate.

Daddy Auld,†† Daddy Auld, there's a tod in the fauld,
A tod meikle waur than the Clerk:‡‡
Though ye downa do skaith, ye'll be in at the death,
And gif ye canna bite, ye may bark.

Davie Bluster,§§ Davie Bluster, for a saint if ye muster,
The corps is no nice of recruits;
Yet to worth let's be just, royal blood ye might boast,
If the ass was the king of the brutes.

* "The Kirk's Alarm:" written a short time after the publication of Dr. McGill's Essay, and referring to the polemical warfare which it excited.

† "Dr. Mac:" Dr. McGill.

‡ "Orator Bob:" Robert Aiken.

§ "D'rymple mild:" Dr. Dalrymple.—See LIFE.

|| "Rumble John:" Mr. Russell. ¶ "Simper James:" Mr. M-Kinlay.

** "Singet Sawney:" Mr. Moody.

†† "Daddy Auld:" Mr. Auld, Mauchline.

‡‡ "Clerk:" Mr. Gavin Hamilton.

§§ "Davie Bluster:" Mr. Grant, Ochiltree.

Jamie Goose,* Jamie Goose, ye ha'e made but toom roose,
In hunting the wicked Lieutenant;
But the Doctor 's your mark, for the L—d's haly ark
He has cooper'd an' ea't a wrang pin in 't.

Poet Willie,† Poet Willie, gie the Doctor a volley,
Wi' your "liberty's chain" and your wit;
O'er Pegasus' side ye ne'er laud a stride,
Ye but smelt, man, the place where he sh—t.

Andro Gowk,‡ Andro Gowk, ye may slander the book,
And the book nought the waur, let me tell ye;
Ye are rich and look big, but lay by hat and wig,
And ye 'll hae a calf's head o' sma' value

Barr Steenie,§ Barr Steenie, what mean ye? what mean ye?
If ye 'll meddle nae mair wi' the matter,
Ye may hae some pretence to havins and sense,
Wi' people wha ken ye nae better

Irvine-side,|| Irvine-side, wi' your turkey-cock pride,
Of manhood but sma' is your share;
Ye 've the figure, 'tis true, even your faes will allow.
And your friends they dare grant you nae mair.

Muirland Jock,¶ Muirland Jock, when the L—d makes a rock
To crush Common Sense for her sins,
If ill-manners were wit, there 's no mortal so fit
To confound the poor Doctor at ance.

Holy Will,** Holy Will, there was wit i' your skull,
When ye pilfer'd the alms o' the poor;
The timmer is scant when ye 're ta'en for a saunt
Wha should swing in a raje for an hour.

Calvin's sons, Calvin's sons, seize your spiritual guns,
Ammunition you never can need;
Your hearts are the stuff will be powther enough,
And your skulls are storehouses o' lead.

Poet Burns, Poet Burns, wi' your priest-skelping turns.
Why desert ye your auld native shire?
Your Muse is a gipsy, e'en though she were tipsy,
She could ca' us nae waur than we are.



THE WHISTLE,†† A BALLAD.

As the authentic prose history of the Whistle is curious, I shall here give it. In the train of Anne of Denmark, when she came to Scot-

* "Jamie Goose:" Mr. Young, Cumnock.

† "Poet Willie:" Mr. Peebles, Ayr.

‡ "Andro Gowk:" Dr. A. Mitchell.

§ "Barr Steenie:" Mr. Stephen Young, Barr.

|| "Irvine-side:" Mr. Smith, Galston.

¶ "Muirland Jock:" Mr. Shepherd.

** "Holy Will:" Holy Willie.

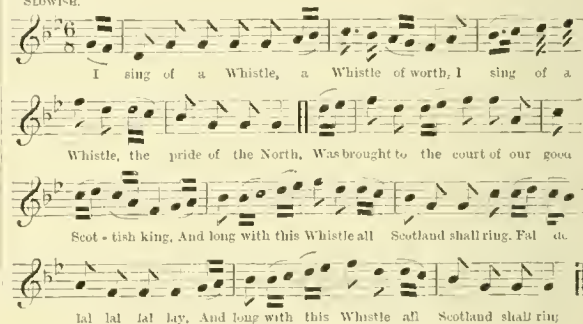
†† "Whistle:" Burns was present at this Bacchanalian encounter, and wrote the poem in the room. See CORRESPONDENCE and LIFE

land with our James VI., there came over also a Danish gentleman of gigantic stature and great prowess, and a matchless champion of Bacchus. He had a little ebony whistle, which at the commencement of the orgies he laid on the table, and whoever was last able to blow it, every body else being disabled by the potency of the bottle, was to carry off the Whistle as a trophy of victory. The Dane produced credentials of his victories, without a single defeat, at the courts of Copenhagen, Stockholm, Moscow, Warsaw, and several of the petty courts in Germany; and challenged the Scotch Bacchanalians to the alternative of trying his prowess, or else of acknowledging their inferiority. After many overthrows on the part of the Scots, the Dane was encountered by Sir Robert Lawrie of Maxwellton, ancestor of the present worthy baronet of that name: who, after three days and three nights' hard contest, left the Scandinavian under the table,

"And blew on the Whistle his requiem shrill."

Sir Walter, son to Sir Robert before-mentioned, afterwards lost the Whistle to Walter Riddel of Glenriddel, who had married a sister of Sir Walter's. On Friday, the 16th of October, 1760, at Friars Carse, the Whistle was once more contended for; as related in the ballad, by the present Sir Robert Lawrie of Maxwellton; Robert Riddel, Esq. of Glenriddel, lineal descendant and representative of Walter Riddel, who won the Whistle, and in whose family it had continued; and Alexander Ferguson, Esq., of Craigdarroch, likewise descended of the great Sir Robert; which last gentleman carried off the hard-won honours of the field.—(B.)

STOWISE.



Old Loda,† still rueing the arm of Fingal,
The god of the bottle sends down from his hall—
"This Whistle 's your challenge, to Scotland get o'er,
And drink them to hell, Sir, or ne'er see me more!"
Fal de lal, &c.

Old poets have sung, and old chronicles tell,
What champions ventured, what champions fell;
The son of great Loda was conqueror still.
And blew on the whistle their requiem shrill.
Fal de lal, &c.

Till Robert, the lord of the Cairn and the Scaur,‡
Unmatch'd at the bottle, unconquer'd in war.
He drank his poor godship as deep as the sea—
No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he.
Fal de lal, &c.

Thus Robert, victorious, the trophy has gain'd,
Which now in his house has for ages remain'd;
Till three noble chieftains, and all of his blood,
The jovial contest again have renew'd.
Fal de lal, &c.

* "Old Loda:" See Ossian's Caric-thura.—(B.)

† "Cairn and Skarr:" tributaries to the Nith.—(B.)

Three joyous good fellows, with hearts clear of flaw :
 Craighdarroch, so famous for wit, worth, and law ;
 And trusty Glenriddel, so skill'd in old coins ;
 And gallant Sir Robert, deep read in old wines.
 Fal de lal, &c.

Craighdarroch began, with a tongue smooth as oil,
 Desiring Glenriddel to yield up the spoil ;
 Or else he would muster the heads of the clan,
 And once more, in claret, try which was the man.
 Fal de lal, &c.

"By the gods of the ancients," Glenriddel replies,
 "Before I surrender so glorious a prize,
 I'll conjure the ghost of the great Rorie More, §
 And bumper his horn with him twenty times o'er."
 Fal de lal, &c.

Sir Robert, a soldier, no speech would pretend,
 But he ne'er turn'd his back on his foe, or his friend,
 Said, "Toss down the whistle, the prize of the field,"
 And knee-deep in claret, he'd die or he'd yield.
 Fal de lal, &c.

To the board of Glenriddel our heroes repair,
 So noted for drowning of sorrow and care ;
 But for wine and for welcome not more known to fame,
 Than the sense, wit, and taste of a sweet lovely dame.
 Fal de lal, &c.

A Bard was selected to witness the fray,
 And tell future ages the feats of the day ;
 A Bard who detested all sadness and spleen,
 And wish'd that Parnassus a vineyard had been.
 Fal de lal, &c.

The dinner being over, the claret they ply,
 And every new cork is a new spring of joy ;
 In the bands of old friendship and kindred so set,
 And the bands grew the tighter the more they were wet.
 Fal de lal, &c.

Gay pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er ;
 Bright Phœbus ne'er witness'd so joyous a core,
 And vow'd that to leave them he was quite forlorn,
 Till Cynthia hinted he'd see them next morn.
 Fal de lal, &c.

Six bottles a-piece had well wore out the night,
 When gallant Sir Robert, to finish the fight,
 Turn'd o'er in one bumper a bottle of red,
 And swore 'twas the way that their ancestor did.
 Fal de lal, &c.

Then worthy Glenriddel, so cautious and sage,
 No longer the warfare ungodly would wage ;
 A high Ruling Elder to wallow in wine !
 He left the foul business to folks less divine.
 Fal de lal, &c.

* "Rorie More;" see Johnson's "Tour to the Hebrides."—(B.)

The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end ;
 But who can with Fate and quart bumpers contend ?
 Though Fate said, a hero should perish in light ;
 So uprose bright Phœbus—and down fell the knight.
 Fal de lal, &c.

Next uprose our Bard, like a prophet in drink :—
 "Craighdarroch, thou'lt soar when creation shall sink !
 But if thou would flourish immortal in rhyme,
 Come—one bottle more—and have at the sublime !
 Fal de lal, &c.

"Thy line, that have struggled for freedom with Bruce,
 Shall heroes and patriots ever produce ;
 So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay ;
 The field thou hast won, by yon bright god of day !"
 Fal de lal, &c.



WILLIE + BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT.

LIVELY.

O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut, And Rob and Allan can't to pree,
 Three blyther hearts, that lee-lang night, Ye wad na find in Christendie.

Chorus—We are na fou, we're mae that fou, But just a drappie in our e'e,
 The cock may craw, the day may daw, But aye we'll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
 Three merry boys I trow are we ;
 And mony a night we've merry been,
 And mony mae we hope to be !
 We are na fou, &c.

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
 That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie ;
 She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
 But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee !
 We are na fou, &c.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa',
 A cuckold, coward loon is he !
 Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
 He is the king among us three !
 We are na fou, &c.

† The Willie who "brew'd a peck o' maut" was William Nicol ; and Rob and Allan were the poet and Allan Masterton, a writing-master in Edinburgh. This meeting took place probably at Laggan, a farm purchased by Mr. Nicol, in Nithsdale, on the recommendation of our bard. See LIFE.



TO MARY IN HEAVEN.*

PLAINTIVE.

TUNE—"The Death of Captain Cook."

Thou ling'-ring star, with leas'-ning ray, That lov'st to greet
the ear-ly morn, A-gain thou usher'st in the day My
Mary from my soul was torn, O Ma-ry! dear de-
parted shade! Where is thy place of bliss-ful rest? See'st thou
thy lov-er lowly laid? Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

* See LIFE. These verses were transmitted to Johnston with a request that they should be set to the above air. They are, however,

That sacred hour can I forget,

Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love!

Eternity can not efface

Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;

Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thickening green;
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar
Twined amorous round the raptur'd scene;
The flowers sprang wanton to be press'd,
The birds sang love on every spray—
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of wing'd day.

now generally sung to the tune "Mary's Dream," which will be found at page 124.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
 And fondly broods with miser care!
 Time but the impression stronger makes,
 As streams their channels deeper wear.
 My Mary! dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?



FROM DR. BLACKLOCK.

EDINBURGH, 24th August, 1789.

DEAR BURNS, thou brother of my heart,
 Both for thy virtues and thy art;
 If art it may be call'd in thee,
 Which Nature's bounty, large and free,
 With pleasure in thy breast diffuses,
 And warms thy soul with all the Muses.
 Whether to laugh with easy grace,
 Thy numbers move the sage's face,
 Or bid the softer passions rise,
 And ruthless souls with grief surprise.
 'Tis Nature's voice distinctly felt,
 Through thee, her organ, thus to melt.
 Most anxiously I wish to know
 With thee of late how matters go;
 How keeps thy much-loved Jean her health?
 What promises thy farm of wealth?
 Whether the Muse persists to smile,
 And all thy anxious cares beguile?
 Whether bright fancy keeps alive?
 And how thy darling infants thrive?
 For me, with grief and sickness spent,
 Since I my journey homeward bent,
 Spirits depress'd no more I mourn,
 But vigour, life, and health return.
 No more to gloomy thoughts a prey,
 I sleep all night, and live all day;
 By turns my book and friend enjoy,
 And thus my circling hours employ:
 Happy while yet these hours remain,
 If Burns could join the cheerful train,
 With wonted zeal, sincere and fervent,
 Salute once more his humble servant,

THOS. BLACKLOCK.



TO DR. BLACKLOCK,

IN ANSWER TO THE PRECEDING EPISTLE.

ELLISLAND, 21st October, 1789.

Wow, but your letter made me vauntie!
 And are ye hale, and weel, and cantie?

I ken'd it still, your wee bit jauntie
 Wad bring ye to:
 Lord send you aye as weel 's I want ye,
 And then ye 'll do.

The ill-thief blaw the Heron south!
 And never drink be near his drouth!
 He tauld mysel' by word o' mouth,
 He'd tak my letter;
 I lippen'd to the chiel in trouth,
 And bade nae better.

But aiblins honest Master Heron*
 Had, at the time, some dainty fair one
 To ware his theologic care on,
 And holy study;
 And tired o' sauls to waste his lear on,
 Een tried the body.

But what d' ye think, my trusty fier,
 I'm turn'd a gauger—Peace be here!
 Parnassian queans, I fear, I fear,
 Ye 'll now disclaim me!
 And then my fifty pounds a year
 Will little gain me.

Ye glaiket, glesome, dainty damies,
 Wha, by Castalia's wimplin' streamies,
 Loup, sing, and lave your pretty limbies,
 Ye ken, ye ken,
 That strang necessity supreme is
 'Mang sons o' men.

I hae a wife and twa wee laddies,
 They maun hae brose and brats o' duddies;
 Ye ken yoursel's my heart right proud is—
 I need na vaunt—
 But I 'll sned besonas, thraw saugh woodies,
 Before they want.

Lord, help me through this world o' care!
 I'm weary siek o' 't late and air!
 Not but I hae a richer share
 Than many ithers;
 But why should ae man better fare,
 And a' men brithers?

Come, firm Resolve! take thou the van,
 Thou stalk o' carl-hemp in man!
 And let us mind, faint heart ne'er wan
 A lady fair;
 Wha does the utmost that he can,
 Will whyles do mair.

* "Heron:" author of a Life of Burns and other works. An unfortunate man.

But to conclude my silly rhyme,
 (I'm scant o' verse, and scant o' time),
 To make a happy fireside clime
 To weans and wife,
 That 's the true pathos and sublime
 Of human life.

My compliments to sister Beckie,
 And eke the same to honest Lucky;
 I wat she is a dainty chuckie,
 As e'er tread clay!
 And gratefully, my guid auld cockie,
 I'm yours for aye.

ROBERT BURNS.



ON THE LATE CAPTAIN GROSE'S*

PEREGRINATIONS THROUGH SCOTLAND, COLLECTING THE
 ANTIQUITIES OF THAT KINGDOM.

HEAR, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,
 Frae Maidenkirk to Johnny Groat's;
 If there 's a hole in a' your coats,
 I rede you tent it:

A chiel 's amang you takin' notes,
 And, faith! he 'll prent it.

If in your bounds ye chance to light
 Upon a fine, fat, fodge wight,
 O' stature short, but genius bright,
 That 's he, mark weel;
 And wow! he has an unco slight
 O' cauk and keel.

* Francis Grose, an Englishman who had seen better days, and betaken himself to authorship. He wrote works on Antiquities, was

fat in person, small in stature, and, as Dominic Sampson says, "very facetious."

By some auld, houlet-haunted biggin',
 Or kirk deserted by its riggin',
 It 's ten to aye ye 'll find him sung in
 Some eldritch part,
 Wi' deils, they say, L—d save 's! colleaguin'
 At some black art.

Ilk glaist that haunts auld ha' or chaumer,
 Ye gipsy-gang that deal in glamour,
 And you, deep-read in hell's black grammar,
 Warlocks and witches:
 Ye 'll quake at his conjuring hammer,
 Ye midnight bitches.

It 's tauld he was a sodger bred,
 And aye wad rather fa'n than fled;
 But now he 's quat the spurtle blade,
 And dog-skin wallet,
 And ta'en the—Antiquarian trade,
 I think they call it.

He has a fouth o' auld nick-nackets:
 Rusty airn caps and jinglin' jackets,
 Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets,
 A towmont guid;
 And parritch-pats, and auld saut-backets,
 Before the Flood.

Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder;
 Auld Tubal-Cain's fire-shool and fender;
 That which distinguishèd the gender
 O' Balaam's ass;
 A broom-stick o' the witch o' Endor,
 Weel shod wi' brass.

Forbye, he 'll shape you aff, fu' gleg,
 The cut of Adam's philibeg;
 The knife that nicked Abel's craig,
 He 'll prove you fully.
 It was a faulding jocteleeg
 Or lang-kail gullie.

But wad ye see him in his glee,
 For meikle glee and fun has he,
 Then set him down, and twa or three
 Guid fellows wi' him;
 And port, O port! shine thou a wee,
 And then ye 'll see him!

Now, by the powers o' verse and prose,
 Thou art a dainty chiel, O Grose!
 Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose,
 They sair misca' thee;
 I 'd take the rascal by the nose,
 Wad say, Shame fa' thee!

VOL. I.

ON CAPTAIN FRANCIS GROSE, THE CELEBRATED ANTIQUARIAN.

THE Devil got notice that Grose was a-dying,
 So whip! at the summons old Satan came flying;
 But when he approach'd where poor Francis lay moaning,
 And saw each bed-post with its burden a-groaning,
 Astonish'd, confounded, cried Satan, "By —,
 I 'll want 'im, ere I take such a damnable load!"

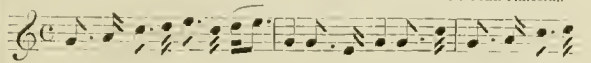


KEN YE OUGHT O' CAPTAIN GROSE,*

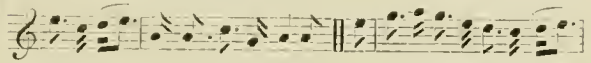
WRITTEN IN A WRAPPER INCLOSING A LETTER TO CAPTAIN GROSE, TO BE LEFT WITH MR. CARDONNEL, ANTIQUARIAN.

SLOW.

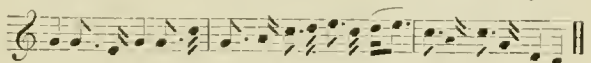
TUNE—"Sir John Malcolm."



Ken ye ought o' Captain Grose? I - go and a - go, If he's amang his



friends or foes? I - ram, co - ram, dago, Is he to Abra'm's bosom gane?



I - go, and a - go, Or handin' Sarah by the wame? I - ram, coram, dago.

Is he south or is he north?
 Igo, and ago,
 Or drown'd in the river Forth?
 Iram, coram, dago.

Is he slain by Highland bodies?
 Igo, and ago,
 And eaten like a wether-haggis?
 Iram, coram, dago.

Where'er he be, the Lord be near him!
 Igo, and ago,
 As for the Deil, he daur na steer him.
 Iram, coram, dago.

But please transmit th' inclosed letter,
 Igo, and ago,
 Which will oblige your humble debtor.
 Iram, coram, dago.

So may you hae auld stanes in store,
 Igo, and ago,
 The very stanes that Adam bore.
 Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye get in glad possession,
 Igo, and ago,
 The coins o' Satan's coronation!
 Iram, coram, dago.

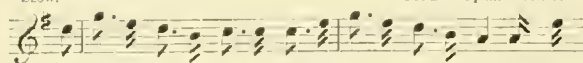
* See LIFE.

THE LADDIES BY THE BANKS O' NITH.

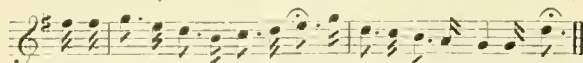
AN ELECTION BALLAD.

SLOW.

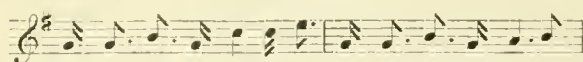
TUNE—"Up an' Waur a'."



The laddies by the banks o' Nith Wad trust his Grace wi' a', Jam - ie; †



But he'll sair them as he sair'd the King—Turn tail and rin a - wa', Jam - ie



CROOKS—Up and waur them a', Jam - ie, Up and waur them a'; The



Johnstones hae the guid - in' o't, Ye turn - coat Whigs, a - wa'!

The day he stude his country's friend,
Or gied her faes a claw, Jamie,
Or frae puir man a blessin' wan,
That day the Duke ne'er saw, Jamie.

Up and waur, &c.

But wha is he, his country's boast?
Like him there is na twa, Jamie;
There's no a callant tents the kye,
But kens o' Westerha', Jamie.

Up and waur, &c.

To end the wark, here's Whistlebirk, ‡
Lang may his whistle blaw, Jamie;
And Maxwell true, o' sterling blue,
And we'll be Johnstones a', Jamie.

Up and waur, &c.

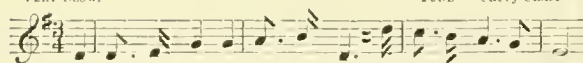


THE FIVE CARLINS. §

AN ELECTION BALLAD.

VERY SLOW.

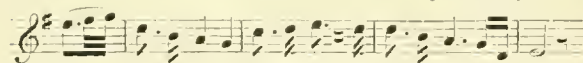
TUNE—"Chevy Chase"



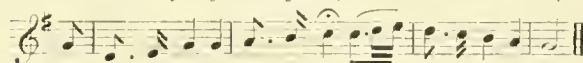
There was five Carlins in the South, They fell up - on a scheme



To send a lad to Lon - on town, To bring them tidings hame.



Nor on - ly bring them tidings hame, But do their er - rands there;



And aib - lins gowd and honour bairn Might be that laddie's share.

* The Duke of Queensberry had voted with the Whig Party against the king, and for the Prince of Wales, in the great struggle for the regency.

† "Jamie:" Sir James Johnstone of Westerhall, the sitting member.

‡ The Johnstones hae the guidin' o't," an old Border proverb.

§ "Whistlebirk:" Alexander Birkwhistle, a merchant and provost of Kirkcudbright.

§ See LIFE.

There was Maggy by the banks o' Nith,*
A dame wi' pride enough;
And Marjory o' the mony Lochs, †
A earlin auld and teugh.

And Blinkin' Bess o' Annandale, ‡
That dwelt near Solway side,
And whisky Jean that took her gill,
In Galloway § sae wide.

And black Joan, frae Crichton Peel, ||
O' gipsy kith and kin:
Five wighter Carlins were na foun'
The south countrie within.

To send a lad to Lon'on town,
They met upon a day,
And mony a knight, and mony a laird
This errand fain wad gae.

O mony a knight and mony a laird
This errand fain wad gae;
But nae ane could their fancy please,
O ne'er a ane but twae.

The first ane was a belted knight, ¶
Bred o' a Border clan,
And he would gae to Lon'on town,
Might nae man him withstan'.

And he wad do their errands weel,
And meikle he wad say,
And ilka ane at Lon'on court,
Would bid to him guid-day.

Then next came in a sodger youth,**
And spak wi' modest grace,
And he wad gae to Lon'on town,
If sae their pleasure was.

He wadna hecht them courtly gifts,
Nor meikle speech pretend,
But he wad hecht an honest heart,
Wad ne'er desert his friend.

Now, wham to choose, and wham refuse,
At strife thir Carlins fell;
For some had gentle folks to please,
And some wad please themsel'.

Then out spak mim-mou'd Meg o' Nith,
And she spak up wi' pride,
And she wad send the sodger youth,
Whatever might betide.

* "Nith:" Dumfries.

† "Mony Lochs:" Lochmaben.

‡ "Annandale:" Annan.

§ "Galloway:" Kirkcudbright.

|| "Crichton Peel:" Sanquhar. ¶ "Belted knight:" Sir J. Johnstone.

** "Sodger youth:" Major Miller.

For the auld Guidman o' Lon'on court *
 She didna care a pin ;
 But she wad send the sodger youth
 To greet his eldest son.†

Then up sprang Bess o' Annandale,
 And a deadlly aith she 's ta'en,
 That she wad vote the Border Knight,
 Though she should vote her lane.

For far-aff fowls hae feathers fair,
 And fools o' change are fain ;
 But I hae tried the Border Knight,
 And I 'll try him yet again.

Says black Joan frae Crichton Peel,
 A Carlin stoor and grin,
 The auld Guidman, and the young Guidman,
 For me may sink or swim !

For fools will freit o' right or wrang,
 While knaves laugh them to scorn ;
 But the sodger's friends hae blawn the best,
 So he shall bear the horn.

Then whisky Jean spak owre her drink,
 Ye weel ken, kimmers a',
 The auld Guidman o' Lon'on court,
 His back 's been at the wa' ;

And mony a friend that kiss'd his caup
 Is now a fremit wight ;
 But it 's ne'er be said o' whisky Jean—
 We 'll send the Border Knight.

Then slow raise Marjory o' the Lochs,
 And wrinkled was her brow ;
 Her ancient weed was russet gray,
 Her auld Scots bluid was true :

There 's some great folk set light by me—
 I set as light by them ;
 But I will sen' to Lon'on town
 Wham I like best at hame.

Sae how this weighty plea may end,
 Nae mortal wight can tell :
 God grant the King and ilka man
 May look weel to himsel'.

* "London court;" George III.

† "Eldest son;" the Prince of Wales.

SKETCH—NEW YEAR'S DAY (1790).

TO MRS. DUNLOP.

THIS day Time winds th' exhausted chain,
 To run the twelvemonth's length again :
 I see the old, bald-pated fellow,
 With ardent eyes, complexion sallow,
 Adjust the unimpair'd machine,
 To wheel the equal, dull routine.

The absent lover, minor heir,
 In vain assail him with their prayer ;
 Deaf as my friend, he sees them press,
 Nor makes the hour one moment less
 Will you (the Major‡ 's with the hounds,
 The happy tenants share his rounds ;
 Coila's fair Rachel's§ care to-day,
 And blooming Keith's engaged with Gray)
 From housewife cares a minute borrow,
 (That grandchild's cap will do to-morrow),
 And join with me a-moralizing ;
 This day 's propitious to be wise in.

First, what did yesternight deliver ?
 "Another year has gone for ever."
 And what is this day's strong suggestion ?
 "The passing moment 's all we rest on !"
 Rest on—for what ? what do we here ?
 Or why regard the passing year ?
 Will Time, amus'd with proverb'd lore,
 Add to our date one minute more ?
 A few days may—a few years must—
 Repose us in the silent dust.
 Then, is it wise to damp our bliss ?
 Yes—all such reasonings are amiss !
 The voice of Nature loudly cries,
 And many a message from the skies,
 That something in us never dies :
 That on this frail, uncertain state,
 Hang matters of eternal weight :
 That future life in worlds unknown
 Must take its hue from this alone ;
 Whether—as heavenly glory bright,
 Or dark as Misery's woeful night.

Since then, my honour'd first of friends,
 On this poor being all depends ;
 Let us th' important *now* employ,
 And live as those who never die.
 Though you, with days and honours crown'd,
 Witness that filial circle round,
 (A sight life's sorrows to repulse,
 A sight pale Envy to convulse),
 Others now claim your chief regard :
 Yourself, you wait your bright reward.

‡ "The Major;" afterwards General Dunlop of Dunlop.

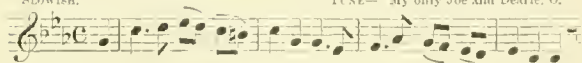
§ "Rachel;" this young lady, daughter of Mrs. Dunlop, was drawing a picture of Coila from "The Vision."



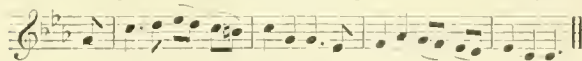
I GAED A WAEFU' GATE YESTREEN.

SLOWLY.

TUNE—"My only Joe and Dearie, O."



I gaed a wae-fu' gate yestreen, A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue.



I gat my death frae twasweet een, Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue.



'Twas not her golden ringlets bright; Her lips like roses wat wi' dew.



Her heaving bosom, lily-white; It was her een sae bonnie blue.

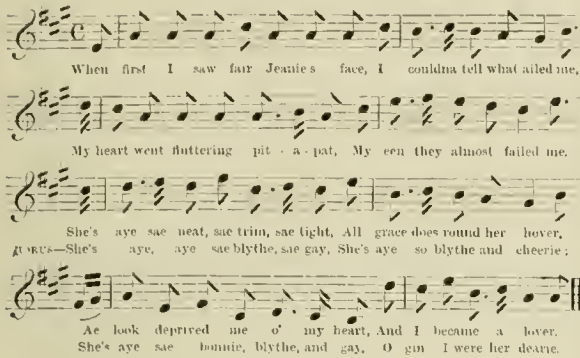
She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wyld;
 She charm'd my soul I wist na how;
 And aye the stound, the deadly wound,
 Cam frae her een sae bonnie blue.
 But "spare to speak, and spare to speed;"
 She 'll aiblins listen to my vow:
 Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead
 To her twa een sae bonnie blue.*

* "Blue-eyed lass:" daughter of Rev. Mr. Jeffrey of Lochmaben married a Mr. Renwick of New York, and in 1822, when met by a son of George Thomson, Burns' friend, her eyes were as blue and bright as ever, and she talked of Burns with great respect and affection. Her memoirs, with a volume of her writings, were published after her death.

WHEN FIRST I SAW FAIR JEANIE'S FACE.

LIVELY.

TUNE—"Maggy Lauder."



Had I Dundas's whole estate,
 Or Hopetoun's wealth to shine in;
 Did warlike laurels crown my brow,
 Or humbler bays entwining—
 I'd lay them a' at Jeanie's feet,
 Could I but hope to move her,
 And prouder than a belted knight,
 I'd be my Jeanie's lover.
 She's aye, aye sae blythe, &c.

But sair I fear some happier swain
 Has gained sweet Jeanie's favour:
 If so, may every bliss be hers,
 Though I maun never have her.
 But gang she east, or gang she west,
 'Twixt Forth and Tweed all over,
 While men have eyes, or ears, or taste,
 She'll always find a lover.
 She's aye, aye sae blythe, &c.

PROLOGUE SPOKEN AT THE THEATRE,
DUMFRIES,

ON NEW YEAR'S EVENING, 1790.

No song nor dance I bring from yon great city
 That queens it o'er our taste—the more 's the pity:
 Though, by the by, abroad why will ye roam?
 Good sense and taste are natives here at home.
 But not for panegyric I appear,
 I come to wish you all a good New Year!
 Old Father Time deposes me here before ye,
 Not for to preach, but tell his simple story:
 The sage grave Ancient cough'd, and bade me say—
 "You're one year older this important day;"
 It wiser too—he hinted some suggestion,
 But 'twould be rude, you know, to ask the question;

And with a would-be roguish leer and wink,
 He bade me on you press this one word—"Think!"
 Ye sprightly youths, quite flush with hope and spirit,
 Who think to storm the world by dint of merit!
 To you the dotard has a deal to say,
 In his sly, dry, sententious, proverb way.
 He bids you mind, amid your thoughtless rattle,
 That the first blow is ever half the battle;
 That though some by the skirt may try to snatch him,
 Yet by the forelock is the hold to catch him;
 That whether doing, suffering, or forbearing,
 You may do miracles by persevering.

Last, though not least in love, ye youthful fair,
 Angelic forms, high Heaven's peculiar care!
 To you old Bald-pate smoothes his wrinkled brow,
 And humbly begs you'll mind the important *Now*!
 To crown your happiness he asks your leave,
 And offers bliss to give and to receive.

For our sincere, though haply weak endeavours,
 With grateful pride we own your many favours;
 And howsoe'er our tongues may ill reveal it,
 Believe our glowing bosoms truly feel it.



PROLOGUE

FOR MR. SUTHERLAND'S BENEFIT-NIGHT, DUMFRIES.

WHAT needs this din about the town o' London,
 How this new play and that new sang is comin'!
 Why is outlandish stuff sae meikle courted?
 Does nonsense mend, like whisky, when imported?
 Is there nae poet, burning keen for fame,
 Will try to gie us sangs and plays at hame?
 For Comedy abroad he needna toil,
 A fool and knave are plants of every soil;
 Nor need he hunt as far as Rome and Greece
 To gather matter for a serious piece;
 There's themes enow in Caledonian story,
 Would show the Tragic Muse in a' her glory.

Is there no daring bard will rise, and tell
 How glorious Wallace stood, how hapless fell?
 Where are the Muses fled that could produce
 A drama worthy o' the name o' Bruce?
 How here, even here, he first unsheath'd the sword
 'Gainst mighty England and her guilty lord;
 And after mony a bloody, deathless doing,
 Wrench'd his dear country from the jaws of ruin?
 O, for a Shakspeare or an Otway scene,
 To draw the lovely, hapless Scottish Queen!
 Vain all th' omnipotence o' female charms
 'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's arms.
 She fell, but fell with spirit truly Roman,
 To glut the vengeance of a rival woman;
 A woman—though the phrase may seem uncivil—
 As able and as cruel as the Devil!

One Douglas lives in Home's immortal page,
But Douglasses were heroes every age:
And though your fathers, prodigal of life,
A Douglas follow'd to the martial strife,
Perhaps, if bowls row right, and Right succeeds,
Ye yet may follow where a Douglas leads!

As ye hae generous done, if a' the land
Would take the Muses' servants by the hand:
Not only hear, but patronize, befriend them,
And where ye justly can commend, commend them:
And aiblins when they winna stand the test,
Wink hard, and say the folks hae done their best!
Would a' the land do this, then I'll be caution
Ye 'll soon hae poets o' the Scottish nation
Will gar Fame blaw until her trumpet crack,
And warsle Time, an' lay him on his back!

For us, and for our Stage, should ony spier
"Whase aught thae chieks maks a' this bustle here?"
My best leg foremost, I'll set up my brow,
We have the honour to belong to you!
We're your ain bairns, e'en guide us as ye like,
But, like good mithers, shore before ye strike.
And gratefu' still I hope ye 'll ever find us,
For a' the patronage and meikle kindness
We've got frae a' professions, sets, and ranks:
God help us! we're but poor—ye 'se get but thanks.



A NEW PSALM FOR THE CHAPEL OF KILMARNOCK,

ON THE THANKSGIVING-DAY FOR HIS MAJESTY'S *
RECOVERY.

O SING a new song to the Lord,
Make, all and every one,
A joyful noise, even for the king
His restoration.

The sons of Belial in the land
Did set their heads together;
'Come, let us sweep them off, said they
Like an o'erflowing river.

They set their heads together, I say,
They set their heads together;
On right, on left, and every hand,
We saw none to deliver.

Thou madest strong two chosen ones,
To quell the Wicked's pride;
That Young Man, great in Issachar,
The burden-bearing tribe:

* "George III." went on 23rd April, 1789, to St. Paul's to return thanks for his recovery. These very pompous ceremonies were by no means pleasing to Burns.

And him, among the Princes, chief
In our Jerusalem,
The judge that's mighty in thy law,
The man that fears thy name.

Yet they, even they, with all their strength,
Began to faint and fail;
Even as two howling, ravenous wolves
To dogs do turn their tail.

Th' ungodly o'er the just prevail'd,
For so thou hadst appointed;
That thou might'st greater glory give
Unto thine own anointed.

And now thou hast restored our State,
Pity our Kirk also;
For she by tribulations
Is now brought very low.

Consume that high-place Patronage
From off thy holy hill;
And in thy fury burn the book—
Even of that man McGill.

Now hear our prayer, accept our song,
And fight thy chosen's battle;
We seek but little, Lord, from thee;
Thou kens we get as little.



TIBBIE DUNBAR.

TUNE—"Johnny McGill."

O wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar? O wilt thou go
wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar? Wilt thou ride on a horse, or be
drawn in a car, Or walk by my side, O sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
I care na thy daddie, his lands and his money. I care na
thy kin, sae high and sae lord-ly; But say that thou'll hae me for
for waur, And come in thy cart-ae, Sweet Tibbie Dunbar,

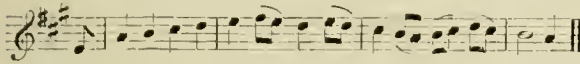
WHEN ROSY MAY.*

SLOWISH.

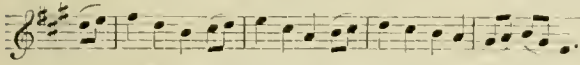
TUNE—"The Gardener's March."



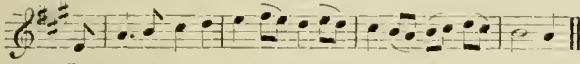
When rosy May comes in wi' flowers, To deck her gay, green-spreading bowers,



Then busy, busy are his hours, The gard'ner wi' his paille.



The crystal waters gently fa', The merry bards are lov - ers a',



The scented breezes round him blow: The gard'ner wi' his paille.

When purple morning starts the hare
To steal upon her early fare,
Then through the dews he maun repair—
The gardener wi' his paille.

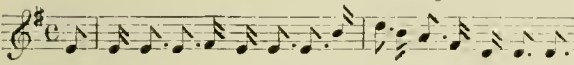
When day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws of Nature's rest,
He flies to her arms he lo'es best—
The gardener wi' his paille.



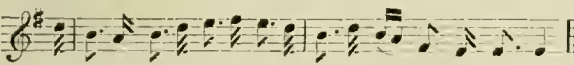
MY HARRY WAS A GALLANT GAY.†

SLOW.

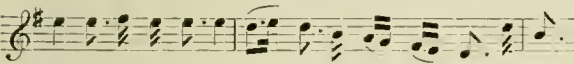
TUNE—"Highlander's Lament."



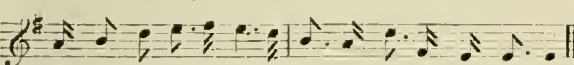
My Harry was a gallant gay, Fu' stately strade he on the plain;



But now he's banish'd far away, I'll never see him back again.



CHORUS—O for him back again! O for him back a - gain! I wad



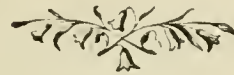
gie a' Knockhaspie's land, For Highland Har - ry back a - gain.

When a' the lave gae to their bed,
I wander dowie up the glen;
I set me down and greet my fill,
And aye I wish him back again.
O for him back again, &c.

* Burns produced a new version of this song with different corrections. See CORRESPONDENCE.

† Burns picked up the chorus from an old woman in Dunblane. He understood it in a Jacobite sense. It is said, however, to be founded on an old love story in Aberdeenshire. We remember the chorus happily applied by the *Spectator* to Lord Brougham when he had retired for a season from public life.

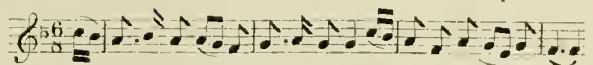
O, were some villains hangit high,
And ilka body had their ain!
Then I might see the joyfu' sight,
My Highland Harry back again.
O for him back again, &c.



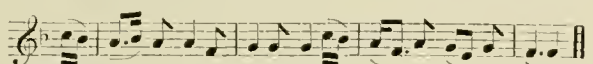
HER DADDIE FORBAD.

LIVELY.

TUNE—"Jumpin' John."



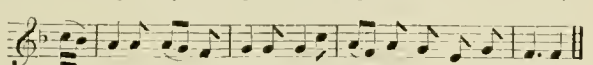
Her daddie for - bad, her minnie forbad, For-bid-den she wad - na be;



She wadna trow't, the browst she brew'd Wad taste sae bit - ter - lie.



CHORUS—The lang lad they ca' Jump - in' John Be - guil'd the bonnie las - sie,



The lang lad they ca' Jumpin' John Be - guil'd the bonnie las - sie.

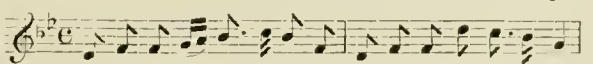
A cow and a cauf, a yowe and a hauf,
And thretty gude shillin's and three;
A vera gude tocher, a cottar-man's dochter,
The lass wi' the bonnie black e'e.
The lang lad they ca', &c.



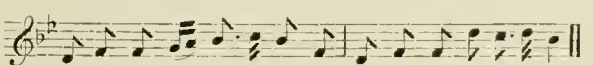
HAPPY FRIENDSHIP.

LIVELY.

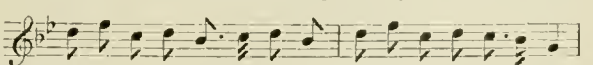
TUNE—"Willie was a Wanton Wag."



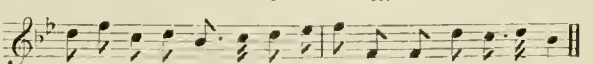
Here around the ing - le bleezing, Wha sae happy and sae free;



Though the north - ern wind blows freezing, Friend - ship warms baith you and me.



CHORUS—Happy we are a' the - gither, Happy we'll be ane and a'.



Time shall see us a' the blyther ere we rise to gang a - wa'.

See the miser o'er his treasure
 Gloating wi' a greedy e'e !
 Can he feel the glow o' pleasure
 That around us here we see !
 Happy we are a' thegither, &c.

Can the peer, in silk and ermine,
 Ca' his conscience half his own ;
 His claes are spun an' edged wi' vermin,
 Though he stan' afore a throne !
 Happy we are a' thegither, &c.

Thus, then, let us a' be tassing
 Aff' our stoups o' generous flame ;
 An' while roun' the board 'tis passing,
 Raise a sang in frien'ship's name.
 Happy we are a' thegither, &c.

Frien'ship maks us a' mair happy,
 Frien'ship gies us a' delight ;
 Frien'ship consecrates the drappie,
 Frien'ship brings us here to-night.
 Happy we are a' thegither, &c.



JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

LOVELY.

TUNE—"John Anderson, my Jo."

John An-der-son, my jo, John, When we were first ac-quent,
 Your locks were like the ra-ven, Your bonnie brow was brent ;
 But now your brow is beld, John, Your locks are like the snaw ;
 But blessings on your fro-sy pow, John An-der-son, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither ;
 And mony a cauty day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither :

Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we'll go ;
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson, my jo.*

* These are the only stanzas written by Burns. "John Anderson" was originally a loose song ; it was then adapted in derision to the tenets of the Roman Catholic church : it is now the most beautiful expression of true and time-tried tenderness in the world.



BEWARE O' BONNIE ANN.*

Slow.

Ye gallants bright, I rede ye right, Be - ware o' bon - nie Ann;

Her come - ly face, sae fu' o' grace, Your heart she will trepan.

Her een sae bright, like stars by night, Her skin is like the swan;

Sae jump - y laced her gen - ty waist, That sweet - ly yemight spin.

* "Bonnie Ann" daughter of Allan Masterton, the third in the symposium when "Willie brew'd a peck o' maut." She became afterwards Mrs. Derbshire, and lived in London. The verses were probably composed during Burns' brief visit to Edinburgh in 1789.

VOL. I.

Youth, grace, and love, attendant move,
And pleasure leads the van;
In a' their charms and conquering arms,
They wait on bonnie Ann.
The captive bands may chain the hands,
But love enslaves the man.
Ye gallants braw, I rede ye a',
Beware o' bonnie Ann!



ODE ON THE DEPARTED REGENCY BILL.†

DAUGHTER of Chaos' dotting years,
Nurse of ten thousand hopes and fears,

† This poem alludes to Charles Fox and the Portland Party and their debates with Pitt, and schemings during the illness and on to the "Convalescence" of George III.

Whether thy airy, unsubstantial shade
 (The rights of sepulture now duly paid)
 Spread abroad its hideous form
 On the roaring civil storm,
 Deafening din and warring rage
 Factions wild with factions wage;
 Or under-ground, deep-sunk, profound,
 Among the demons of the earth,
 With groans that make the mountains shake,
 Thou mourn thy ill-starr'd, blighted birth;
 Or in the uncreated Void,

Where seeds of future being fight,
 With lessen'd step thou wander wide,
 To greet thy Mother—Ancient Night,
 And as each jarring, monster-mass is past,
 Fond recollect what once thou wast:
 In manner due, beneath this sacred oak,
 Hear, Spirit, hear! thy presence I invoke!

By a Monarch's heaven-struck fate,
 By a disunited State,
 By a generous Prince's wrongs,
 By a Senate's strife of tongues,
 By a Premier's sullen pride,
 Lounging on the changing tide;
 By dread Thurlow's powers to awe—
 Rhetoric, blasphemy, and law;
 By the turbulent ocean,
 A Nation's commotion,
 By the harlot-caresses
 Of borough addresses,
 By days few and evil,
 (Thy portion, poor devil!)
 By Power, Wealth, and Show,
 (The gods by men adored),
 By nameless Poverty,
 (Their hell abhorred),
 By all they hope, by all they fear,
 Hear! and Appear!

Stare not on me, thou ghastly Power!
 Nor, grim with chained defiance, lour:
 No Babel-structure would I build
 Where, order exit'd from his native sway,
 Confusion may the *Regent*-sceptre wield,
 While all would rule and none obey:
 Go, to the world of Man relate
 The story of thy sad, eventful fate;
 And call presumptuous Hope to hear,
 And bid him check his blind career;
 And tell the sore-press'd sons of Care,
 Never, never to despair!

Paint Charles's speed on wings of fire,
 The object of his fond desire,
 Beyond his boldest hopes, at hand:
 Paint all the triumph of the Portland Band;

Mark how they lift the joy-exulting voice,
 And how their num'rous creditors rejoice;
 But just as hopes to warm enjoyment rise,
 Cry *Convalescence*! and the vision flies.

Then next pourtray a dark'ning twilight gloom,
 Eclipsing sad a gay, rejoicing morn,
 While proud *Ambition* to th' untimely tomb
 By gnashing, grim, despairing fiends is borne:

Paint ruin, in the shape of high Dundas]
 Gaping with giddy terror o'er the brow;
 In vain he struggles, the fates behind him press,
 And clam'rous hell yawns for her prey below:
 How fallen *That*, whose pride late scaled the skies!
 And *This*, like Lucifer, no more to rise!
 Again pronounce the powerful word:
 See Day, triumphant from the night, restored.

Then know this truth, ye Sons of Men!
 (Thus ends thy moral tale),
 Your darkest terrors may be vain,
 Your brightest hopes may fail.



THE LASS OF ECCLEFECHAN.

LIVELY

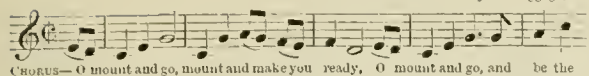
TUNE—"Jack o' Latin."

Gat ye me, O gat ye me, O gat ye me wi' naething
 Rock and reel and spinning-wheel, A meikle quarter la - sin.
 Bye at - four, my gutcher has A heich house and a laigh ane,
 A' for - bye my bonnie sel', The toss of Eccle - fee - han'.

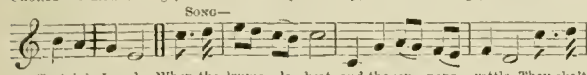
O haud your tongue now, Luckie Lang,
 O haud your tongue and jauner;
 I held the gate till you I met,
 Syne I began to wander:
 I tint my whistle and my sang,
 I tint my peace and pleasure;
 But your green graff, now, Luckie Lang,
 Wad airt me to my treasure.

THE CAPTAIN'S LADY.

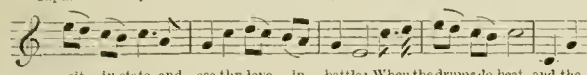
TUNE—"Mount your Baggage."



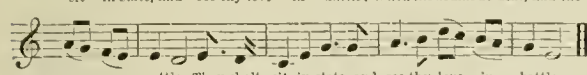
CHORUS—O mount and go, mount and make you ready, O mount and go, and be the



Captain's La - dy. When the drums do beat, and the can - nons rattle, Thou shalt



sit in state, and see thy love in battle: When the drums do beat, and the



can - nons rattle, Thou shalt sit in state, and see thy love in battle.

When the vanquish'd foe sues for peace and quiet,
To the shades we'll go, and in love enjoy it:
When the vanquish'd foe sues for peace and quiet,
To the shades we'll go, and in love enjoy it.

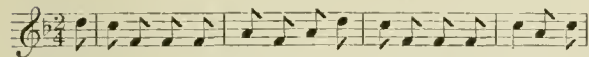
O mount and go, &c.



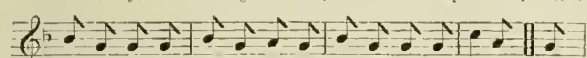
ON THE BATTLE OF SHERIFF-MUIR,*

BETWEEN THE DUKE OF ARGYLE AND THE EARL
OF MAR.

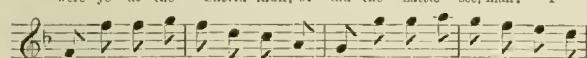
TUNE—"The Camerons' Rant."



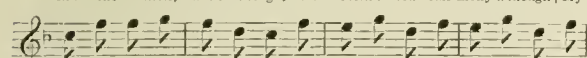
"O can ye here the fight to shun, Or herd the sheep wi' me, man? Or



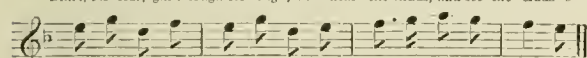
were ye at the Sherra-muir, Or did the battle see, man?" "I



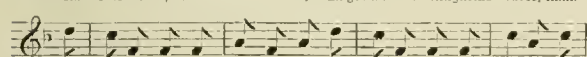
saw the battle, sair and tough, And reckon - red ran mony a sheugh; My



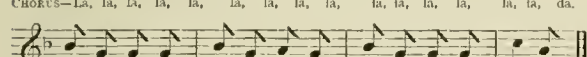
heart, for fear, gaed sough for sough, To hear the thuds, and see the cluds o'



clans frae woods, in tartan duds, Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three, man.



CHORUS—La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, da.



La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, da.

"The red-coat lads, wi' black cockaids,
To meet them were na slaw, man;

* This is founded on an old song by Barclay the Berean, originally parish minister of Fettercairn, but who became a Berean, and preached to an immense congregation in Sauchieburn, in the neighbourhood—a very remarkable man.

They rush'd and push'd, and bluid outgush'd,

And mony a bouk did fa, man:

The great Argyle led on his files,

I wat they glanc'd for twenty miles:

They hough'd the clans like nine-pin kyles

They back'd and hash'd, while broadswords clash'd,

And through they dash'd, and hew'd and smash'd,

Till fey men died awa', man.

La, la, la, la, &c.

"But had you seen the philabegs,

And skyrin tartan trews, man,

When in the teeth they dared our Whigs,

And Covenant true-blues, man;

In lines extended lang and large,

When bayonets oppos'd the targe,

And thousands hasten'd to the charge,

Wi' Highland wrath they frae the sheath

Drew blades o' death, till, out o' breath,

They fled like frighted doos, man."

La, la, la, la, &c.

"O how deil, Tam, can that be true?

The chase gaed frae the north, man:

I saw, mysel', they did pursue

The horsemen back to Forth, man;

And at Dunblane, in my ain sight,

They took the brig wi' a' their might,

And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight;

But curs'd lot! the gates were shut,

And mony a hunted, poor red-coat,

For fear amais't did swarf, man."

La, la, la, la, &c.

"My sister Kate cam up the gate

Wi' crowdie unto me, man;

She swore she saw some rebels run

To Perth and to Dundee, man:

Their left-hand general had nae skill,

The Angus lads had nae good-will

That day their neighbours' blood to spill;

For fear, by foes, that they should lose

Their cogs o' brose, they scar'd at blows,

And hameward fast did flee, man."

La, la, la, la, &c.

"They've lost some gallant gentlemen

Among the Highland clans, man;

I fear my Lord Pannure is slain,

Or fallen in Whiggish hands, man.

Now wad ye sing this double flight,

Some fell for wrang and some for right;

But mony bade the world guid-night;

Say, pell and mell, wi' muskets' knell

How Tories fell, and Whigs to hell,

Flew off in frighted bands, man!

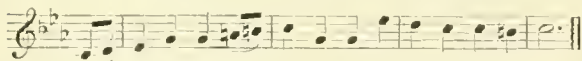
La, la, la, la, &c.



BLOOMING NELLY.



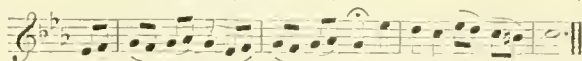
On a bank of flowers in a summer day, For summer lightly drest,



The youthful, blooming Nel - ly ay, With love and sleep opprest ;



When Willie, wand'ring thro' the wood, Who for her fav - our oft had sued,



He gazed, he wished, he feared, he blushed, And troubled where he stood.

Her closed eyes, like weapons sheathed,

Were sealed in soft repose ;

Her lip, still as she fragrant breathed,

It richer dyed the rose.

The spring lilies, sweetly prest,

Wild-wanton, kissed her rival breast ;

He gazed, he wished, he feared, he blushed—
His bosom ill at rest.

Her robes light waving in the breeze,

Her tender limbs embrace ;

Her lovely form, her native ease,

All harmony and grace :

Tumultuous tides his pulses roll,

A faltering, ardent kiss he stole ;

He gazed, he wished, he feared, he blushed.

And sighed his very soul.

As flies the partridge from the brake

On fear-inspired wings,

So Nelly starting, half awake,

Away affrighted springs :

But Willy followed, as he should ;

He overtook her in the wood ;

He vowed, he prayed, he found the maid

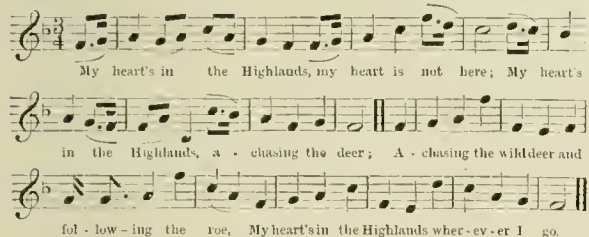
Forgiving all and good,



MY HEART 'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.*

ANDANTE.

TUNE—"Crochallan."



Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birth-place of valour, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains, high cover'd with snow;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.

* An old song enlarged. Instead of the tune, "Fàilte na Miosg," originally set to this song, a much finer one, "Crochallan," is here substituted, to which it is now usually sung.

PEG NICHOLSON.†

PEG NICHOLSON was a good bay mare,
As ever trod on ain;
But now she 's floating down the Nith,
And past the mouth o' Cairn.

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
And rode through thick and thin;
But now she 's floating down the Nith,
And wanting even the skin.

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
And ance she bore a priest;
But now she 's floating down the Nith,
For Solway fish a feast.

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
And the priest he rode her sair;
And much oppress'd and bruised she was,
As priest-ri'd eattle are.

† "Peg Nicholson:" a name derived from the maniac, Margaret Nicholson, who attempted the life of George III.; she was the poet's mare, and the successor of Jenny Geddes, and was either sold or lent to him by William Nicol.



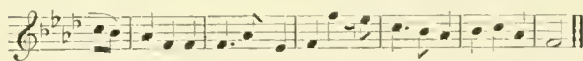
TAM GLEN.*

ANDANTE.

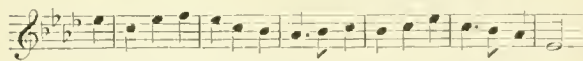
TUNE—"The Mucking o' Georgie's Byre."



My heart is a breaking, dear Tittie, Some counsel un-to me counsel,



To anger them a' is a pty, But what will I do wi Tam Glen?



I'm thinking, wi' sic a haw fellow, In poortith I might make a feun;



What care I in riches to wallow, If I mauna marry Tam Glen!

There 's Lowrie, the haird o' Drumeller,
 "Guid day to you," brute! he comes ben;
 He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
 But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

* Stenhouse says that these verses were adapted to a very ancient air, of which the title "Tam Glen" is all that remains. The verses, however, are now sung to the air, "The Mucking o' Georgie's Byre."

My minnie does constantly deave me,
 And bids me beware o' young men;
 They flatter, she says, to deceive me,
 But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddie says, gin I 'll forsake him,
 He 'll gie me guid hunder marks ten;
 But, if it 's ordain'd I maun take him,
 O, wha will I get but Tam Glen!

Yestreen at the Valentines' dealing,
 My heart to my mon' gied a sten;
 For thrice I drew aue without failing,
 And thrice it was written "Tam Glen!"

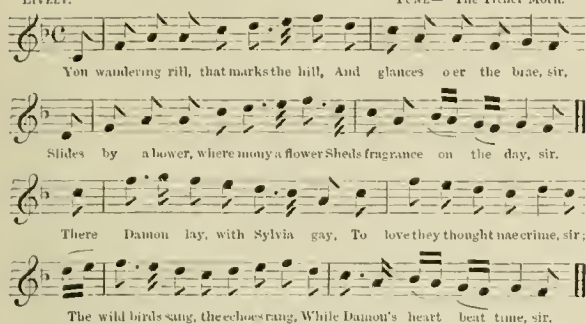
The last Hallowe'en I was waukin'
 My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken;
 His likeness cam up the house staukin',
 And the very grey brecks o' Tam Glen!

Come, counsel, dear Tittie! don't tarry;
 I 'll gie ye my bonnie black hen,
 Gif ye will advise me to marry
 The lad I lo'e dearly—Tam Glen!

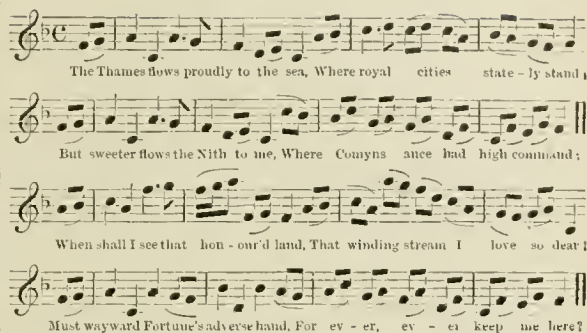
DAMON AND SYLVIA.

LIVELY.

TUNE—"The Tither Morn."



THE BANKS OF NITH.



How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales,
 Where spreading hawthorns gaily bloom;
 How sweetly wind thy sloping dales,
 Where lambkins wanton through the broom!
 Though wandering, now, must be my doom,
 Far frae thy bonnie banks and braes,
 May there my latest hours consume,
 Among the friends of early days!



POEM.

WRITTEN TO A GENTLEMAN WHO HAD SENT HIM A NEWS-
 PAPER, AND OFFERED TO CONTINUE IT FREE OF EXPENSE.

KIND Sir, I've read your paper through,
 And, faith, to me 'twas really new!

How guessed ye, Sir, what maist I wanted?
 This mony a day I've grain'd and gaunted,
 To ken what French mischief was brewin';
 Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin';
 That vile doup-skelper, Emperor Joseph,
 If Venus yet had got his nose off;
 Or how the collieshangie works
 Atween the Russians and the Turks;
 Or if the Swede, before he halt,
 Would play anither Charles the Twalt:
 If Denmark, any body spak o't;
 Or Poland, wha had now the tack o't;
 How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin';
 How libbet Italy was singin';
 If Spaniard, Portuguese, or Swiss,
 Were sayin' or takin' aught amiss:

Or how our merry lads at hame,
 In Britain's court, kept up the game;
 How royal George—the Lord leuk o'er him!—
 Was managing St. Stephen's quorum;
 If sleekit Chatham Will was livin',
 Or glaikit Charlie got his nieve in;
 How daddie Burke the plea was cookin',
 If Warren Hastings' neck was yeukin';
 How cesses, stents, and fiars were rax'd
 Or if bare a——s yet were tax'd;
 The news o' princes, dukes, and earls,
 Pimps, sharpers, bawls, and opera-girls;
 If that daft buckie, Geordie Wales,
 Was threshin' still at hizzies' tails,
 Or if he was grown oughtlins douser,
 And no a perfect kintra cooser.
 A' this and mair I never heard of;
 And, but for you, I might despair'd of.
 So, gratefu', back your news I send you,
 And pray a' guid things may attend you!



NOTE ON THE SAME,

COMPLAINING THAT THE PAPER ABOVE MENTIONED DID
 NOT COME REGULARLY.

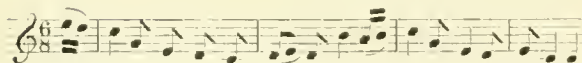
DEAR Peter, dear Peter,*
 We poor sons of metre
 Are often negleckit, ye ken;
 For instance, your sheet, man
 (Though glad I'm to see 't, man)
 I get it no ae day in ten.



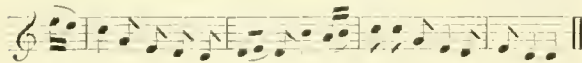
THE BAIRNS GAT OUT.

LIVELY.

TUNE—"The Deuks Dang o'er my Daddie."



The bairns gat out wi' an un-co shout, The deuks dang o'er my daddie, O!



The fiest-ma-care, quo' the feirrie auld wife, He was but a paidlin' body, O!



He paidles out, and he paidles in, An' he paidles late and ear-ly, O:



This seven lang years I ha'e lien by his side, An' he is but a fu-sion-less cur-ry, O.

* Mr. Peter Stewart of the *Star*, London, brother of David Stewart, of the *Courier*, Coleridge's friend.

O, haud your tongue, my feirrie auld wife,
 O, haud your tongue now, Nansie, O!
 I've seen the day, and sae hae ye,
 Ye wadna been sae donsie, O!
 I've seen the day ye butter'd my brose,
 And cuddled me late and early, O!
 But downa does come o'er me now,
 And, och! I feel it sairly, O!

SECOND EPISTLE TO MR. GRAHAM OF
 FINTRY.†

FINTRY, my stay in worldly strife,
 Friend o' my Muse, friend o' my life!
 Are ye as idle 's I am!
 Come, then, wi' uncouth kintra fleg,
 O'er Pegasus I'll fling my leg,
 And ye shall see me try him.

But where shall I go rin a ride,
 That I may splatter nane beside!
 I wad na be uncivil:
 In manhood's various paths and ways
 There 's aye some doytin body strays,
 And I ride like the devil.

Thus I break aff wi' a' my berr,
 An' down yon dark, deep alley spur,
 Where Theologies daunder
 Alas! eurst wi' eternal fogs,
 And damnd in everlasting bogs,
 As sure 's the Creed I'll blunder!

I'll stain a band, or jaup a gown,
 Or rin my reckless, guilty crown
 Against the haly door:
 Sair do I rue my luckless fate,
 When, as the Muse an' Deil wad hae 't,
 I rade that road before.

Suppose I take a spurt, and mix
 Among the wilds o' Politics—
 Elector and elected,
 Where dogs at Court (sad sons of bitches!)
 Septennially a madness touches,
 Till all the land's infected.

All hail! Drumlanrig's haughty Grace,
 Discarded remnant of a race
 Once godlike—great in story;
 Thy forbears' virtues all contrasted,
 The very name of Douglas blasted,
 Thine that inverted glory!

† Referring to a contested election between Sir J. Johnstone and Captain Miller for the Dumfries burghs.

Hate, envy, oft the Douglas bore,
But thou hast superadded more,
And sunk them in contempt;
Follies and crimes have stain'd the name,
But, Queensberry, thine the virgin claim,
From aught that 's good exempt.

I 'll sing the zeal Drumlanrig* bears,
Who left the all-important cares
Of princes and their darlings;
And, bent on winning borough towns,
Came shaking hands wi' wabster loons,
And kissing barefit earlins.

Combustion through our boroughs rode,
Whistling his roaring pack abroad,
Of mad, unmuzzled lions;
As Queensberry blue and buff unfurl'd,
And Westerha' and Hopetoun† hurl'd
To every Whig defiance.

But Queensberry, cautious, left the war,
The unmanner'd dust might soil his star,
Besides, he hated *bleeding*;
But left behind him heroes bright,
Heroes in Casarean fight
Or Ciceronian pleading.

O for a throat like huge Mons-Meg,‡
To muster o'er each ardent Whig
Beneath Drumlanrig's banners;
Heroes and heroines commix
All in the field of politics,
To win immortal honours.

M'Murdo § and his lovely spouse
(Th' enamour'd laurels kiss her brows)
Led on the Loves and Graces;
She won each gaping burgess' heart,
While he, all-conquering, play'd his part,
Among their wives and lasses.

Craigdarroch || led a light-arm'd corps;
Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour,
Like Hecla streaming thunder;
Glenriddel, ¶ skill'd in rusty coins,
Blew up each Tory's dark designs,
And bared the treason under.

In either wing two champions fought,
Redoubt'd Staig, § who set at nought
The wildest savage Tory,

* "Drumlanrig:" second title of the Duke of Queensberry.

† "Hopetoun:" Earl of.

‡ "Mons-Meg:" a piece of ordnance in Edinburgh Castle, founded in the reign of James IV., twenty inches in bore.

§ "M'Murdo:" the duke's chamberlain, friend of Burns.

|| "Craigdarroch:" Fergusson of.

¶ "Glenriddel:" Captain Riddell.

** "Staig:" Provost of Dumfries.

And Welsh,* who ne'er yet flinch'd his ground,
High waved his magnum bonum round
With Cyclopean fury.

Miller† brought up th' artillery ranks,
The many-pounders of the Banks,
Resistless desolation!
While Maxwellton,‡ that baron bold,
'Mid Lawson's port entrench'd his hold,
And threaten'd worse damnation.

To those what Tory hosts opposed,
With these what Tory warriors closed,
Surpasses my describing:
Squadrons, extended long and large,
With furious speed rush'd to the charge,
Like raging devils driving.

What verse can sing, what prose narrate,
The butcher deeds of bloody Fate
Amid this mighty tulyie?
Grim Horror grin'd, pale Terror roar'd,
As Murder at his thrapple shored,
And Hell mix'd in the brulyie?

As Highland crags by thunder cleft,
When lightnings fire the stormy lift,
Hurl down wi' crashing rattle;
As flames among a hundred woods;
As headlong foam a hundred floods—
Such is the rage of battle.

The stubborn Tories dare to die;
As soon the rooted oaks would fly
Before th' approaching fellers;
The Whigs come on like Ocean's roar,
When all his wintry billows pour
Against the Buchan Bullers.

Lo, from the shades of Death's deep night,
Departed Whigs enjoy the fight,
And think on former daring!
The muffled murderer of Charles
The Magna-Charter flag unfurls,
All deadly gules its bearing.

Nor wanting ghosts of Tory fame:
Bold Scrimgeour § follows gallant Graham,
Auld Covenanters shiver:
Forgive, forgive, much-wrong'd Montrose!
While death and hell engulf thy foes,
Thou liv'st on high for ever!

* "Welsh:" sheriff of the county.

† Miller of Dalswinton, father of the candidate, once a banker

‡ "Maxwellton:" Sir Robert Lawrie, M.P. for the county.

§ "Scrimgeour:" the masked executioner of Charles I.

Still o'er the field the combat burns;
 The Tories, Whigs, give way by turns;
 But Fate the word has spoken:
 For woman's wit and strength of man
 Alas! can do but what they can—
 The Tory ranks are broken.

O that my een were flowing burns!
 My voice a lioness that mourns
 Her darling cubs' undoing!
 That I might greet, that I might cry,
 While Tories fall, while Tories fly,
 And furious Whigs pursuing!

What Whig but wails the good Sir James,
 Dear to his country by the names,
 Friend, Patron, Benefactor?
 Not Pulteney's wealth can Pulteney save!
 And Hopetoun falls, the generous, brave!
 And Stewart,* bold as Hector!

Thou, Pitt, shalt rue this overthrow,
 And Thurlow growl a curse of woe,
 And Melville melt in wailing!
 Now Fox and Sheridan, rejoice!
 And Burke shall sing: "O Prince, arise!
 Thy power is all-prevailing!"

For your poor friend, the Bard, afar
 He only hears and sees the war,
 A cool spectator purely;
 So when the storm the forest rends,
 The robin in the hedge descends,
 And sober chirps securely.

Now, for my friends' and brethren's sakes,
 And for my dear-lov'd Land o' Cakes,
 I pray with holy fire:
 Lord, send a rough-shod troop o' Hell
 O'er a' wad Scotland buy or sell,
 To grind them in the mire!



ELEGY ON CAPTAIN MATTHEW HENDERSON,†
 A GENTLEMAN WHO HELD THE PATENT FOR HIS HONOURS
 IMMEDIATELY FROM ALMIGHTY GOD!

"But now his radiant course is run,
 For Matthew's course was bright;
 His soul was like the glorious sun,
 A matchless, heavenly light!"

O DEATH! thou tyrant fell and bloody!
 The meikle devil wi' a woodie

Haur! thee hame to his black smiddie,
 O'er hurecheon hides,
 And like stockfish come o'er his studdie
 Wi' thy auld sides!

He 's gane! he 's gane! he 's frae us torn,
 The ae best fellow e'er was born!
 Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel' shall mourn
 By wood and wild,
 Where, haply, Pity strays forlorn,
 Frae man exiled.

Ye hills, near neighbours o' the stars,
 That proudly cock your cresting cairns!
 Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing ears,
 Where Echo slumbers!
 Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest bairns,
 My wailing numbers!

Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens!
 Ye hazelly shaws and briery dens!
 Ye burnies, wimplin' down your glens
 Wi' toddlin' din,
 Or foaming strang, wi' hasty stens,
 Frae lin to lin.

Mourn, little harebells o'er the lea;
 Ye stately foxgloves, fair to see;
 Ye woodbines hanging homilie
 In scented bowers;
 Ye roses on your thorny tree,
 The first o' flowers.

At dawn, when every grassy blade
 Droops with a diamond at its head,
 At even, when beans their fragrance shed
 I' the rustling gale,
 Ye maulkins, whiddin' through the glade,
 Come join my wail!

Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood;
 Ye grouse that crap the heather bud;
 Ye curlews, calling through a clud;
 Ye whistling plover;
 And mourn, ye whirring pairtrick brood—
 He 's gane for ever!

Mourn, sooty coots and speckled teals;
 Ye fisher herons, watching eels;
 Ye duck and drake, wi' airy wheels
 Circling the lake;
 Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels,
 Rair for his sake!

Mourn, clam'ring cranks at close o' day,
 'Mang fields o' flow'ring clover gay;
 And when ye wing your annual way
 Frae our cauld shore,
 Tell thae far warlds wha lies in clay,
 Wham we deplore.

* Stewart of Hillside.—(B.)

† "Captain M. Henderson: " a harmless, old, Edinburgh *bon vivant*,
 and a great boon companion of Burns', called "Captain" as a pet name.
 See LIFE.

Ye houlets, frae your ivy bower
 In some auld tree or eldritch tower,
 What time the moon, wi' silent glower,
 Sets up her horn,
 Wail through the dreary midnight hour
 Till waukrife morn!

O rivers, forests, hills, and plains!
 Oft have ye heard my canty strains:
 But now, what else for me remains
 But tales of woe?
 And frae my een the drapping rains
 Maun ever flow.

Mourn, Spring, thou darling of the year!
 Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear:
 Thou, Simmer, while each corny spear,
 Shoots up its head,
 Thy gay, green, flowery tresses shear
 For him that 's dead!

Thou, Autumn, wi' thy yellow hair,
 In grief thy fallow mantle tear!
 Thou, Winter, hurling through the air
 The roaring blast,
 Wide o'er the naked world declare
 The worth we've lost!

Mourn him, thou Sun, great source of light!
 Mourn, Empress of the silent night!
 And you, ye twinkling starnies bright,
 My Matthew mourn!
 For through your orbs he 's taen his flight,
 Ne'er to return.

O Henderson! the man! the brother!
 And art thou gone, and gone for ever!
 And hast thou cross'd that unknown river,
 Life's dreary bound?
 Like thee where shall I find another,
 The world around?

Go to your sculptured tombs, ye great,
 In a' the tinsel trash o' state!
 But by thy honest turf I 'll wait,
 Thou man of worth!
 And weep the ae best fellow's fate
 E'er lay in earth.



THE EPITAPH.

STOP, passenger! my story 's brief;
 And truth I shall relate, man:
 I tell nae common tale o' grief—
 For Matthew was a great man,

If thou uncommon merit hast,
 Yet spurn'd at Fortune's door, man;
 A look of pity hither cast—
 For Matthew was a poor man.

If thou a noble sodger * art,
 That passeth by this grave, man;
 There moulders here a gallant heart—
 For Matthew was a brave man.

If thou on men, their works and ways,
 Canst throw uncommon light, man;
 Here lies wha weel had won thy praise—
 For Matthew was a bright man.

If thou at Friendship's sacred ca'
 Wad life itself resign, man;
 Thy sympathetic tear maun fa'—
 For Matthew was a kind man.

If thou art staunch, without a stain,
 Like the unchanging blue, man;
 This was a kinsman o' thy ain—
 For Matthew was a true man.

If thou hast wit, and fun, and fire,
 And ne'er guid wine did fear, man;
 This was thy billie, dam, and sire—
 For Matthew was a queer man.

If ony whiggish, whingin' sot,
 To blame poor Matthew dare, man;
 May dool and sorrow be his lot—
 For Matthew was a rare man.



LINES WRITTEN ON A COPY OF THOMSON'S SONGS,

PRESENTED TO MISS GRAHAM OF FINTRY.

HERE, where the Scottish Muse immortal lives,
 In sacred strains and tuneful numbers join'd,
 Accept the gift, though humble he who gives;
 Rich is the tribute of the grateful mind.

So may no ruffian feeling in thy breast,
 Discordant jar thy bosom-chords among;
 But Peace attune thy gentle soul to rest,
 Or Love ecstasie wake his seraph song:

Or Pity's notes, in luxury of tears,
 As modest Want the tale of woe reveals,
 While conscious Virtue all the strain endears,
 And heaven-born Piety her sanction seals.

* "Sodger:" this might induce us to suppose that Matthew had served in the army.

TAM O' SHANTER:

A TALE.

"Of Brownie and of Bogillie full is this Buke."

Gavin Douglas.

WHEN chapman billics leave the street,
 And drouthy neibours neibours meet;
 As market days are wearing late,
 An' folk begin to tak the gate;
 While we sit bousing at the nappy,

An' getting fou and unco happy,
 We think na on the lang Scots miles,
 The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,
 That lie between us and our hame,
 Where sits our sulky, sullen dame,
 Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
 Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
 As he frae Ayr ae night did canter:



(Auld Ayr, whom ne'er a town surpasses,
 For honest men and bonnie lassies).

O Tam! had'st thou but been sae wise,
 As taen thy ain wife Kate's advice!
 She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
 A bletherin', blusterin', drunken bhellum;
 That frae November till October,
 Ae market-day thou was na sober;

That ilka melder wi' the miller,
 Thon sat as lang as thou had siller;
 That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on
 The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;
 That at the L—d's * house, ev'n on Sunday,
 Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday.

* *Leddies*: *Lord's* house is nonsense. How could he drink from Sunday to Monday in church? *Leddies' House* was the name of a tavern kept by the two sisters Kennedy, one of them called "Kirkton Jean." See *LIFE*.

She prophesied, that late or soon,
Thou wad be found deep drown'd in Doon,
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway's auld, haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,
To think how many counsels sweet,
How many lengthen'd sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale:—Ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco right,
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats that drank divinely;
And at his elbow Souter Johnnie,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy erony:
Tam lo'd him like a very brither;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter;
And aye the ale was growing better:
The Landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' secret favours, sweet and precious:
The Souter tauld his queerest stories;
The Landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himsel' amang the nappy.
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure:
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a the ills o' life victorious!

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever;
Or like the Borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.
Nae man can tether Time nor Tide,
The hour approaches Tam maun ride—
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
That dreary hour Tam mounts his beast in;
And sic a night he took the road in,
As ne'er poor simmer was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattling showers rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd:
Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellow'd:
That night, a child might understand,
The deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray meare, Meg,
A better never lifted leg,
Tam skelpit on through dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
Whiles holding fast his gude blue bonnet,
Whiles crooning o'er an auld Scots sonnet,
Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares;
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Where ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,
Where in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Where drunken Charlie brak 's neck-bane;
And through the whins, and by the cairn,
Where hunters fand the murder'd bairn;
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Where Mungo's mither hang'd hersel'.
Before him Doon pours all his floods,
The doubling storm roars through the woods,
The lightnings flash frae pole to pole,
Near and more near the thunders roll;
When, glimmering through the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze.
Through ilka bore the beams were glancing,
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
Wi' tippenny we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquibae we'll face the devil!
The swats sae reann'd in Tammy's nootie,
Fair play, he cared na deils a boddie,
But Maggie stood, right sair astonish'd,
Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
She ventur'd forward on the light;
And, wow! Tam saw an unco sight!

Warlocks and witches in a dance:
Nae cotillon, brent new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels.
A winnock-bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
To gie them music was his charge:
He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.
Coffins stood round, like open presses,
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;
And (by some devilish cantraip sleight)
Each in his cauld hand held a light,
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table—
A murderer's banes, in gibbet-airms;
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns;

A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,
 Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
 Five tomahawks wi' blude red-rusted;
 Five scymitars wi' murder crusted;
 A garter, which a babe had strangled;
 A knife a father's throat had mangled,
 Whom his ain son of life bereft,
 The gray-hairs yet stack to the heft:

Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
 Which even to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glow'r'd, amaz'd and curious,
 The mirth and fun grew fast and furious;
 The piper loud and louder blew,
 The dancers quick and quicker flew;



They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
 Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
 And coost her duddies to the wark,
 And linket at it in her sark!

Now Tam, O Tam! had thae been queans,
 A' plump and strapping in their teens!
 Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flainen,
 Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linen!
 Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
 That ance were plush o' guid blue hair,

I wad hae gien them off my hurdies,
 For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies!
 But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
 Rigwoodie lags wad spean a foal,
 Louping an' flinging on a crummock,
 I wonder did na turn thy stomach.

But Tam kent what was what fu' brawlie:
 There was ae winsome wench and waulie,
 That night enlisted in the core,
 Lang after kenn'd on Carrick shore;

(For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perish'd mony a bonnie boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
And held the country-side in fear;
Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,
That while a lassie she had worn,
In longitude though sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie.

Ah! little kent thy reverend grannie,
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie
Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),
Wad ever grae'd a dance of witches!

But here my Muse her wing maun cour,
Sic flights are far beyond her power;



To sing how Nannie lap an flang
(A souple jade she was and strang),
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,
And thought his very een enrieh'd;
Even Satan glow'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main:
Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
And in an instant all was dark:
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their byke;
As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldritch skrie and hollow.

Ah, Tam! Ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin'!
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin'!

In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin' !
 Kate soon will be a woefu' woman !
 Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
 And win the key-stane * o' the brig ;
 There at them thou thy tail may toss,
 A running stream they dare na cross.
 But ere the key-stane she could make,
 The fient a tail she had to shake !
 For Nannie, far before the rest,
 Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
 And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle ;
 But little wist she Maggie's mettle !
 Ae spring brought off her master hale,
 But left behind her ain grey tail :
 The carlin clautht her by the rump,
 And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
 Each man, and mother's son, take heed :
 Whene'er to Drink you are inclin'd,
 Or Cutty-sarks rin in your mind,
 Think ! ye may buy the joys o'er dear,
 Remember Tam o' Shanter's meare.



ON THE BIRTH OF A POSTHUMOUS CHILD,†
 BORN IN PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES OF FAMILY DISTRESS.

SWEET flow'ret, pledge o' meikle love,
 And ward o' mony a prayer,
 What heart o' stane wad thou na move,
 Sae helpless, sweet, and fair !

November hirkles o'er the lea,
 Chill, on thy lovely form ;
 And gane, alas ! the sheltering tree,
 Should shield thee frae the storm.

May He who gives the rain to pour,
 And wings the blast to blow,
 Protect thee frae the driving shower,
 The bitter frost and snaw !

May He, the friend of woe and want,
 Who heals life's various stounds,

* "Keystone:" it is a well-known fact that witches, or any evil spirits, have no power to follow a poor wight any further than the middle of the next running stream. It may be proper likewise to mention to the benighted traveller, that when he falls in with bogles, whatever danger may be in his going forward, there is much more hazard in turning back.—(B.)

† "Posthumous child:" grand-child of Mrs. Dunlop, whose daughter had married M. Henri, a Frenchman. This son, after many vicissitudes, succeeded to his paternal estates. The father had died ere the birth.

Protect and guard the mother-plant,
 And heal her cruel wounds !

But late she flourish'd, rooted fast,
 Fair on the summer morn :
 Now feebly bends she, in the blast,
 Unshelter'd and forlorn :

Blest be thy bloom, thou lovely gem,
 Unscathed by rufian hand !
 And from thee many a parent stem
 Arise to deck our land !



ELEGY

ON THE LATE MISS BURNET OF MONBODDIE.

LIFE ne'er exulted in so rich a prize
 As Burnet, lovely from her native skies ;
 Nor envious Death so triumph'd in a blow,
 As that which laid th' accomplish'd Burnet low.

Thy form and mind, sweet maid, can I forget ?
 In richest ore the brightest jewel set !
 In thee high Heaven above was truest shown,
 As by his noblest work the Godhead best is known.

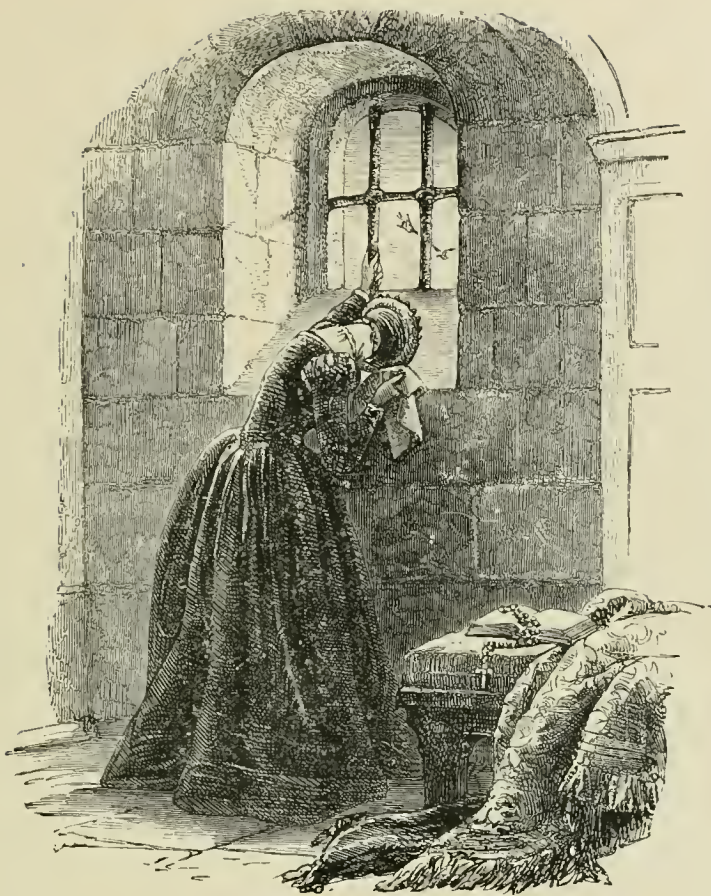
In vain ye flaunt in summer's pride, ye groves ;
 Thon crystal streamlet with thy flowery shore,
 Ye woodland choir that chant your idle loves,
 Ye cease to charm—Eliza is no more !

Ye heathy wastes immix'd with reedy fens ;
 Ye mossy streams, with sedge and rushes stored ;
 Ye rugged cliffs, o'erhanging dreary glens,
 To you I fly, ye with my soul accord !

Princes, whose cumbrous pride was all their worth,
 Shall venal lays their pompous exit hail !
 And thou, sweet Excellence ! forsake our earth,
 And not a Muse with honest grief bewail !

We saw thee shine in youth and beauty's pride,
 And virtue's light, that beams beyond the spheres ;
 But like the sun eclipsed at morning tide,
 Thon left'st us darkling in a world of tears.

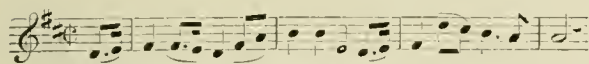
The parent's heart that nestled fond in thee,
 That heart how sunk, a prey to grief and care !
 So deck'd the woodbine sweet yon aged tree ;
 So, from it ravish'd, leaves it bleak and bare.



LAMENT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS ON
THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

SLOW.

TUNE—"Mary Queen of Scots' Lament."



Now Na - ture hangs her mantle green On ev' - ry blooming tree,



And spreads her sheets o' dais - ies white Out o'er the grassy lea.

Now Phoebus cheers the crystal streams,
And glads the azure skies;
But nought can glad the weary wight
That fast in durance lies.

Now lav'rocks wake the merry morn,
Aloft on dewy wing;
The merle, in his noontide bower,
Makes woodland echoes ring;

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The mavis wild wi' mony a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest:
In love and freedom they rejoice,
Wi' care nor thrall oppress.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
The primrose down the brae;
The hawthorn 's budding in the glen,
And milk-white is the slae:

The meanest hind in fair Scotland
May rove thae sweets amang;
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
Mann lie in prison strang.

I was the Queen o' bonnie France,
Where happy I hae been;
Fu' lightly rase I in the morn,
As blythe lay down at e'en:

And I'm the sov'reign of Scotland,
And mony a traitor there;
Yet here I lie in foreign bands,
And never-ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman!
My sister and my fae,
Grim Vengeance yet shall whet a sword
That through thy soul shall gae!

The weeping blood in woman's breast
Was never known to thee;
Nor the balm that draps on wounds of woe
Frae woman's pitying e'e.

My son! my son! may kinder stars
Upon thy fortune shine!
And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
That ne'er wad blink on mine!

God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
Or turn their hearts to thee:
And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,
Remember him for me!

O! soon, to me, may summer suns
Nae mair light up the morn!
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds
Wave o'er the yellow corn!

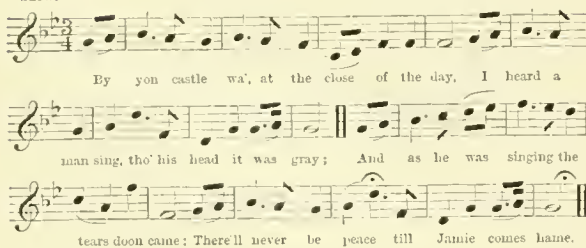
And in the narrow house o' death
Let winter round me rave;
And the next flowers that deck the spring,
Bloom on my peaceful grave!



THERE 'LL NEVER BE PEACE.*

Slow.

TUNE—"There's Few Guid Fellows when Jamie's Awa'."



The Church is in ruins, the State is in jars,
Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars;
We dare na' weel say 't, but we ken wha's to blame—
There 'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

* The second strain of the music in *Johnson's Museum* being merely a repetition of the first an octave higher, and beyond the compass of any ordinary voice, the first is here only given.

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
And now I greet round their green beds in the yird;
It brak the sweet heart o' my faithfu' auld dame—
There 'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

Now life is a burden that bows me down,
Sin' I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown;
But till my last moment my words are the same—
There 'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.



LAMENT FOR JAMES, EARL OF GLENCAIRN.†

THE wind blew hollow frae the hills,
By fits the sun's departing beam
Look'd on the fading yellow woods
That waved o'er Lugar's winding stream:
Beneath a craigy steep, a Bard,
Laden with years and meikle pain,
In loud lament bewail'd his lord,
Whom death had all untimely ta'en.

He lean'd him to an ancient aik,
Whose trunk was mould'ring down with years;
His locks were bleached white with time,
His hoary cheek was wet with tears;
And as he touch'd his trembling harp,
And as he tun'd his doleful sang,
The winds, lamenting through their caves,
To Echo bore the notes along:—

"Ye scatter'd birds, that faintly sing,
The reliques o' the vernal queire!
Ye woods, that shed on a' the winds
The honours o' the aged year!
A few short months, and glad and gay,
Again ye 'll charm the ear and e'e;
But nocht in all revolving time
Can gladness bring again to me.

"I am a bending, aged tree,
That long has stood the wind and rain;
But now has come a cruel blast,
And my last hald of earth is gane:
Nae leaf o' mine shall greet the spring,
Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom;
But I maun lie before the storm,
And ithers plant them in my room.

† Lord Glencairn died in January, 1791, at Falmouth, on his way back from a voyage to Lisbon on a vain search for health, aged forty-two. Burns put on mourning for him, and called one of his sons James Glencairn.



"I've seen sae mony changefu' years,
 On earth I am a stranger grown;
 I wander in the ways of men,
 Alike unknowing and unknown:
 Unheard, unpitied, unrelieved,
 I bear alane my lade o' care,
 For silent, low, on beds of dust,
 Lie a' that would my sorrows share.

"And last (the sum of a' my griefs!)
 My noble master lies in clay;
 The flower amang our barons bold,
 His country's pride, his country's stay:

In weary being now I pine,
 For a' the life of life is dead,
 And hope has left my aged ken,
 On forward wing for ever fled.

"Awake thy last sad voice, my harp!
 The voice of woe and wild despair!
 Awake! resound thy latest lay—
 Then sleep in silence evermair!
 And thou, my last, best, only friend,
 That fillest an untimely tomb,
 Accept this tribute from the Bard
 Thou brought from Fortune's mirkest gloom.

"In Poverty's low barren vale,
Thick mists, obscure, involved me round;
Though oft I turn'd the wistful eye,
Nae ray of fame was to be found.
Thou found'st me, like the morning sun
That melts the fogs in limpid air;
The friendless Bard and rustic song
Became alike thy fostering care.

"O! why has worth so short a date,
While villains ripen gray with time?
Must thou, the noble, gen'rous, great,
Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime?
Why did I live to see that day?
A day to me so full of woe!
O! had I met the mortal shaft
Which laid my benefactor low!

"The bridegroom may forget the bride
Was made his wedded wife yestreen;
The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head an hour has been;
The mother may forget the child
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And a' that thou hast done for me!"



LINES SENT TO SIR JOHN WHITEFOORD,
OF WHITEFOORD, BART.,*

WITH THE FOREGOING POEM.

THOU, who thy honour as thy God rever'st,
Who, save thy mind's reproach, nought earthly fear'st,
To thee this votive offering I impart,
The tearful tribute of a broken heart.
The Friend thou valued'st. I the Patron loved;
His worth, his honour, all the world approved.
We'll mourn till we, too, go as he has gone,
And tread the shadowy path to that dark world unknown.



THIRD EPISTLE TO MR. GRAHAM OF FINTRY.

LATE crippled of an arm, and now a leg,[†]
About to beg a pass for leave to beg;
Dull, listless, teased, dejected, and depress'd
(Nature is adverse to a cripple's rest);
Will generous Graham list to his Poet's wail?
(It soothes poor Misery, hearkening to her tale)

* Once laird of Ballochmyle, a great friend of Glencairn.

† After a fall from his horse. See CORRESPONDENCE.

And hear him curse the light he first survey'd,
And doubly curse the luckless rhyming trade?

Thou, Nature! partial Nature! I arraign;
Of thy caprice maternal I complain.
The lion and the bull thy care have found,
One shakes the forests, and one spurs the ground:
Thou giv'st the ass his hide, the snail his shell,
The envenom'd wasp, victorious, guards his cell;
Thy minions kings defend, control, devour,
In all th' omnipotence of rule and power;
Foxes and statesmen subtle wiles ensure,
The cit and polecat stink, and are secure;
Toads with their poison, doctors with their drug,
The priest and hedgehog in their robes, are snug;
Even silly woman has her warlike arts,
Her tongue and eyes, her dreaded spear and darts.

But, oh! thou bitter stepmother and hard,
To thy poor, fenceless, naked child, the Bard!
A thing unteachable in world's skill,
And half an idiot, too, more helpless still;
No heels to bear him from the op'ning dun;
No claws to dig, his hated sight to shun;
No horns, but those by luckless Hymen worn,
And those, alas! not Amalthea's horn:
No nerves olfactory, Mammon's trusty cur,
Clad in rich Dulness' comfortable fur;
In naked feeling, and in aching pride,
He bears the unbroken blast from ev'ry side:
Vampyre booksellers drain him to the heart,
And scorpion critics cureless venom dart.

Critics!—appall'd, I venture on the name—
Those cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame:
Bloody dissectors, worse than ten Monroes![‡]
He hacks to teach, they mangle to expose.

His heart by causeless wanton malice wrung,
By blockheads' daring into madness stung;
His well-won bays, than life itself more dear,
By miscreants torn, who ne'er one sprig must wear:
Foil'd, bleeding, tortured in th' unequal strife,
The hapless poet flounders on through life;
Till, fled each hope that once his bosom fired,
And fled each Muse that glorious once inspired,
Low sunk in squalid, unprotected age,
Dead even resentment for his injured page,
He heeds or feels no more the ruthless critic's rage!
So, by some hedge, the gen'rous steed deceased,
For half-starved snarling curs a dainty feast;
By toil and famine wore to skin and bone,
Lies, senseless of each tugging bitch's son.

O Dulness! portion of the truly blest!
Calm shelter'd haven of eternal rest!

‡ "Monroe:" Alexander, Professor of Anatomy, Edinburgh.

Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
 Of Fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams.
 If mantling high she fills the golden cup,
 With sober selfish ease they sip it up:
 Conscious the bounteous meed they well deserve,
 They only wonder "some folks" do not starve.
 The grave, sage heron thus easy picks his frog,
 And thinks the mallard a sad worthless dog.
 When Disappointment snaps the clue of hope,
 And through disastrous night they darkling grope,
 With deaf endurance sluggishly they bear,
 And just conclude that "fools are fortune's care."
 So, heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks,
 Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox.
 Not so the idle Muses' mad-cap train,
 Not such the workings of their moon-struck brain;
 In equanimity they never dwell,
 By turns in soaring heaven, or vaulted hell.

I dread thee, Fate, relentless and severe,
 With all a poet's, husband's, father's fear!
 Already one stronghold of hope is lost.
 Glencairn, the truly noble, lies in dust
 (Fled, like the sun eclipsed as noon appears,
 And left us darkling in a world of tears).
 O! hear my ardent, grateful, selfish prayer!
 Fintry, my other stay, long bless and spare!
 Through a long life his hopes and wishes crown,
 And bright in cloudless skies his sun go down!
 May bliss domestic smooth his private path,
 Give energy to life, and soothe his latest breath
 With many a filial tear encircling the bed of death!



ON GLENRIDDELL'S FOX BREAKING HIS CHAIN.*

A FRAGMENT, 1791.

THOU, Liberty, thou art my theme;
 Not such as idle poets dream,
 Who trick thee up a heathen goddess
 That a fantastic cap and rod has;
 Such stale conceits are poor and silly;
 I paint thee out, a Highland fil'y,
 A sturdy, stubborn, handsome dapple,
 As sleek 's a mouse, as round 's an apple,
 That when thou pleasest can do wonders;
 But when thy luckless rider blunders,
 Or if thy fancy should demur there,
 Wilt break thy neck ere thou go further.

These things premised, I sing—a Fox
 Was caught among his native rocks,

* From the Glenriddell MS. still preserved in Liverpool.

And to a dirty kennel chained,
 How he his liberty regained.

Glenriddell! a Whig without a stain,
 A Whig in principle and grain,
 Could'st thou enslave a free-born creature,
 A native denizen of Nature?
 How could'st thou, with a heart so good
 (A better ne'er was sluiced with blood),
 Nail a poor devil to a tree,
 That ne'er did harm to thine or thee?

The staunchest Whig Glenriddell was,
 Quite frantic in his country's cause;
 And oft was Reynard's prison passing,
 And with his brother-Whigs canvassing
 The Rights of Men, the Powers of Women,
 With all the dignity of Freemen.

Sir Reynard daily heard debates
 Of Princes', Kings', and Nations' fates,
 With many rueful, bloody stories
 Of Tyrants, Jacobites, and Tories:
 From liberty how angels fell,
 That now are galley-slaves in hell;
 How Nimrod first the trade began
 Of binding Slavery's chains on Man;
 How fell Semiramis—G—d d—n her!
 Did first, with sacrilegious hammer
 (All ills till then were trivial matters)
 For Man dethron'd forge hen-peck fetters;
 How Xerxes, that abandoned Tory,
 Thought cutting throats was reaping glory,
 Until the stubborn Whigs of Sparta
 Taught him great Nature's Magna Charta;
 How mighty Rome her fiat hurl'd
 Resistless o'er a bowing world,
 And, kinder than they did desire,
 Polish'd mankind with sword and fire;
 With much, too tedious to relate,
 Of ancient and of modern date,
 But ending still, how Billy Pitt
 (Unlucky boy!) with wicked wit,
 Has gag'd old Britain, drain'd her coffer,
 As butchers bind and bleed a heifer.

Thus wily Reynard, by degrees,
 In kennel listening at his ease,
 Suck'd in a mighty stock of knowledge,
 As much as some folks at a college;
 Knew Britain's rights and constitution,
 Her aggrandisement, diminution,
 How fortune wrought us good from evil:
 Let no man, then, despise the Devil,
 As who should say, "I ne'er can need him,"
 Since we to scoundrels owe our freedom.

ADDRESS TO THE SHADE OF THOMSON,
ON CROWNING HIS BUST* AT EDNAM, ROXBURGHSHIRE,
WITH A WREATH OF BAYS.

While virgin Spring, by Eden's flood,
Unfolds her tender mantle green,
Or pranks the sod in frolic mood,
Or tunes Æolian strains between;

While Summer, with a matron grace,
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,
Yet oft, delighted, stops to trace
The progress of the spiky blade;

While Autumn, benefactor kind,
By Tweed erects his aged head,
And sees, with self-approving mind,
Each creature on his bounty fed;

While maniae Winter rages o'er
The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
Or sweeping, wild, a waste of snows:

So long, sweet Poet of the year,
Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won;
While Scotia, with exulting tear,
Proclaims that Thomson was her son.



LOVELY DAVIES.†

SLOW. TUNE—"Miss Muir."

O how shall I, un-skillfu', try The poet's oc-cu-pa-tion,
The tune-fu powers, in happy hours, That whisper in-spi-ration?
Even they maun dare an effort mair Than aught they ev-er gave us,
Ere they rehearse, in e-qual verse, The charms o' love-ly Davies.

* "Crowning his bust:" this was in September, 1790, under the eye of the Earl of Buchan. Burns was invited, but sent this instead of himself—a poor substitute.

† "Lovely Davies:" a young lady from Pembrokeshire, related to the Riddells—very pretty, witty, and *wee*. She was forsaken by her lover, a Captain Delany, and drooped and died in consequence. See LIFE.

Each eye, it cheers when she ap-pears, Like Phœbus in the morning,
When past the shower, and every flower The gar-den is a-dorn-ing,
As the wretch looks o'er Si-ber-i-a's shore, When winter-bound the wave
is, Sac-droops our heart when we maun part Frae charming, love-ly Davies.

Her smile's a gift frae boon the lift,
That maks us mair than princes;
A sceptred hand, a king's command,
Is in her darting glances.
The man in arms 'gainst female charms,
Even he her willing slave is;
He hugs his chain, and owns the reign
Of conquering, lovely Davies.

My Muse! to dream of such a theme,
Thy feeble powers surrender:
The eagle's gaze alone surveys
The sun's meridian splendour.
I wad in vain essay the strain,
The deed too daring brave is;
I'll drap the lyre, and mute admire
The charms o' lovely Davies.



BONNIE WEE THING.

SLOW. TUNE—"The Bonnie Wee Thing."

CHORUS—Bon-nie wee thing, can-nie wee thing, Love-ly wee thing, wert thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bo-som, Lest my jew-el it should tine.
SONG—Wishfully I look and languish In that bon-nie face o' thine,
And my heart it stounds wi' an-guish, Lest my wee thing be na mine.

Wit and Grace, and Love, and Beauty,
In æ constellation shine;
To adore thee is my duty,
Goddess o' this soul o' mine!
Bonnie wee thing, &c.

TO TERRAUGHTY,* ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

HEALTH to the Maxwell's veteran chief!
 Health, aye unsour'd by care or grief:
 Inspired, I turn'd Fate's sibyl leaf
 This natal morn,
 I see thy life is stuff o' prief,
 Scarce quite half-worn.

This day thou metes threescore eleven,
 And I can tell that bounteous Heaven
 (The second sight, ye ken, is given
 To ilka Poet)

On thee a tack o' seven times seven
 Will yet bestow it.

If envious buckies view wi' sorrow
 Thy lengthen'd days on this blest morrow,
 May Desolation's lang-teeth'd harrow,
 Nine miles an hour,
 Rake them, like Sodom and Gomorrah,
 In brunstane stoure.

But for thy friends, and they are mony,
 Baith honest men and lassies bonnie,
 May couthie Fortune, kind and cannie,
 In social glee,
 Wi' mornings blythe and e'enings funny,
 Bless them and thee!

Fareweel, auld birkie! Lord be near ye,
 And then the deil he daurna steer ye;
 Your friends aye love, your faes aye fear ye;
 For me, shame fa' me,
 If neist my heart I dinna wear ye,
 While Burns they ca' me!



FOURTH EPISTLE TO MR. GRAHAM OF FINTRY.

I CALL no goddess to inspire my strains,
 A fabled Muse may suit a bard that feigns;
 Friend of my life! my ardent spirit burns,
 And all the tribute of my heart returns,
 For boons accorded, goodness ever new,
 The gift still dearer, as the giver, you,
 Thou orb of day! thou other paler light!
 And all ye many sparkling stars of night!
 If aught that giver from my mind efface,
 If I that giver's bounty e'er disgrace;
 Then roll to me, along your wandering spheres,
 Only to number out a villain's years!
 I lay my hand upon my swelling breast,
 And grateful would, but cannot speak the rest.

* "To Terraughty:" Mr. Maxwell, of Terraughty, near Dumfries.

SONG OF DEATH.†

Scene.—A Field of Battle—Time of the day, evening—The wounded and dying of the victorious army are supposed to join in the following song.

VERY SLOW.

TUNE—"Oran an A'eg."

Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies, Now gay with the bright
 setting sun; Fare - well, loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties; Our
 race of ex - ist - ence is run! Thou grim King of Terrors, thou
 life's gloomy foe, Go, frighten the coward and slave; Go, teach them to
 tremble, fell tyrant! but know, No terrors hast thou to the brave!

Thou strik'st the dull peasant—he sinks in the dark,
 Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name;
 Thou strik'st the young hero—a glorious mark;
 He falls in the blaze of his fame!
 In the field of proud honour—our swords in our hands,
 Our king and our country to save;
 While victory shines on Life's last ebbing sands—
 O who would not die with the brave!



O MAY, THY MORN.‡

SLOWLY.

O May, thy morn was ne'er sae sweet, As the mirk night o' De - cember!
 For sparkling was the rosy wine, And private was the chamber;
 And dear was she I daurna name, But I will aye re - mem - ber,
 And dear was she I daurna name, But I will aye re - mem - ber.

And here's to them, that, like oursel',
 Can push about the jorum;
 And here's to them that wish us weel,
 May a' that's guid watch o'er them!

† A powerful but gloomy song, which Burns once intended to have printed separately, and set to music.

‡ Alluding, it is thought, to one of his final meetings with Clarinda.

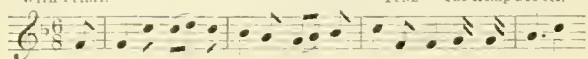
And here 's to them, we daurna tell,
The dearest o' the quorum:
And here 's to them, we daurna tell,
The dearest o' the quorum!



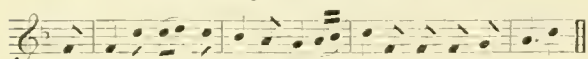
THE EXCISEMAN.*

WITH SPIRIT.

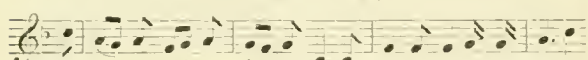
TUNE—"The Hemp-Dresser."



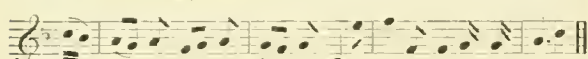
The deil cam' fiddlin' through the town, And danced awa' wi' th' Ex-ciseman,



And ilka wife cries—"Auld Mahoun, I wish you luck o' the prize, man!"



CHORUS—The deil's a - wa', the deil's a - wa', The deil's a - wa' wi' th' Ex-ciseman,



Hes danc'd a - wa', he's danc'd a - wa', He's danc'd awa' wi' th' Ex-ciseman!

We'll mak our maut, we'll brew our drink,
We'll dance, and sing, and rejoice, man;
And mony braw thanks to the meikle black deil
That danced awa' wi' th' Exciseman.
The deil 's awa', &c.

There 's threesome reels, there 's foursome reels,
There 's hornpipes and strathspeys, man;
But the ae best dance e'er cam to the land
Was—the deil 's awa' wi' th' Exciseman.
The deil 's awa', &c.



ON SENSIBILITY,

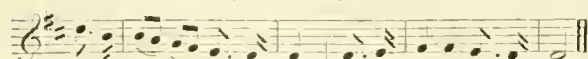
TO MY DEAR AND MUCH-HONOURED FRIEND, MRS.
DUNLOP OF DUNLOP.

PLAINTIVE.

TUNE—"Cornwallis's Lament for Colonel Muirhead."



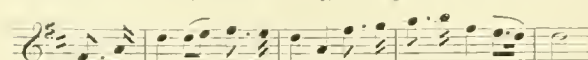
Sen-si-bi-li-ty, how charming, Dearest Nancy, thou canst tell;



But dis-tress, with horrors arning, Thon alas! hast known too well!

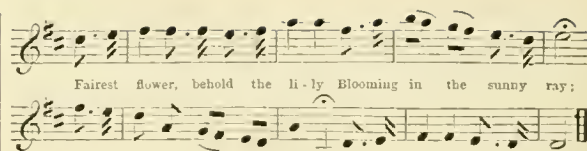


Fairest flower, behold the li-ly, Blooming in the sunny ray;

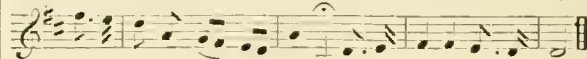


Let the blast sweep o'er the valley, See it prostrate in the clay,

* See LIFE.



Fairest flower, behold the li-ly Blooming in the sunny ray;



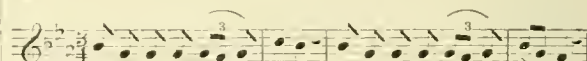
Let the blast sweep o'er the valley, See it prostrate in the clay.

Hear the wood-lark charm the forest,
Telling o'er his little joys:
Hapless bird! a prey the surest
To each pirate of the skies.
Dearly bought the hidden treasure
Finer feelings can bestow;
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,
Thrill the deepest notes of woe.

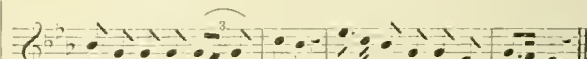


AE FOND KISS. †

ANDANTE.



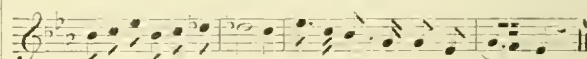
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever; Ae fareweel, and then for ev-er;



Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee, Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.



Whosull say that Fortune grieves him, While the star of hope she leaves him?



Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me, Dark despair around be - nights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy;
But to see her was to love her;
Love but her, and love for ever.
Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted—
We had ne'er been broken-hearted. ‡

Fare-thee-weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare-thee-weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

† Written on his parting from Clarinda. The verses are beautiful; but the idea of either party being "broken-hearted" is purely fanciful. See LIFE.

‡ These four lines, Sir Walter Scott said, "contain the essence of a thousand love tales."



GLOOMY DECEMBER.*

Slow.

Ance mair I hail thee, thou gloomy De - cem - ber! Ance mair
 I hail thee wi' sorrow and care; Sad was the part - ing thou
 makes me re - mem - ber, Part - ing wi' Nancy, oh, ne'er to meet
 mair! Fond lov - ers' part - ing is sweet, painful pleasure, Hope

beaming mild on the soft parting hour; But the dire feeling, O
 farewell for ev - er! Anguish unmingled, and a - go - ny pure!

Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,
 Till the last leaf o' the summer is flown,
 Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom,
 Till my last hope and last comfort is gone!
 Still as I hail thee, thou gloomy December,
 Still shall I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;
 For sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
 Parting wi' Nancy,† oh! ne'er to meet mair.

* The above air, along with the words, was communicated by Burns to Johnson's Museum. The song is also sung to the tune "Wandering Willie."

FRAE THE FRIENDS AND LAND I LOVE.*

VERY SLOW AND PLAINATIVE.

TUNE—"Carron Side."

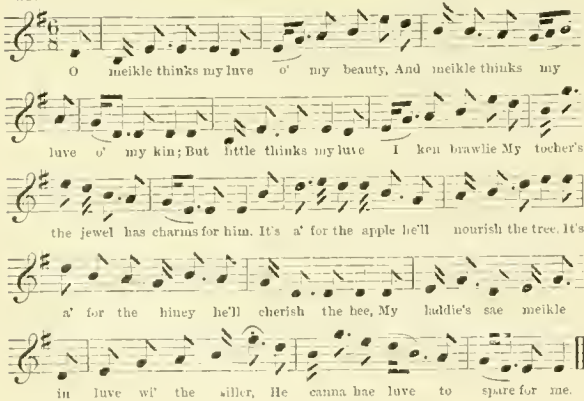


Brightest climes shall mirk appear,
 Desert ilka blooming shore,
 Till the Fates, nae mair severe,
 Friendship, love, and peace restore;
 Till Revenge, wi' laurell'd head,
 Bring our banish'd hame again;
 And ilk loyal, bonnie lad
 Cross the seas and win his ain.



MEIKLE THINKS MY LOVE.

Slow.



Your proffer o' love 's an airle-penny,
 My tocher 's the bargain ye wad buy;
 But an ye be crafty, I am cunnin',
 Sae ye wif anither your fortune maun try.
 Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,
 Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree,
 Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
 And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae nor me.

* This song is only in part that of Burns.

LINES ON FERGUSSON, THE POET.

ILL-FATED genius! Heaven-taught Fergusson,
 What heart that feels and will not yield a tear,
 To think Life's sun did set e'er well begun
 To shed its influence on thy bright career.

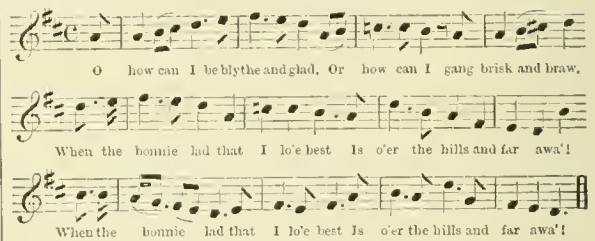
O why should truest Worth and Genius pine
 Beneath the iron grasp of Want and Woe,
 While titled knaves and idiot Greatness shine
 In all the splendour Fortune can bestow?



HOW CAN I BE BLYTHE AND GLAD?†

SLOWISH.

TUNE—"The Bonnie Lad that's Far Awa'."



It's no the frosty winter wind,
 It's no the driving drift and snaw;
 But aye the tear comes in my e'e,
 To think on him that's far awa';
 But aye the tear comes in my e'e,
 To think on him that's far awa'.

My father pat me frae his door,
 My friends they hae disown'd me a';
 But I hae aye will tak my part,
 The bonnie lad that's far awa';
 But I hae aye will tak my part,
 The bonnie lad that's far awa'.

A pair o' gloves he bought to me,
 And silken snoods he gave me twa;
 And I will wear them for his sake,
 The bonnie lad that's far awa';
 And I will wear them for his sake,
 The bonnie lad that's far awa'.

The weary winter soon will pass,
 And spring will cleed the birken shaw;
 And my sweet baby will be born,
 And he'll be hame that's far awa';
 And my sweet baby will be born,
 And he'll be hame that's far awa'.

† Taken partly from an old song.



SWEET CLOSES THE EVENING.*

VERY SLOW WITH EXPRESSION.

TUNE—"Craigieburn Wood"

Sweet closes the ev'ning on Craigieburn-wood, And blythely
 a-waukens the morrow; But the pride o' the spring on the Craigieburn
 wood Can yield me nothing but sorrow. Be-yond thee, dearie,
 be-yond thee, dearie, And oh, to be lying beyond thee; Oh, sweetly,
 sound-ly, weel may he sleep That's laid in the bed beyond thee!

I see the spreading leaves and flowers,
 I hear the wild birds singing;
 But pleasure they hae nane for me,
 While care my heart is wringing.
 Beyond thee, dearie, &c.

I canna tell, I maunna tell,
 I daurna for your anger;
 But secret love will break my heart,
 If I conceal it langer.
 Beyond thee, dearie, &c.

I see thee gracefu', straight, and tall,
 I see thee sweet and bonnie;
 But oh, what will my torments be,
 If thou refuse thy Johnnie!
 Beyond thee, dearie, &c.

* Written on Miss Lorimer, afterwards Mrs. Whelpdale, a flame of Burns, who lived at Craigieburn, near to Moffat. See LIFE.

To see thee in anither's arms,
 In love to lie and languish,
 'Twad be my dead, that will be seen,
 My heart wad burst wi' anguish.
 Beyond thee, dearie, &c.

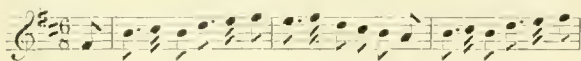
But Jeanie, say thou wilt be mine,
 Say thou lo'es nane before me;
 And a' my days o' life to come
 I 'll gratefully adore thee.
 Beyond thee, dearie, &c.



WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE?

MODERATO.

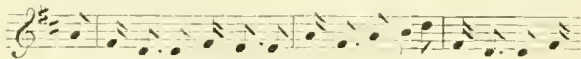
TUNE—"What can a Young Lassie do wi' an Auld Man."



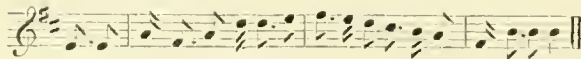
What can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie do, What can a young lassie do



wi' an auld man? Bad luck on the pennie that tempted my minnie



To sell her puir Jenny for siller an' lan! Bad luck on the pen-



nie that tempted my minnie To sell her puir Jenny for siller an' lan!

He 's always compleenin' frae mornin' to e'enin',
 He hoasts and he hirls the weary day lang;
 He 's doyl't and he 's dozin', his bluid it is frozen,
 O dreary 's the night wi' a crazy auld man!

He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers;
 I never can please him, do a' that I can;
 He 's peevish and jealous of a' the young fellows,
 O dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!

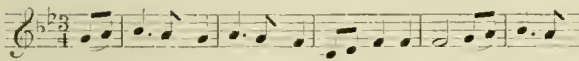
My auld Auntie Katie upon me takes pity,
 I 'll do my endeavour to follow her plan;
 I 'll cross him and wrack him until I heart-break him,
 And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.



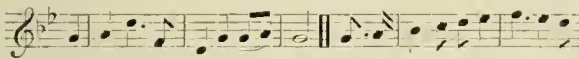
YON WILD MOSSY MOUNTAINS.

SLOW.

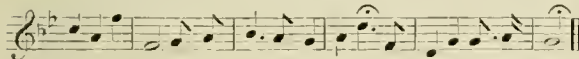
TUNE—"There's Few Guid Fellows when Jamie's Awa'."



You wild mossy mountains sae loe-ly and wide, That nurse in



their bosom: the youth o' the Clyde, Where the grouse lead their coveys thro' the



heather to feed, And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed:

Not Gowrie's rich valley, nor Forth's sunny shores,
To me hae the charms o' yon wild, mossy moors;
For there, by a lanely, sequester'd stream,
Resides a sweet lassie, my thought and my dream.

Amang thae wild mountains shall still be my path,
Ilk stream foaming down its ain green, narrow strath;
For there, wi' my lassie, the day lang I rove,
While o'er us unheeded flee the swift hours o' love.

She is not the fairest, although she is fair;
O' nice education but sma' is her share;
Her parentage humble as humble can be;
But I lo'e the dear lassie because she lo'es me.

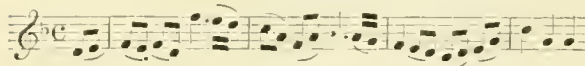
To beauty what man but maun yield him a prize,
In her armour of glances, and blushes, and sighs!
And when wit and refinement hae polish'd her darts,
They dazzle our e'en, as they flee to our hearts.

But kindness, sweet kindness, in the fond sparkling e'e,
Has lustre outshining the diamond to me;
And the heart beating love, as I'm clasp'd in her arms,
O, these are my lassie's all-conquering charms!

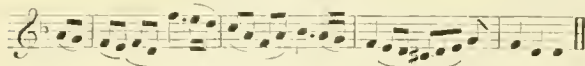
I DO CONFESS THOU ART SAE FAIR.

SLOWISH.

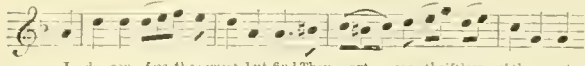
TUNE—"I do Confess thou'rt Smooth and Fair."



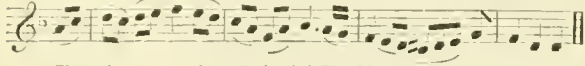
I do con-fess thou art sae fair, I wad been owre the lugs in luv.



Had I na found the slightest prayer That lips could speak thy heart could naive.



I do con-fess thee sweet, but find Thou art sae thriftless o' thy sweets,



Thy favours are the sil-ly wind, That kisses il-ka thing it meets.

See yonder rose-bud, rich in dew,
 Among its native briars sae coy;
 How sune it tines its scent and hue
 When pu'd and worn a common toy!
 Sic fate ere lang shall thee betide,
 Though thou may gaily bloom awhile;
 And sune thou shalt be thrown aside
 Like ony common weed and vile.



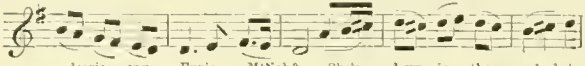
O SAW YE MY DEARIE?

SLOW.

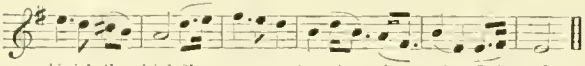
TUNE—"Eppie M'Nab."



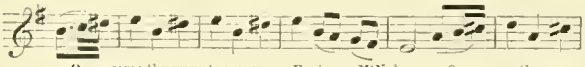
O saw ye thy dearie, my Eppie M'Nab? O saw ye my



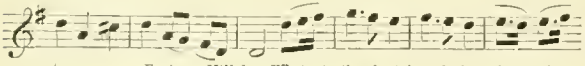
dearie, my Eppie M'Nab? She's down in the yard, she's



kissin' the laird, She winna come hame to her ain Jock Rab.



O come thy ways to me, my Eppie M'Nab; O come thy ways



to me, my Eppie M'Nab; What-e'er thou hast dune, be it late, be



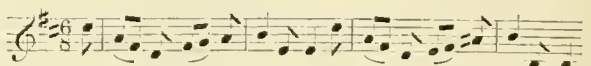
it sune, Thou's welcome a - gain to thy ain Jock Rab.

What says she, my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
 What says she, my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
 She lets thee to wot that she has thee forgot,
 And for ever disowns thee, her ain Jock Rab.
 Oh, had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M'Nab!
 Oh, had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M'Nab!
 As light as the air, and as fause as thou's fair,
 Thou's broken the heart o' thy ain Jock Rab.

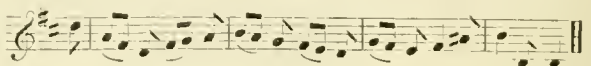
O FOR ANE-AND-TWENTY, TAM!

CANTY.

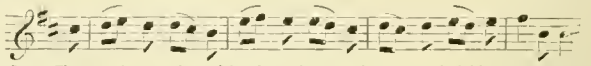
TUNE—"The Moudiewart."



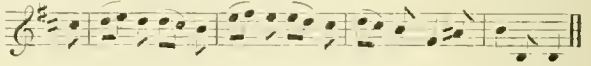
CHORUS—An' O for ane an' twenty, Tam! An' hey, sweet ane an' twenty, Tam!



I'll learn my kin a ratt - Bu' sang, Gin I saw ane an' twenty, Tam.



SONG—They snool me sair, and haud me down, And gar me look like bluntie, Tam



But three short years will soon run roun', And then comes ane an' twenty, Tam.

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,
 Was left me by my auntie, Tam;
 At kith or kin I need na spier,
 An I saw ane an' twenty, Tam!
 An' O for ane an' twenty, Tam, &c.

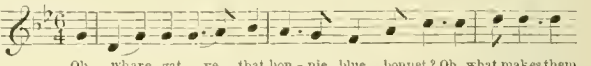
They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,
 Though I mysel' hae plenty, Tam;
 But hear'st thou, laddie—there's my loof—
 I'm thine at ane an' twenty, Tam!
 An' O for ane an' twenty, Tam, &c.



O WHARE GAT YE?

SLOW.

TUNE—"Adieu Dundee."



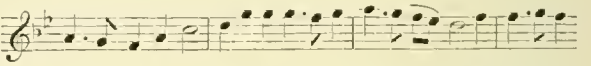
Oh, whare gat ye that bon-nie blue bonnet? Oh, what makes them



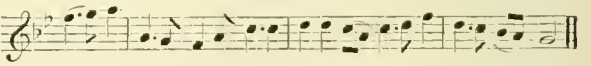
aye put the question to me? I gat it frae a bonnie Scots cullan,



Atween Saint Johnston and bonnie Dundee. Oh, gin I saw the



lad - die that gae me't! Aft has he doddled me upon his knee; May Heaven pro-



tect my bonnie Scots laddie, And send him safe hame to his babie and me!

My heart has nae room when I think on my laddie,
 His dear rosy haffets bring tears to my e'e;
 But, O! he's awa, and I dinna ken whar he's—
 Gin we could ance meet, we'll ne'er part till we die.
 O light be the breezes around him saft blawin'!
 And o'er him sweet simmer still blink bonnie,
 And the rich dews o' plenty, around him wide fa'in,
 Prevent a' his fears for my babie and me!

My blessings upon that sweet wee lippie !
 My blessings upon that bonnie e'e-bree !
 Thy smiles are sae like my blythe sodger laddie,
 Thou's aye the dearer and dearer to me.

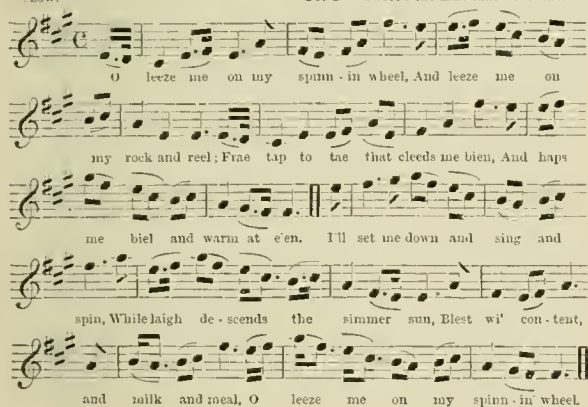
But I'll big a bower on yon green bank sae bonnie,
 That 's lav'd by the waters o' Tay wimplin' clear,
 And elead thee in tartans, my wee smiling Johnnie,
 And make thee a man like thy daddie dear.



BESS AND HER SPINNING WHEEL.

LOW.

TUNE—"Sweet's the Lass that Loves me."



On ilka hand the burnies trot,
 And meet below my theekit cot;
 The scented birk and hawthorn white
 Across the pool their arms unite,

Alike to screen the birdie's nest,
 And little fishes' caller rest:
 The sun blinks kindly in the biel,
 Where blythe I turn my spinnin' wheel.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,
 And echo cons the doolfu' tale;
 The lintwhites in the hazel braces,
 Delighted, rival ither's lays:
 The craik among the clover hay,
 The patriek whirrin' o'er the ley,
 The swallow jinkin' round my shiel,
 Amuse me at my spinnin' wheel.

Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy,
 Aboon distress, below envy,
 Oh, wha wad leave this humble state,
 For a' the pride of a' the great!
 Amid their flaring, idle toys,
 Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys,
 Can they the peace and pleasure feel
 Of Bessie at her spinnin' wheel?

NITHSDALE'S WELCOME HAME.*

SLOW-IT.



The noble Maxwells and their powers Are coming o'er the border,
And they'll gae big Terreagles' towers And set them a' in order. And they declare
Terreagles fair, For their aloide they choose it; There's no a heart in a the land
But's lighter at the news o't. And they declare Terreagles fair, For their aloide
they choose it; There's no a heart in a the land But's lighter at the news o't.

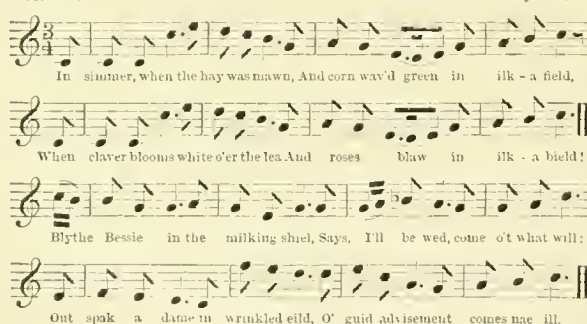
Though stars in skies may disappear,
And angry tempests gather;
The happy hour may soon be near
That brings us pleasant weather:
The weary night o' care and grief
May hae a joyfu' morrow;
So dawning day has brought relief,
Fareweel our night o' sorrow.



THE COUNTRY LASSIE.

SLOWISH.

TUNE—"The Country Lass."



In summer, when the hay was mawn, And corn wad green in ilk-a field,
When claver blooms white o'er the lea, And roses blaw in ilk-a bield!
Blythe Bessie in the milking shiel, Says, I'll be wed, come o't what will;
Out spak a dame in wrinkled eild, O' guid advisement comes nae ill.

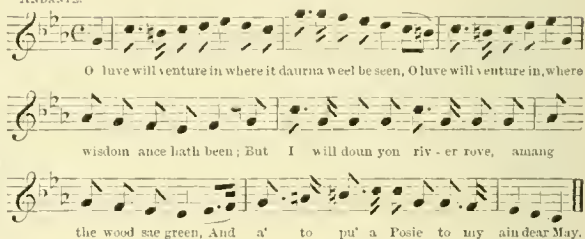
It's ye hae woovers mony ane,
And lassie, ye're but young, ye ken;
Then wait a wee, and cannie wale
A routhie butt, a routhie ben;
There's Johnnie o' the Buskie-glen,
Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre;
Tak this frae me, my bonnie hen,
It's plenty beets the lover's fire.

For Johnnie o' the Buskie-glen,
I dinna care a single flie;
He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye,
He has nae love to spare for me;
But blythe 's the blink o' Robie's e'e,
And weel I wat he lo'es me dear:
Ae blink o' him I wad na gie
For Buskie-glen and a' his gear.
O thoughtless lassie, life 's a faught;
The canniest gate, the strife is sair;
But aye fu'-han't is feelin' best,
A hungry care 's an unco care:
But some will spend and some will spare,
An' wilfu' folk maun hae their will;
Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,
Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill.
O gear will buy me rigs o' land,
And gear will buy me sheep and kye;
But the tender heart o' leesome love,
The gowd and siller canna buy.
We may be poor—Robie and I;
Light is the burden love lays on;
Content and love brings peace and joy—
What mair hae queens upon a throne!



THE POSIE.

ANDANTE.



O love will venture in where it daurna weel be seen, O love will venture in, where
wisdom ance hath been; But I will doun yon riv-er rove, amang
the wood sae green, And a' to pu' a Posie to my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,
And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear;
For she 's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer,
And a' to be a Posie to my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phoebus peeps in view,
For its like a baunny kiss o' her sweet, bonnie mou;
The hyacinth's for constancy wi' its unchanging blue,
And a' to be a Posie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,
And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there;
The daisy 's for simplicity and unaffected air,
And a' to be a Posie to my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller gray,
Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o' day;
But the songster's nest within the bush I winna tak away,
And a' to be a Posie to my ain dear May.

* Composed when Lady Winifred Maxwell returned to Scotland and rebuilt Terreagles House, near Dumfries. She was descended from the forfeited Earl of Nithsdale.

The woodbine I will pu', when the e'enin' star is near,
And the diamond draps o' dew shall be her een sae clear;
The violet 's for modesty, which weel she fa's to wear,
And a' to be a Posie to my ain dear May.

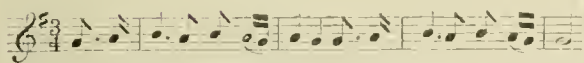
I'll tie the Posie round wi' the silken band o' luvie,
And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a' above,
That to my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er remove,
And this will be a Posie to my ain dear May.



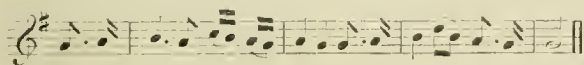
FAIR ELIZA.

VERY SLOW.

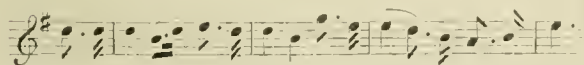
TUNE. A Gaelic Air.



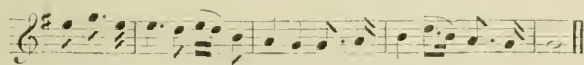
Turn a - gain, thou fair E - li - za! Ae kind blink before we part;



R - ew on thy des - pair - ing lover, Can'st thou break his faithfu' heart?



Turn again, thou fair E - li - za! If to love thy heart de - nies,



For pi - ty hide the cru - el sentence Un - der friendship's kind dis - guise!

VOL. I.

Thee, sweet maid, hae I offended?

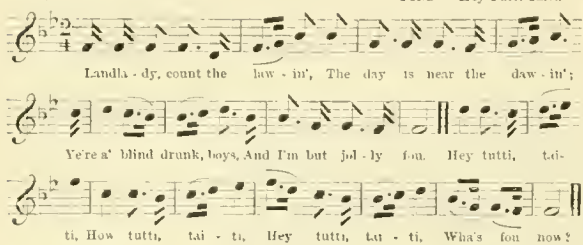
My offence is loving thee;
Canst thou wreak his peace for ever,
Wha for thine would gladly die!
While the life beats in my bosom,
Thou shalt mix in ilka throe:
Turn again, thou lovely maiden,
Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

Not the bee upon the blossom,
In the pride o' sunny noon;
Not the little sporting fairy,
All beneath the simmer moon:
Not the minstrel, in the moment
Fancy lightens in his e'e,
Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,
That thy presence gies to me.

LANDLADY, COUNT THE LAWIN'.*

BOLDLY.

TUNE—"Hey Tutti Taiti."



Cog, an ye were aye fu',
 Cog, an ye were aye fu',
 I wad sit and sing to you,
 If ye were aye fu'.
 Hey tutti, taiti, &c.

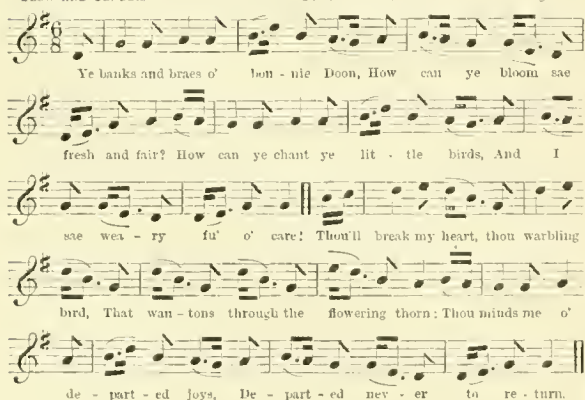
Weel may ye a' be!
 Ill may we never see!
 God bless the king, boys,
 And the companie!
 Hey tutti, taiti, &c.



THE BANKS O' DOON.†

SLOW AND TENDER.

TUNE—"The Caledonian Hunt's Delight."



* Partly old.

† Third version of the song.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,
 To see the rose and woodbine twine;
 And ilka bird sang o' its luvie,
 And fondly sae did I o' mine.
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
 And my fause luvie staw my rose,
 But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.



THE DISCREET HINT.

LASS, when your mither is frae hame,
 May I but be sae bauld
 As come to your bower-window,
 And creep in frae the cauld?

As come to your bower-window,
And when it 's cauld an' wat,
Warm me in thy fair bosom—
Sweet lass, may I do that?

Young man, gin ye should be sae kind,
When our guidwife 's frae hame,
As come to my bower-window,
Where I am laid my lane,
To warm thee in my bosom—
Tak tent, I 'll tell thee what,
The way to me lies through the kirk:—
Young man, do ye hear that?



SIC A WIFE AS WILLIE HAD.*

SLOW.

TUNE—"Tibbie Fowler o' the Glen."

Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed, The spot they ca'd it Linkumdoddie;
Willie was a wabster guid, Could stoun a clue wi' on - y bo - dy;
He had a wife was dour and din, O Tinkler Maidgie was her mither;
Sic a wife as Willie had, I wad na gie a button for her.

She has an e'e, she has but ane,
The eat has twa the very colour;
Five rusty teeth forbye a stump,
A clapper tongue wad deave a miller:
A whiskin' beard about her mou',
Her nose and chin they threaten ither;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

She 's bow-hough'd, she 's hen-shinn'd,
Ae limpin' leg a hand-breed shorter;
She 's twisted right, she 's twisted left,
To balance fair in ilka quarter:
She has a hump upon her breast,
The twin o' that upon her shonther:
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

Auld baudrons by the ingle sits
An' wi' her loof her face a washin';
But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,
She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion:

* The music adapted to these words in the *Museum* is called "The Eight Men of Moldart," but it is now usually sung to the above tune.

Her walie nieves like midden-creels,
Her face wad fyle the Logan Water;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.



THENIEL MENZIES' BONNIE MARY.

LIVELY.

TUNE—"The Ruffian's Rant."

In coulin' by the brig o' Dye, At Darlet we a blinuk did tarry;
As day was dawning in the sky, We drank a health to bonnie Mary.
CHORUS—Theniel Menzies' bonnie Mary, Theniel Menzies' bonnie Mary,
Charlie Grigor tint his plaidie, Kissin' Theniel's bonnie Mary.

Her een sae bright, her brow sae white,
Her haffet locks as brown 's a berry;
And aye they dimpl'd wi' a smile,
The rosy cheeks o' bonnie Mary.
Theniel Menzies' bonnie Mary, &c.
We lap an' dane'd the lee-lang day,
Till piper lads were wae and weary;
But Charlie gat the spring to pay,
For kissin' Theniel's bonnie Mary.
Theniel Menzies' bonnie Mary, &c.



THE SMILING SPRING.

SLOW

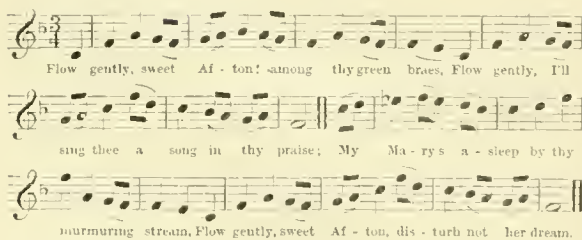
The smiling Spring comes in rejoice-ing, And surly Winter grimly flies;
Now crystal clear are the falling waters, And bonnie blue are the sunny skies.
Fresb o'er the mountains breaks forth the morning, The evening gilds the ocean's swell; All
creatures joy in the sun's returning, And I rejoice in my bonnie Bell.

The flowery Spring leads sunny Summer,
The yellow Autumn presses near;
Then in his turn comes gloomy Winter,
Till smiling Spring again appear:
Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,
Old Time and Nature their changes tell:
But never ranging, still unchanging,
I adore my bonnie Bell.



AFTON WATER.*

SLOW AND TENDER.



* The above verses and tune were supplied by Burns to the *Museum*. They are, however, now generally sung to an air composed by Alexander Hume.

Thou stock dove whose echo resounds through the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds, in yon thorny den,
Thou green crested lapwing thy screaming forbear,
I charge you, disturb not my slumbering Fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills;
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where, wild in the woodlands, the primroses blow;
There oft, as mild ev'ning weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides; *
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As, gathering sweet flowerets, she stems thy clear wave.

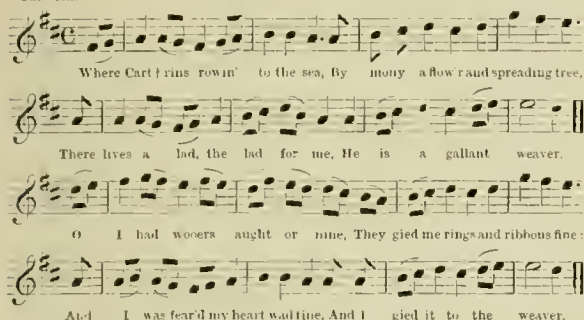
Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.



THE GALLANT WEAVER.

SLOWISH.

Tune—"The Weaver's March."



My daddie sign'd my tocher-band,
To gie the lad that has the land,
But to my heart I'll add my hand,
And give it to the weaver.
While birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
While bees delight in opening flowers,
While corn grows green in summer showers,
I love my gallant weaver.



THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

AN OCCASIONAL ADDRESS SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE †
ON HER BENEFIT NIGHT, NOVEMBER 26, 1792.

WHILE Europe's eye is fix'd on mighty things,
The fate of empires and the fall of kings;
While quacks of State must each produce his plan,
And even children lisp the Rights of Man;
Amid this mighty fuss just let me mention,
The Rights of Woman merit some attention.

* Dr. Currie says, "Afton Water is the stream on which stands Afton Lodge: to which Mrs. Stewart removed from Stair. Afton Lodge was Mrs. Stewart's property from her father. The song was presented to her in return for her notice, the first he ever received from any person in her rank of life." Gilbert Burns says it alludes to Highland Mary.

† "Cart:" a river near Paisley, sung by Campbell, and celebrated by Wilson, as well as by Burns.

‡ "Miss Fontenelle," a favourite actress in Dumfries.

First, in the sexes' intermix'd connection,
One sacred Right of Woman is *protection*.
The tender flower that lifts its head, elate,
Helpless; must fall before the blasts of fate,
Sunk on the earth, defac'd its lovely form,
Unless your shelter ward th' impending storm.

Our second Right—but needless here is caution,
To keep that right inviolate 's the fashion;
Each man of sense has it so full before him,
He'd die before he'd wrong it—'tis *decorum*.
There was, indeed, in far less polish'd days,
A time when rough, rude man had naughty ways;
Would swagger, swear, get drunk, kick up a riot,
Nay, even thus invade a lady's quiet. §
Now, thank our stars! these Gothic times are fled;
Now, well-bred men—and you are all well-bred—
Most justly think (and we are much the gainers)
Such conduct neither spirit, wit, nor manners.

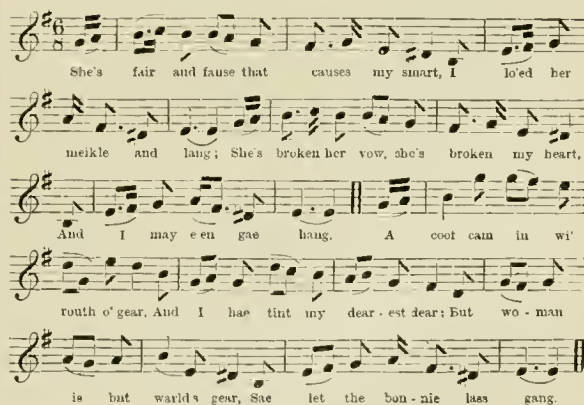
For Right the third, our last, our best, our dearest,
That right to fluttering female hearts the nearest;
Which even the Rights of Kings, in low prostration
Most humbly own—'tis dear, dear *admiration*!
In that blest sphere alone we live and move;
There taste that life of life—immortal love.
Smiles, glances, sighs, tears, fits, flirtations, airs;
'Gainst such an host what flinty savage dares,
When awful Beauty joins with all her charms—
Who is so rash as rise in rebel arms!

But truce with kings, and truce with constitutions,
With bloody armaments and revolutions;
Let Majesty your first attention summon,
Ah! ça ira! THE MAJESTY OF WOMAN!



SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

SLOWISH.



§ Ironical allusion to the Saturnalia of the Caledonian Hunt.

Whae'er ye be that woman love,
 To this be never blind:
 Nae ferlie 'tis though fickle she prove,
 A woman has 't by kind.
 O woman lovely, woman fair!
 An angel form 's faun to thy share,
 'Twad been owre meikle to gien thee mair—
 I mean an angel mind.



EPIGRAM ON SEEING MISS FONTENELLE IN A FAVOURITE CHARACTER.

SWEET naïveté of feature,
 Simple, wild, enchanting elf,
 Not to thee, but thanks to Nature,
 Thou art acting but thyself.

Wert thou awkward, stiff, affected,
 Spurning Nature, torturing art;
 Loves and graces all rejected,
 Then indeed thou 'd'st act a part.



EXTEMPORE ON SOME COMMEMORATIONS OF THOMSON.

Dost thou not rise, indignant shade,
 And smile wi' spurning scorn,
 When they wha wad hae starved thy life,
 Thy senseless turf adorn?

Helpless, alane, thou clamb the brae,
 Wi' meikle honest toil,
 And claught th' unfading garland there—
 Thy sair-won, rightful spoil.

And wear it there! and call aloud
 This axiom undoubted—
 Would thou hae Nobles' patronage?
 First learn to live without it!

To whom hae much, more shall be given,
 Is every great man's faith;
 But he, the helpless, needful wretch,
 Shall lose the mite he hath.

HERE 'S A HEALTH TO THEM THAT 'S AWA'.*

MODERATO.

TUNE—"Here's a Health to Him that's Awa'."

Here's a health to them that's a - wa', Here's a health to them that's a - wa';
 And wha win - na wish guid luck to our cause, May nev - er guid
 luck be their fa'! It's guid to be mer - ry and wise,
 It's guid to be honest and true; It's guid to support
 Cal - e - don - i - a's cause, And bide by the buff and the blue.

Here 's a health to them that 's awa',
 Here 's a health to them that 's awa',
 Here 's a health to Charlie,† the chief o' the clan,
 Altho' that his band be sma'!
 May Liberty meet wi' success!
 May Prudence protect her frae evil!
 May tyrants and tyranny tine i' the mist,
 And wander their way to the devil!

Here 's a health to them that 's awa',
 Here 's a health to them that 's awa';
 Here 's a health to Tammie,‡ the Norlan' laddie,
 That lives at the lug o' the law!
 Here 's freedom to them that wad read,
 Here 's freedom to them that would write,
 There 's nane ever fear'd that the truth should be heard,
 But they whom the truth would indite.

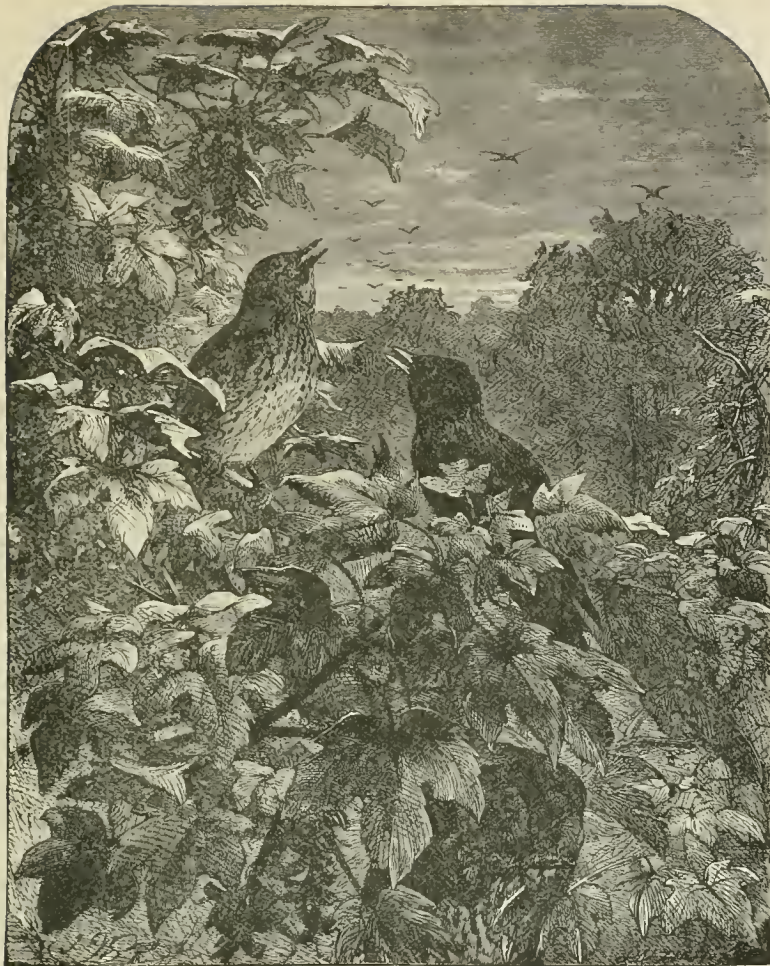
Here 's a health to them that 's awa',
 An' here 's to them that 's awa'!
 Here 's to Maitland and Wycombe, let wha does na like 'em
 Be built in a hole in the wa'.
 Here 's timmer that 's red at the heart,
 Here 's fruit that is sound at the core;
 And may he that wad turn the buff and blue coat
 Be turn'd to the back o' the door.

Here 's a health to them that 's awa',
 Here 's a health to them that 's awa';
 Here 's chieftain M'Leod,§ a chieftain worth gowd,
 Though bred amang mountains o' snaw.
 Here 's friends on baith sides o' the firth,
 And friends on baith sides o' the Tweed;
 And wha wad betray old Albion's right,
 May they never eat of her bread!

* Founded on an old favourite song. † "Charlie;" Mr. Fox.

‡ "Tammie;" Lord Erskine.

§ M'Leod, M.P. for Inverness, a determined Reformer.



SONNET,

WRITTEN ON THE 25TH JANUARY, 1793, THE BIRTHDAY
OF THE AUTHOR, ON HEARING A THRUSH SING IN A
MORNING WALK.

SING on, sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough,
Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain,
See aged Winter, 'mid his surly reign,
At thy blythe carol, clears his furrowed brow.

So in lone Poverty's dominion drear,
Sits meek Content with light, unanxious heart;
Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them part,
Nor asks if they bring ought to hope or fear.

I thank thee, Author of this opening day!
Thou whose bright sun now gilds yon orient skies!
Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys—
What wealth could never give nor take away!
Yet come, thou child of poverty and care,
The mite high Heav'n bestow'd, that mite with thee I'll share.

O CAN YE LABOUR LEA?

SLOW.

TUNE—"Auld Lang Syne."

It fee nor bountith shall us twine Gin ye can la-bour lea.

SONG—I fee'd a man at Mic-hael-mas, Wi' arie pennies three;
But a' the faut I had to him, He could na labour lea.

O clappin' 's gude in Febarwar,
An' kissin' 's sweet in May;
But my delight 's the ploughman lad,
That weel can labour lea.
O can ye labour lea, &c.

O kissin' is the key o' love,
 And clappin' is the lock;
 An' makin' o' 's the best thing yet,
 That e'er a young thing gat.
 O can ye labour lea, &c.



ADDRESS TO GENERAL DUMOURIER.*

A PARODY ON "ROBIN ADAIR."

You 're welcome to despots, Dumourier;
 You 're welcome to despots, Dumourier:
 How does Dampiere do?
 Ay, and Bournonville too?
 Why did they not come along with you, Dumourier?

I will fight France with you, Dumourier;
 I will fight France with you, Dumourier;
 I will fight France with you,
 I will take my chance with you;
 By my soul, I 'll dance with you, Dumourier.

Then let us fight about, Dumourier;
 Then let us fight about, Dumourier;
 Then let us fight about,
 Till Freedom's spark be out,
 Then we 'll be d—d, no doubt, Dumourier.



IMPROMPTU,

ON MRS. RIDDELL'S BIRTHDAY, 4TH NOVEMBER, 1793.

OLD Winter, with his frosty beard,
 Thus once to Jove his prayer preferred:
 "What have I done of all the year,
 To bear this hated doom severe?
 My cheerless suns no pleasure know;
 Night's horrid car drags dreary slow;
 My dismal months no joys are crowning,
 But spleeny English hanging, drowning.

"Now Jove, for once be mighty civil,
 To counterbalance all this evil;
 Give me, and I 've no more to say,
 Give me Maria's natal day!
 That brilliant gift will so enrich me,
 Spring, Summer, Autumn, cannot match me."
 "'Tis done!" says Jove; so ends my story,
 And Winter once rejoiced in glory.

* Chanted extempore when he heard of Dumourier deserting the Republican cause, April 5, 1793.

ON THE DEATH OF A LAP-DOG NAMED ECHO.†

In wood and wild, ye warbling throng,
 Your heavy loss deplore;
 Now, half extinct your powers of song,
 Sweet "Echo" is no more.

Ye jarring, screeching things around,
 Scream your discordant joys;
 Now, half your din of tuneless sound
 With "Echo" silent lies.



ON THE LAIRD OF LAGGAN.

WHEN Morine, deceased, to the devil went down,
 'Twas nothing would serve him but Satan's own crown;
 "Thy fool's head," quoth Satan, "that crown shall wear
 never;
 I grant thou 'rt as wicked, but not quite so clever."



EPIGRAM AT BROWNHILL INN.

At Brownhill we always get dainty good cheer,
 And plenty of bacon each day in the year;
 We 've a' thing that 's nice, and mostly in season,
 But why always Bacon‡ come tell me the reason?



GRACE BEFORE AND AFTER MEAT

O LORD, when hunger pinches sore,
 Do thou stand us in stead,
 And send us, from thy bounteous store,
 A tup or wether head! Amen.

O LORD, since we have feasted thus,
 Which we so little merit,
 Let Meg§ now take away the flesh,
 And Jock bring in the spirit! Amen.

† Belonging to Mrs. Gordon of Kenmure Castle.

‡ Bacon was the name of the landlord, who would seem to have been given to intruding on his guests.

§ Jock and Meg Hishop of the Globe Tavern.

TO THE OWL.

SAD bird of night ! what sorrows call thee forth,
 To vent thy plaints thus in the midnight hour ?
 Is it some blast that gathers in the North,
 Threat'ning to nip the verdure of thy bower ?

Is it, sad owl ! that Autumn strips the shade,
 And leaves thee here, unshelter'd and forlorn ?
 Or fear that Winter will thy nest invade ?
 Or friendless melancholy bids thee mourn ?

Shut out, lone bird ! from all the feather'd train,
 To tell thy sorrows to th' unheeding gloom ;
 No friends to pity when thou dost complain,
 Grief all thy thought, and solitude thy home.

Sing on, sad mourner ! I will bless thy strain,
 And, pleas'd, in sorrow listen to thy song :
 Sing on, sad mourner ! to the night complain,
 While the lone echo wafts thy notes along.



Is beauty less, when down the glowing cheek
 Sad, piteous tears in native sorrows fall ?
 Less kind the heart when anguish bids it break !
 Less happy he who lists to pity's call !

Ah no, sad owl ! nor is thy voice less sweet,
 That sadness tunes it, and that grief is there ;
 That spring's gay notes, unskill'd, thou can'st repeat ;
 That sorrow bids thee to the gloom repair.

Nor that the treble songsters of the day
 Are quite estranged, sad bird of night ! from thee ;
 VOL. I.

Nor that the thrush deserts the evening spray,
 When darkness calls thee from thy reverie.

From some old tower, thy melancholy dome,
 While the gray walls, and desert solitudes,
 Return each note, responsive to the gloom
 Of ivied coverts and surrounding woods ;

There hooting, I will list more pleas'd to thee
 Than ever lover to the nightingale ;
 Or drooping wretch, oppress'd with misery,
 Lending his ear to some condoling tale.

LINES SENT TO A GENTLEMAN (MR. RIDDELL)
WHOM HE HAD OFFENDED.

THE friend whom, wild from wisdom's way,
The fumes of wine infuriate send,
(Not moony madness more astray)
Who but deplores that hapless friend?
Mine was th' insensate frenzied part,
Ah! why should I such scenes outlive!
Scenes so abhorrent to my heart!
'Tis thine to pity and forgive.



MONODY

ON A LADY FAMED FOR HER CAPRICE.*

How cold is that bosom which folly once fired,
How pale is that cheek where the rouge lately glisten'd;
How silent that tongue which the echoes oft tired,
How dull is that ear which to flattery so listen'd!
If sorrow and anguish their exit await,
From friendship and dearest affection remov'd;
How doubly severer, Maria, thy fate,
Thou diedst unwept, as thou livedst unlov'd.
Loves, Graces, and Virtues, I call not on you:
So shy, grave, and distant, ye shed not a tear:
But come, all ye offspring of Folly so true,
And flowers let us cull for Maria's cold bier.
We'll search through the garden for each silly flower,
We'll roam through the forest for each idle weed;
But chiefly the nettle, so typical, shower,
For none e'er approach'd her but rued the rash deed.
We'll sculpture the marble, we'll measure the lay:
Here Vanity strums on her idiot lyre; †
There keen Indignation shall dart on his prey,
Which spurning Contempt shall redeem from his ire.

THE EPITAPH.

HERE lies, now a prey to insulting neglect,
What once was a butterfly, gay in life's beam:
Want only of wisdom denied her respect,
Want only of goodness denied her esteem.



EPISTLE FROM ESOPUS TO MARIA.‡

FROM those drear solitudes and frowzy cells,
Where Infamy with sad Repentance dwells:

* Written on Mrs. Riddell.

† N.B.—The lady affects to be a poetess.—(B.)

‡ One Williamson, an actor, supposed to address Mrs. Riddell from a House of Correction.

Where turnkeys make the jealous portal fast,
And deal from iron hands the spare repast;
Where truant 'prentices, yet young in sin,
Blush at the curious stranger peeping in;
Where strumpets, relics of the drunken roar,
Resolve to drink, nay half—to whore no more;
Where tiny thieves not destin'd yet to swing,
Beat hemp for others, riper for the string:
From these dire scenes my wretched lines I date,
To tell Maria her Esopus' fate.

"Alas! I feel I am no actor here!"
'Tis real hangmen real scourges bear!
Prepare, Maria, for a horrid tale
Will turn thy very rouge to deadly pale;
Will make thy hair, though erst from gipsy poll'd,
By barber woven, and by barber sold,
Though twisted smooth with Harry's nicest care,
Like hoary bristles to erect and stare.
The hero of the mimic scene, no more
I start in Hamlet, in Othello roar;
Or haughty chieftain, 'mid the din of arms,
In Highland bonnet, woo Makina's charms;
While sans-culottes stoop up the mountain high,
And steal from me Maria's prying eye.
Blest Highland bonnet! once my proudest dress,
Now prouder still, Maria's temples press;
I see her wave thy towering plumes afar,
And call each coxcomb to the wordy war;
I see her face the first of Ireland's sons, §
And even out-Irish his Hibernian bronze;
The crafty colonel || leaves the tartan'd lines
For other wars, where he a hero shines;
The hopeful youth, in Scottish senate bred,
Who owns a Bushby's heart without the head, ¶
Comes 'mid a string of coxcombs, to display
That *J'en ai, vidi, vici*, is his way;
The shrinking lard down the alley skulks,
And dreads a meeting worse than Woolwich hulks;
Though there, his heresies in Church and State
Might well award him Muir and Palmer's fate:
Still she undaunted reels and rattles on,
And dares the public like a noontide sun.
What scandal call'd Maria's jaunty stagger
The ricket reeling of a crooked swagger!
Whose spleen (e'en worse than Burns' venom, when
He dips in gall unmix'd his eager pen,
And pours his vengeance in the burning line),
Who christen'd thus Maria's lyre divine
The idiot strum of vanity bemused,
And even the abuse of Poesy abused?

§ "First of Ireland's sons:" Gillespie.

|| "Crafty colonel:" Colonel McDowal of Logan, the Lothario of his day.

¶ Bushby Maitland, son of Mr. John Maitland of Timwald-downs, a writer and banker with whom Burns had been on terms of intimacy.

Who call'd her verse a parish workhouse, made
For motley, foundling fancies, stolen or stray'd ?

A workhouse ! ah, that sound awakes my woes,
And pillows on the thorn my rack'd repose !
In durance vile here must I wake and weep,
And all my frowsy couch in sorrow steep !
That straw where many a rogue has lain of yore,
And vermin'd gipsies litter'd heretofore.

Why, Lonsdale, thus thy wrath on vagrants pour ?
Must earth no rascal save thyself endure ?
Must thou alone in guilt immortal swell,
And make a vast monopoly of hell ?
Thou know'st the Virtues cannot hate thee worse ;
The Vices also, must they club their curse ?
Or must no tiny sin to others fall,
Because thy guilt 's supreme enough for all ?

Maria, send me too thy griefs and cares ;
In all of thee sure thy Esopus shares.
As thou at all mankind the flag unfurls,
Who on my fair one Satire's vengeance hurls—
Who calls thee, pert, affected, vain coquette,
A wit in folly, and a fool in wit !
Who says that fool alone is not thy due,
And quotes thy treacheries to prove it true !

Our force united on thy foes we 'll turn,
And dare the war with all of woman born :
For who can write and speak as thou and I ?
My periods that decyphering defy,
And thy still matchless tongue that conquers all reply !



MY EPPIE ADAIR.

SLOWISH.

TUNE—"Eppie Adair."

CHORUS—An' O my Eppie, my jewel, my Eppie, Wha wad na be happy
wi' Eppie A-dair ? SONG—By love, and by beauty, by law, and by duty,
I swear to be true to my Eppie A-dair ! By love, and by beauty,
by law, and by du-ty, I swear to be true to my Eppie A-dair !

A' pleasure exile me, dishonour defile me,
If e'er I beguile ye, my Eppie Adair !
A' pleasure exile me, dishonour defile me,
If e'er I beguile thee, my Eppie Adair !
And O my Eppie, &c.

A RED, RED ROSE.*

ANDANTE.

TUNE—"Low down in the Broom."

My luvie is like a red, red rose, That's new-ly sprung in June ;
My luvie is like the mel-o-die, That's sweetly play'd in tune.
As fair art thou, my bonnie lass, So deep in luvie am I ;
And I will luvie thee still, my dear, Till a' the seas gang dry.
Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear, Till a' the seas gang dry,
And I will luvie thee still, my dear, Till a' the seas gang dry

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun ;
And I will luvie thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.
And fare-thee-well, my only luvie !
And fare-thee-well, a while !
And I will come again, my luvie,
Though 'twere ten thousand mile !

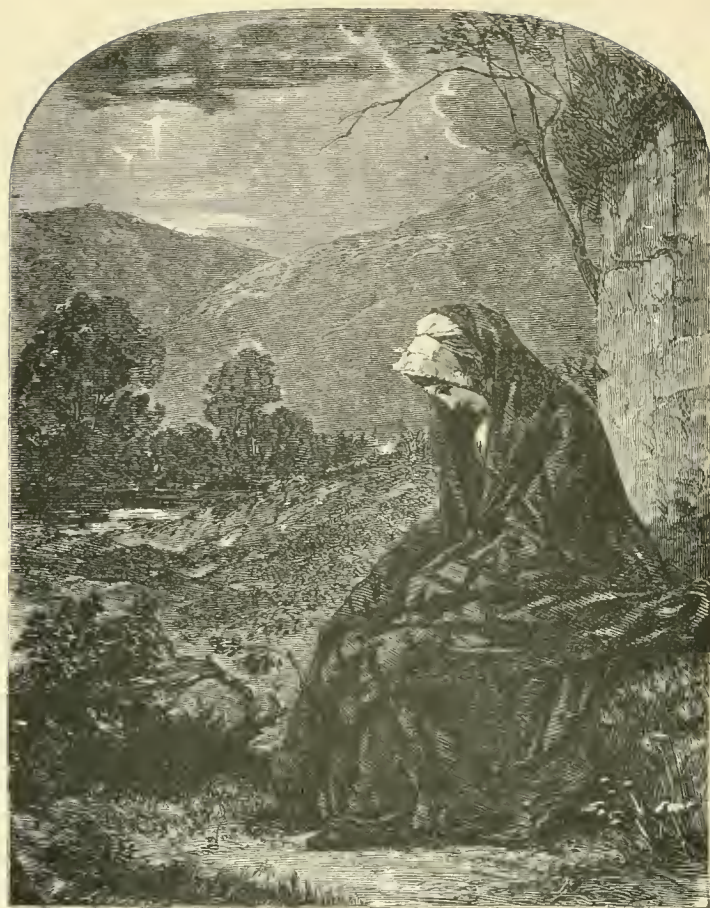


FRAGMENT—AMANG THE TREES.

AMANG the trees, where humming bees,
At buds and flowers were hinging, O,
Auld Caledon drew out her drone,
And to her pipe was singing, O :
'Twas pibroch, sang, strathspeys and reels,
She dirl'd them aff fu' clearly, O ;
When there cam' a yell o' foreign squeels,
That dang her tapsalteerie, O.

Their capon craws an' queer "ha, ha s,"
They made our lugs grow eerie, O ;
The hungry bike did scrape and fyke,
Till we were wae and weary, O :
But a royal ghaist, wha ance was eas'd,
A prisoner, aughteen year awa',
He fir'd a fiddler in the North,
That dang them tapsalteerie, O.

* In the *Museum* the above words are set to two different airs—one called "Major Graham," which does not suit the words ; the other, "Queen Mary's Lament" (see page 185). The song, however, is now usually sung to the tune given above.



THE LOVELY LASS O' INVERNESS.*

Slow.

TUNE—"The Lovely Lass of Inverness."

The love-ly lass o' In-ver-ness, Nae joy nor pleasure
can she see; For e'en to morn she cries a-las! And
aye the sant tear blin's her e'e. Drum-os-sie moor, Drum-
os-sie day; A waeft' day it was to me! For there I lost
my fa-ther dear, My fa-ther dear, and breth-ren three.

Their winding-sheet the bluidy clay,
Their graves are growin' green to see;

* The first half stanza is old.

And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's e'e!
Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
A bluidy man I trow thou be;
For mony a heart thou has made sair,
That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee!



LOUIS, WHAT RECK I BY THEE?

TUNE—"Louis, what Reck I by thee."

Louis, what reck I by thee, Or Geordie on his ocean
Dy-rour, beggar louns to me, I reign in Jean-ie's bosom!

Let her crown my love her law,
And in her breast enthroned me,
Kings and nations—swith awa'!
Reif randies, I disown ye!

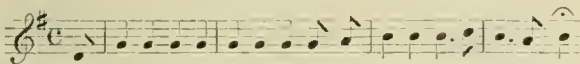


THE MINSTREL AT LINCLUDEN.

FIRST VERSION.

RECITATIVE.

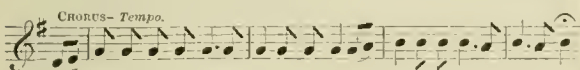
TUNE—"Cumnock Psalmus."



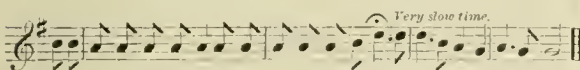
As I stood by yon roofless tower, Where the wa' flow'r scents the dewy air,



Where the houlet mourns in her lily bower, And tells the midnight moon her care.



A lassie all alone, was making her moan, Lamenting our lads beyond the sea;



In the huidy wars they fa', and our honour's gane an' a', And broken-hearted we maun die.

The winds were laid, the air was still,
 The stars they shot along the sky;
 The tod was howling on the hill,
 And the distant-echoing glens reply.
 A lassie all alone, &c.

The burn, adown its hazelly path,
 Was rushing by the ruin'd wa',

Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,
 Whase roarings seem'd to rise and fa'.
 A lassie all alone, &c.

The cauld blae North was streaming forth
 Her lights, wi' hissing, eerie din,
 Athort the lilt they start and shift,
 Like Fortune's favours, tint as win.
 A lassie all alone, &c.

Now, looking over frith and fauld,
 Her horn the pale-faced Cynthia rear'd,
 When lo! in form of minstrel auld,
 A stern and stalwart ghaist appear'd.
 A lassie all alone, &c.

Aud frae his harp sic strains did flow,
 Might rous'd the slumbering dead to hear;
 But oh, it was a tale of woe,
 As ever met a Briton's ear!
 A lassie all alone, &c.

He sang wi' joy his former day,
 He, weeping, wail'd his latter times;
 But what he said—it was nae play,
 I winna ventur 't in my rhymes.
 A lassie all alone, &c.

A VISION.

SECOND VERSION.

As I stood by yon roofless tower,*
Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy air,
Where the howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
And tells the midnight moon her care.

The winds were laid, the air was still,
The stars they shot along the sky;
The fox was howling on the hill,
And the distant-echoing glens reply.

The stream, adown its hazelly path,
Was rushing by the ruin'd wa's,
To join yon river on the Strath,
Whase distant roaring swells and fa's.

The cauld blae North was streaming forth
Her lights, wi' hissing, eerie din;
Athwart the lift they start and shift,
Like Fortune's favours, tint as win.

By heedless chance I turn'd my eyes,
And, by the moonbeam, shook to see
A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,
Attir'd as minstrels wont to be.

Had I a statue been o' stane,
His daring look had daunted me;
And on his bonnet grav'd was plain,
The sacred posy—"LIBERTIE!"

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
Might rous'd the slumbring dead to hear;
But oh, it was a tale of woe,
As ever met a Briton's ear!

He sang wi' joy his former day,
He, weeping, wail'd his latter times;
But what he said—it was nae play,
I winna ventur't in my rhymes.



HAD I THE WYTE?

HAD I the wyte, had I the wyte,
Had I the wyte? she bade me,
She watch'd me by the hie-gate side,
And up the loan she shaw'd me.
And when I wadna venture in,
A coward loon she ca'd me:
Had Kirk an' State been in the gate,
I'd lighted when she bade me.

Sae craftilie she took me ben,
And bade me mak nae clatter;
"For our rangunshoch, glum guidman
Is o'er ayont the water."
Whae'er shall say I wanted grace,
When I did kiss and dawte her,
Let him be planted in my place,
Syn e say, I was the fautor.

Could I for shame, could I for shame,
Could I for shame refus'd her?
And wadna manhood been to blame,
Had I unkindly used her!
He claw'd her wi' the ripplin'-kame,
And blae and bluidy bruis'd her;
When sic a husband was frae hame,
What wife but wad excus'd her!

I dighted aye her e'en sae blue,
An' bann'd the cruel randy,
And weel I wat, her willin' mou
Was sweet as sngar-candie.
At gloamin'-shot, it was I wot,
I lighted—on the Monday;
But I cam through the Tyuesday's dew,
To wanton Willie's brandy.†



OUT OVER THE FORTH.

SLOW.

TUNE—"Charles Gordon's Welcome Home."

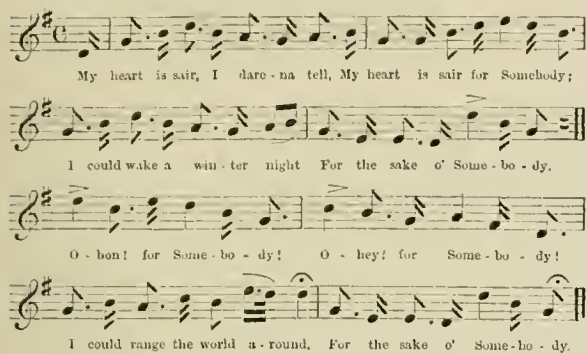
Out ov - er the Forth I look to the north, But what is
the north and its Highlands to me? The south nor the east gie
ease to my breast, The far foreign land, or the wide roll - ing sea.
But I look to the west when I gae to rest, That happy
my dreams and my slumbers may be; For far in the west lives he
I lo'e best, The lad that is dear to my ba - by and me.

* "Roofless tower:" Lincluden Abbey. The "Song of Liberty" was probably written, but suppressed. See LIFE.

† These verses certainly verge upon indecency; but they are much less objectionable than the old song on which they are founded.

FOR THE SAKE O' SOMEBODY.*

ANDANTE.



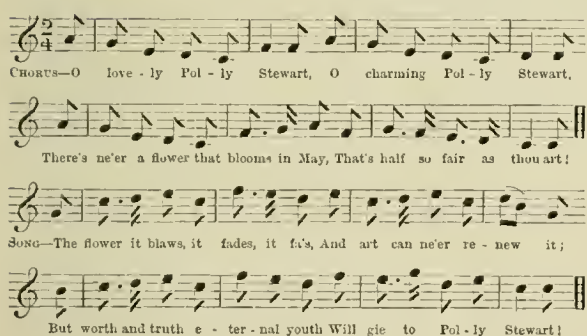
Ye Powers that smile on virtuous love,
O, sweetly smile on Somebody!
Frae ilka danger keep him free,
And send me safe my Somebody!
O-hon! for Somebody!
O-hey! for Somebody!
I wad do—what wad I not?
For the sake o' Somebody.



LOVELY POLLY STEWART.†

LIVELY.

TUNE—"Miss Stewart's Reel."



May he whase arms shall fauld thy charms
Possess a leal and true heart!
To him be given to ken the heaven
He grasps in Polly Stewart!
O lovely Polly Stewart, &c.

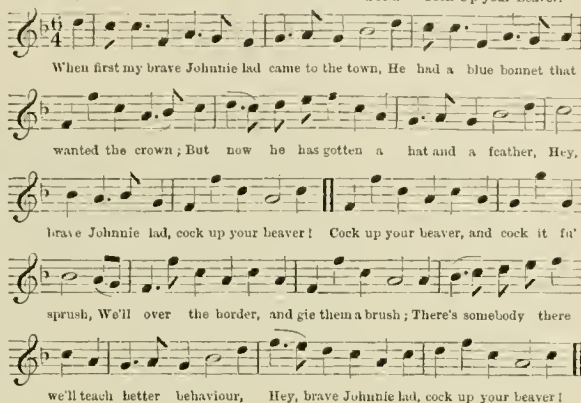
* The above tune, since it appeared in the *Museum*, has been vastly improved. The long-received and popular version is here given.

† Daughter of one Willy Stewart, near Ellisland, married to a large proprietor, fell into bad courses, and died in Florence.

JOHNNIE LAD, COCK UP YOUR BEAVER.‡

SLOWISH.

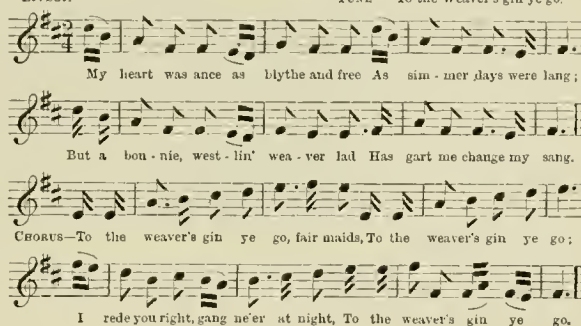
TUNE—"Cock Up your Beaver."



TO THE WEAVER'S GIN YE GO.

LIVELY.

TUNE—"To the Weaver's gin ye go."



My mither sent me to the town,
To warp a plaiden wab;
But the weary, weary warpin' o't
Has gart me sigh and sab.
To the weaver's, &c.

A bonnie, westlin' weaver lad
Sat working at his loom;
He took my heart as wi' a net,
In every knot and thrum.
To the weaver's, &c.

I sat beside my warpin'-wheel,
And aye I ca'd it roun';
But every shot and every knock,
My heart it gae a stoum.
To the weaver's, &c.

‡ Partly old.

The moon was sinking in the west,
 Wi' visage pale and wan,
 As my bonnie, westlin' weaver lad
 Convoy'd me through the glen.
 To the weaver's, &c.

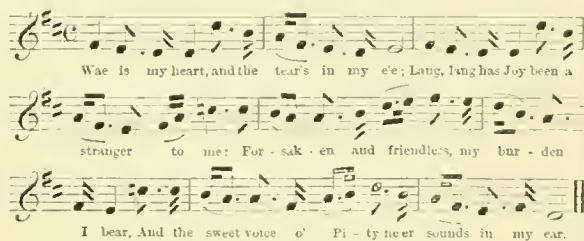
But what was said, or what was done,
 Shame fa' me gin I tell;
 But Oh! I fear the kintra soon
 Will ken as weel 's mysel'!
 To the weaver's, &c.



WAE IS MY HEART.

VERY SLOW

TUNE—"Wae is my Heart."



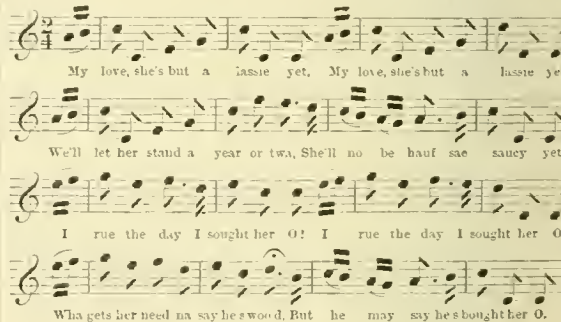
Love, thou hast pleasures, and deep hae I luv'd;
 Love, thou hast sorrows, and sair hae I pruv'd;
 But this bruised heart that now bleeds in my breast,
 I can feel by its throbbings, will soon be at rest.

Oh, if I were—where happy I hae been—
 Down by yon stream, and yon bonnie castle-green!
 For there he is wand'ring and musing on me,
 Wha wad soon dry the tear-drop that clings to my e'e.

MY LOVE, SHE 'S BUT A LASSIE YET.*

MODERATO.

TUNE—"Lady Bainscuth's Reel."



Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet,
 Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet;
 Gae seek for pleasure whare ye will,
 But here I never miss'd it yet.

* An old song amended.

We're a' dry wi' drinkin' o't,
We're a' dry wi' drinkin' o't;
The minister kiss't the fiddler's wife;
He could na preach for thinkin' o't.



SONG—ANNA, THY CHARMS.

SLOW.

TUNE—"Bonny Mary."

Anna, thy charms my bosom fire, And waste my soul with care;
But ah! how bootless to admire, When fat - ed to de - spair!
Yet in thy presence, love - ly Fair, To hope may be forgiv'n; For
sure 'twere impious to despair So much in sight of Heav - en.



MY LADY'S GOWN, THERE 'S GAIRS UPON 'T.*

LIVELY.

TUNE—"Gregg's Strathspey"

CHORUS—My lady's gown, there's gairs upon't, And gowden flowers sae rare upon't;
But Jenny's jimp and jirkin - et, My lord thinks meikle mair upon't.
SONG—My lord a - hunt - ing he is gane, But hounds or hawks wi' him are nane;
By Colin's cottage lies his gair, If Col - in's Jenny he at hame.

My lady's white, my lady's red,
And kith and kin o' Cassillis' blude;
But her ten-pund lands o' tocher gude
Were a' the charms his lordship lo'ed.
My lady's gown, &c.

Out o'er yon muir, out o'er yon moss,
Where gor-cocks through the heather pass,
There wons auld Colin's bonnie lass,
A lily in a wilderness.

My lady's gown, &c.

Sae sweetly move her genty limbs,
Like music notes o' lovers' hymns:

* An old song amended.

The diamond dew in her een sae blue,
Where laughing love sae wanton swims.
My lady's gown, &c.

My lady's dink, my lady's drest,
The flower and fancy o' the west;
But the lassie that a man lo'es best,
O that 's the lass to mak him blest.
My lady's gown, &c.



HEY, THE DUSTY MILLER.

LIVELY.

TUNE—"Hey, the Dusty Miller."

Hey, the dus - ty Mil - ler, And his dus - ty coat, He will win a
shil - ling, Or he spend a groat: Dus - ty was the coat, Dus - ty
was the col - our, Dus - ty was the kiss That I gat frae the Mil - ler.

Hey, the dusty Miller,
And his dusty sack;
Leeze me on the calling
Fills the dusty peck:
Fills the dusty peck,
Brings the dusty siller;
I wad gie my coatie
For the dusty Miller.



O LAY THY LOOF IN MINE, LASS.

MODERATO.

TUNE—"The Cordwainer's March."

CHORUS—O lay thy loof in mine, lass, In mine, lass, in mine, lass;
And swear on thy white hand, lass, That thou wilt be my ain.
SONG—A slave to Love's unbounded sway, He aft has wrought me meikle wae;
But now he is my dead - ly fae, Un - less thou be my ain.

There 's mony a lass has broke my rest,
That for a blink I hae lo'ed best;
But thou art queen within my breast,
For ever to remain.

O lay thy loof, &c.

Lines written extempore in a lady's
POCKET-BOOK.

GRANT me, indulgent Heaven, that I may live,
To see the miscreants feel the pains they give;
Deal Freedom's sacred treasures free as air,
Till slave and despot be but things that were.

INSCRIPTION ON A GOBLET

BELONGING TO MR. SYME.

THERE 's Death in the cup, so beware!
Nay, more—there is danger in touching;
But who can avoid the fell snare,
The man and his wine 's so bewitching!



JOCKEY'S TAEN THE PARTING KISS.

MODERATO

TUNE—"Bonnie Lassie tak a Man."

Jockey's taen the part-ing kiss, O'er the moun-tains he is gane,
And with him is a' my bliss, Nought but griefs with me re-main
Spare my Love, ye winds that blow, Flashy sleets and beating rain!
Spare my Love, thou feath-ry snaw, Drifting o'er the frozen plain!

When the shades of evening creep
O'er the day's fair, gladsome e'e,
Sound and safely may he sleep,
Sweetly blythe his waukening be.
He will think on her he loves,
Fondly he'll repeat her name;
For where'er he distant roves,
Jockey's heart is still the same.

MALLY 'S MEEK, MALLY 'S SWEET.

MODERATO.

TUNE—"Mally's Meek."

CHORUS M.l - ly's meek, Mal - ly's sweet, Mal - ly's mod - est and dis - creet;
Mal - ly's rare, Mal - ly's fair, Mal - ly's evry way com - plets.
SONG—As I was walking up the street, A barefit maid I chanc'd to meet;
But O the road was ve - ry hard For that fair maiden's ten - der feet.

It were mair meet that those fine feet
Were weel laced up in silken shoon,
And 'twere more fit that she should sit
Within yon chariot gilt aboon.
Mally 's meek, &c.

Her yellow hair beyond compare,
Comes trinklin' down her swan-like neck;
And her two eyes, like stars in skies,
Would keep a sinking ship frae wreck.
Mally 's meek, &c.



SONNET ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT RIDDELL,

OF GLENRIDDELL AND FRIARS' CARSE.*

No more, ye warblers of the wood! no more;
Nor pour your descant grating on my soul;
Thou young-eyed Spring! gay in thy verdant stole,
More welcome were to me grim Winter's wildest roar.

How can ye charm, ye flowers, with all your dyes?
Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend!
How can I to the tuneful strain attend?
That strain flows round the untimely tomb where Riddell
lies.

Yes, pour, ye warblers! pour the notes of woe,
And soothe the Virtues weeping o'er his bier:
The man of worth—and hath not left his peer!
Is in his "narrow house," for ever darkly low.

Thee, Spring! again with joy shall others greet;
Me, memory of my loss will only meet.



LIBERTY : A FRAGMENT.†

THEE, Caledonia, thy wild heaths among,
Thee, famed for martial deed and sacred song,
To thee I turn with swimming eyes;
Where is that soul of Freedom fled?
Immingled with the mighty dead!
Beneath the hallow'd turf where Wallace lies!
Hear it not, Wallace, in thy bed of death!
Ye babbling winds, in silence sweep;
Disturb not yet the hero's sleep,
Nor give the coward secret breath.
Is this the power in freedom's war,
That wont to bid the battle rage?
Behold that eye which shot immortal hate,
Crushing the despot's proudest bearing,
That arm which, nerv'd me with thundering fate,
Braved usurpation's boldest daring!
One quench'd in darkness like the sinking star,
And one the palsied arm of tottering, powerless age.

* Who died on 21st April, 1794.

† Designed as an irregular ode for Washington's birthday.

THE CREED OF POVERTY.

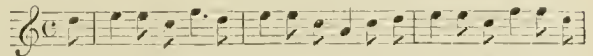
IN Politics if thou would'st mix,
And mean thy fortunes be;
Bear this in mind, be deaf and blind,
Let great folk hear and see.



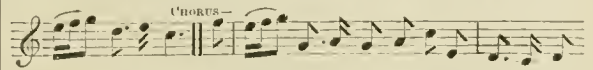
THERE 'S NEWS, LASSES, NEWS.

MODERATO.

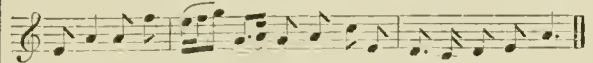
TUNE—"I Winna gang to my Bed until I get a Man."



There's a news, lasses, news, Guid news I've to tell! There's a boat - fu' o' fads Come to



our town to sell. The wean wants a cra - dle, an the cra - dle wants



a cod, An' I'll no gang to my bed, Un - til I get a nod.

Father, quo' she, Mither, quo' she,
Do what you can,
I'll no gang to my bed,
Until I get a man.

The wean, &c.

I hae as guid a craft rig
As made o' yird and stane;
And waly fu' the ley-crap,
For I maun til'd again.

The wean, &c.



THE TREE OF LIBERTY.‡

HEARD ye o' the tree o' France,
I watna what 's the name o't;
Around it a' the patriots dance,
Weel Europe kens the fame o't;
It stands where ance the Bastile stood,
A prison built by kings, man,
When Superstition's hellish brood
Kept France in leading strings, man.

Upo' this tree there grows sic fruit,
Its virtues a' can tell, man;
It raises man aboon the brute,
It maks him ken himsel', man.

‡ Printed in the People's Edition of Burns, from a MS. belonging to James Duncan, Esq., Mosesfield, Glasgow.

Gif'ance the peasant taste a bit,
 He's greater than a lord, man,
 An' wi' the beggar shares a mite
 O' a' he can afford, man.

This fruit is worth a' Afric's wealth,
 To comfort us 'twas sent, man:
 To gie the sweetest blush o' health,
 And mak us a' content, man.
 It clears the e'en, it cheers the heart,
 Maks high and low guid friends, man;
 And he wha acts the traitor's part
 It to perdition sends, man.

My blessings aye attend the chiel
 Wha pitied Gallia's slaves, man,
 And staw a branch, spite o' the deil,
 Frae yont the western waves, man.
 Fair Virtue water'd it wi' care,
 And now she sees wi' pride, man,
 How weel it buds and blossoms there,
 Its branches spreading wide, man.

But vicious folks aye hate to see
 The works o' Virtue thrive, man;
 The courtly vermin 's hann'd the tree,
 And grat to see it thrive, man.
 King Louis thought to cut it down,
 When it was unco sma', man;
 For this the watchman crack'd his crown,
 Cut aff his head and a', man.

A wicked crew syne, on a time,
 Did tak a solemn aith, man.
 It ne'er should flourish to its prime,
 I wat they pledged their faith, man.
 Awa' they gaed wi' mock parade,
 Like beagles hunting game, man.
 But soon grew weary o' the trade,
 And wish'd they 'd been at hame, man.

For Freedom, standing by the tree,
 Her sons did loudly ca', man;
 She sang a sang o' liberty,
 Which pleased them aye and a', man.
 By her inspired, the new-born race
 Soon drew the avenging steel, man;
 The hirelings ran—her foes gied chase,
 And bang'd the despot weel, man.

Let Britain boast her hardy oak,
 Her poplar and her pine, man,
 Auld Britain ance could crack her joke,
 And o'er her neighbours shine, man.

But seek the forest round and round,
 And soon 'twill be agreed, man,
 That sic a tree cannot be found,
 'Twixt London and the Tweed, man.

Without this tree, alake, this life
 Is but a vale o' woe, man;
 A scene o' sorrow mix'd wi' strife,
 Nae real joys we know, man.
 We labour soon, we labour late,
 To feed the titled knave, man;
 And a the comfort we're to get
 Is that ayont the grave, man.

Wi' plenty o' sic trees, I trow,
 The world would live in peace, man;
 The sword would help to mak a plough,
 The din o' war would cease, man.
 Like brethren in a common cause,
 We'd on each other smile, man;
 And equal rights and equal laws
 Wad gladden every isle, man.

Wae worth the loon wha wadna eat
 Sic halesome, dainty cheer, man;
 I'd gie my shoon frac aff my feet,
 To taste sic fruit, I swear, man.
 Syne let us pray, auld England may
 Sure plant this far-famed tree, man;
 And blythe we'll sing and hail the day
 That gave us liberty, man.



TO CHLORIS.*

'Tis Friendship's pledge, my young, fair Friend,
 Nor thou the gift refuse,
 Nor with the unwilling ear attend
 The moralising Muse.

Since thou in all thy youth and charms,
 Must bid the world adieu,
 (A world 'gainst Peace in constant arms)
 To join the Friendly Few;

Since, thy gay morn of life o'ercast,
 Chill came the tempest's lour
 (And ne'er Misfortune's eastern blast
 Did nip a fairer flower);

* Miss Lorimer, see LIFE.

Since life's gay scenes must charm no more;
 Still much is left behind;
 Still nobler wealth hast thou in store—
 The comforts of the mind!

Thine is the self-approving glow,
 Of conscious Honour's part;
 And (dearest gift of Heaven below)
 Thine Friendship's truest heart;

The joys refin'd of Sense and Taste,
 With every Muse to rove;
 And doubly were the Poet blest,
 These joys could he improve.



LINES WRITTEN AND PRESENTED TO MRS. KEMBLE,

ON SEEING HER IN THE CHARACTER OF YARICO,
 DUMFRIES THEATRE, 1794.

KEMBLE, thou cur'st my unbelief
 Of Moses and his rod;
 At Yarico's sweet note of grief
 The rock with tears had flow'd.



ALL, CHLORIS!

ALL, Chloris, since it may not be,
 That thou of love wilt hear;
 If from the lover thou maun flee,
 Yet let the friend be dear.

Although I love my Chloris, mair
 Than ever tongue could tell;
 My passion I will ne'er declare—
 I'll say, I wish thee well.

Though a' my daily care thou art,
 And a' my nightly dream,
 I'll hide the struggle in my heart,
 And say it is esteem.



ON MR. WALTER RIDDELL.

Sic a reptile was Wat, sic a misercant slave,
 That the worms ev'n damnd him when laid in his grave;
 "In his flesh there's a famine!" a starved reptile cries;
 "And his heart is rank poison!" another replies.

ELECTION BALLAD,*

WRITTEN IN 1795.

Slow.

TUNE—"For a' that, an' a' that."



Wha sees Kerroughtree's open yett,
 (And wha is 't never saw that?)
 Wha ever wi' Kerroughtree met,
 And has a doubt of a' that?
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Here 's Heron yet for a' that!
 The independent patriot,
 The honest man, and a' that.

Though wit and worth, in either sex,
 St. Mary's Isle can shaw that,
 Wi' dukes and lords let Selkirk mix,
 And weel does Selkirk fa' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Here 's Heron yet for a' that!
 The independent commoner
 Shall be the man for a' that.

But why should we to nobles jonk,
 And is 't against the law, that?
 For why, a lord may be a gowk,
 Wi' ribband, star, and a' that,
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Here 's Heron yet for a' that!
 A lord may be a lousy loun,
 Wi' ribband, star, and a' that.

A beardless boy comes o'er the hills,
 Wi' uncle's purse and a' that;
 But we'll hae ane frae 'mang oursels,
 A man we ken, and a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Here 's Heron yet for a' that!
 For we're not to be bought and sold,
 Like naigs, and nowte, and a' that.

Then let us drink—The Stewartry,
 Kerroughtree's laird, and a' that,

* See LIFE.

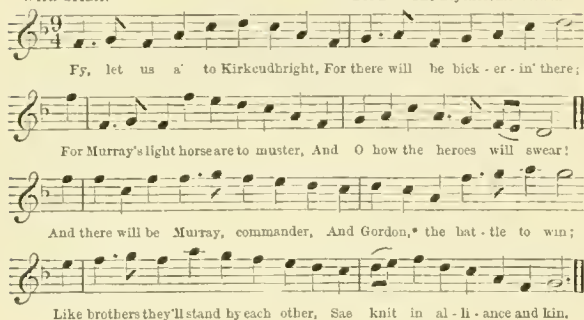
Our representative to be,
 For weel he 's worthy a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Here 's Heron yet for a' that !
 A House of Commons such as he,
 They wad be blest that saw that.



ELECTION BALLAD—ELECTION DAY.

WITH SPIRIT.

TUNE—"The Blythesome Bridal."



And there will be black-nebbit Johnnie,†
 The tongue o' the trump to them a';
 An he get na hell for his haddin',
 The Deil gets nae justice ava:
 And there will be Kempleton's birkie,‡
 A boy no sae black at the bane;
 But as to his fine Nabob fortune,
 We'll e'en let the subject alane.

And there will be Wigton's new Sheriff:§
 Dame Justice fu' brawly has spel,
 She 's gotten the heart of a Bushby,
 But, Lord! what 's become o' the head?
 And there will be Cardoness, Esquire,||
 Sae mighty in Cardoness' eyes;
 A wight that will weather damnation,
 The Devil the prey will despise.

And there will be Douglasses doughty,¶
 New christening towns far and near;
 Abjuring their democrat doings,
 By kissin' the — o' a peer:
 And there will be folk frae St. Mary's,
 A house o' great merit and note;
 The deil ane but honours them highly—
 The deil ane will gie them his vote!

* Murray of Broughton and Gordon of Balmaghie, great friends and brothers-in-law, although Murray had left his wife and eloped with a lady of rank.

† John Bushby.

‡ Bushby of Kempleton, who had made his fortune in India.

§ Bushby Maitland, son of John Bushby.

|| David Maxwell of Cardoness.

¶ Messrs. Douglas of Carlinwark, called by them "Castle Douglas."

And there will be Kenmure sae gen'rous,*
 Whose honour is proof to the storm,
 To save them from stark reprobation,
 He lent them his name in the Firm.
 And there will be lads o' the gospel,
 Muirhead † wha 's as guid as he 's true;
 And there will be Buittle's Apostle,‡
 Wha 's mair o' the black than the blue.

And there will be Logan M'Dowall,§
 Sculdudd'ry an' he will be there,
 And also the Wild Scot o' Galloway,
 Sogering, gunpowder Blair. ||
 But we winna mention Redcastle,¶
 The body, e'en let him escape!
 He 'd venture the gallows for siller,
 An 'twere na the cost o' the rape.

But where is the Doggerbank hero,
 That made "Hogan Mogan" to skulk?
 Poor Keith's gane to hell to be fuel,
 The auld rotten wreck of a Hulk.
 And where is our king's Lord Lieutenant,
 Sae fam'd for his gratefu' return?
 The birkie is gettin' his questions
 To say in St. Stephen's the morn.

But mark ye! there 's trusty Kerroughtree,**
 Whose honour was ever his law;
 If the Virtues were pack'd in a parcel,
 His worth might be sample for a';
 And strang an' respectfu' 's his backing,
 The maist o' the lairds wi' him stand;
 Nae gipsy-like nominal barons,
 Wha's property 's paper—not land.

And there, frae the Niddisdale borders,
 The Maxwells will gather in droves,
 Tough Jockie,†† staunch Geordie,‡‡ an' Wellwood,§§
 That griens for the fishes and loaves;
 And there will be Heron, the Major,|||
 Wha 'll ne'er be forgot in the Greys;
 Our flatt'ry we 'll keep for some other,
 Him, only it 's justice to praise.

And there will be maiden Kilkerran,¶¶
 And also Barskimming's guid Knight,***
 And there will be roarin' Birtwhistle,†††
 Yet luckily roars i' the right.

* Gordon of Kenmure. † Muirhead of Urr—see LIFE.

‡ Rev. George Maxwell of Buittle.

§ Logan M'Dowall, the Lothario of "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Deon."

|| Mr. Blair of Dunskey.

¶ William Sloan Lawrie.

** Patrick Heron of Kerroughtree.

†† John Maxwell, Esq., of Terraughty.

‡‡ George Maxwell of Carruchan. §§ Mr. Wellwood Maxwell.

||| Major Heron, brother of the Whig candidate.

¶¶ Sir Adam Fergusson of Kilkerran.

*** Sir William Miller of Barskimming, afterwards Lord Glenlee.

††† Mr. Alexander Birtwhistle of Kirkcudbright.

And there 'll be Stamp Office Jolinnie,*
 (Tak tent how ye purchase a dram!)
 And there will be gay Cassencarry,
 And there 'll be gleg Colonel Tam. †

And there 'll be wealthy young Richard,‡
 Dame Fortune should hing by the neck
 For prodigal, thriftless bestowing—
 His merit had won him respect.

And there will be rich brother Nabobs,§
 (Though Nabobs, yet men not the worst,)
 And there will be Collieston's whiskers, ||
 And Quintin ¶—a lad o' the first.

Then hey! the chaste Interest o' Broughton,
 And hey! for the blessin's 'twill bring;
 It may send Balmaghie to the Commons,
 In Sodom 'twould make him a king;
 And hey! for the sanctified Murray,
 Our land wha wi' chapels has stor'd;
 He founnder'd his horse among harlots,
 And gied the auld naig to the Lord.



ELECTION BALLAD.

JOHN BUSHBY'S LAMENTATION.**

'Twas in the seventeen hunder year
 O' grace, and ninety-five,
 That year I was the wac'est man
 Of ony man alive.

In March the three-an'-twentieth morn,
 The sun raise clear an' bright;
 But oh! I was a waefu' man,
 Ere to-fa' o' the night.

Yerl Galloway lang did rule this land,
 Wi' equal right and fame,
 And thereto was his kinsmen join'd,
 The Murray's noble name.

Yerl Galloway's man o' men was I,
 And chief o' Broughton's host;
 So twa blind beggars, on a string,
 The faithfu' tyke will trust.

But now Yerl Galloway's sceptre 's broke,
 And Broughton 's wi' the slain,
 And I my ancient craft may try,
 Sin' honesty is gane.

'Twas by the banks o' bonnie Dee,
 Beside Kirkcudbright's towers,
 The Stewart and the Murray there,
 Did muster a' their powers.

Then Murray on the auld grey yand,
 Wi' *winged spurs** did ride,
 That auld grey yand a' Nidsdale rade,
 He staw upon Nidside.

An there had na been the Yerl himsel',
 O there had been nae play;
 But Garlies was to London gane,
 And sae the kye might stray.

And there was Balmaghie, I ween,
 In front rank he wad shine;
 But Balmaghie had better been
 Drinkin' Madeira wine.

And frae Glenkens cam to our aid
 A chief o' doughty deed;
 In case that worth should wanted be,
 O' Kenmure we had need.

And by our banners march'd Muirhead,
 And Buittle was na slack;
 Whase haly priesthood nane could stain,
 For wha could dye the black?

And there was grave squire Cardoness,
 Look'd on till a' was done;
 Sae in the tower o' Cardoness
 A howlet sits at noon.

And there led I the Bushby clan,
 My gamesome billie, Will,
 And my son Maitland, wise as brave,
 My footsteps follow'd still.

The Douglas and the Heron's name,
 We set nought to their score;
 The Douglas and the Heron's name,
 Had felt our weight before.

But Douglasses o' weight had we,
 The pair o' lusty lairds,
 For building cot-houses sae fam'd,
 And christenin' kail-yards.

And then Redcastle drew his sword,
 That ne'er was stain'd wi' gore,
 Save on a wand'rer lame and blind,
 To drive him frae his door.

And last cam creepin' Collieston,
 Was mair in fear than wrath;
 Ae knave was constant in his mind—
 To keep that knave frae scaith.

* John Syme, Esq., distributor of stamps for Dumfries.

† Colonel Goldie, of Goldiela.

‡ Richard Oswald, Esq., of Auchincruive.

§ Messrs. Hannay.

¶ Mr. Quintin McAdam, of Cragingillan.

** "Bushby:" John Bushby of Tinwald-downs.

|| Mr. Copeland of Collieston.

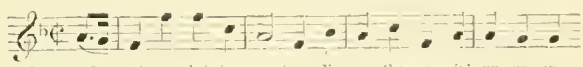
* An allusion to the lady Murray had eloped with—Johnstone, whose crest was the *winged spurs*.



O WAT YE WHA 'S IN YON TOWN.

LIVELY.

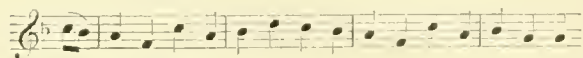
TUNE—"I'll gang nae mair to yon town."



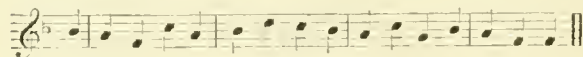
CHORUS—O wat ye wha's in yon town, Ye see the een-in' sun up-on,



The dearest maid's in yon town, The evening sun is shin-ing on,



SOLO—Now haply down yon gay green shaw, She wanders by yon spreading tree;



How blest ye flowers that round her blaw, Ye catch the glances o' her ee!

How blest ye birds that round her sing,
And welcome in the blooming year;
And doubly welcome be the Spring,
The season to my Jeanie dear.
O wat ye wha 's, &c.

The sun blinks blythe in yon town,
Among the broomy braes sac green;
But my delight in yon town,
And dearest pleasure, is my Jean.
O wat ye wha 's, &c.

Without my Fair, not a' the charms
O' Paradise could yield me joy;

But give me Jeanie in my arms
And welcome Lapland's dreary sky!
O wat ye wha's, &c.

My cave would be a lover's bower,
Though raging Winter rent the air;
And she a lovely little flower,
That I wad tent and shelter there.
O wat ye wha's, &c.

O sweet is she in yon town,
The sinking Sun 's gane down upon;
A fairer than 's in yon town,
His setting beam ne'er shone upon.
O wat ye wha's, &c.

If angry Fate is sworn my foe,
And suff'ring I am doom'd to bear;
I careless quit aught else below,
But spare, O spare me Jeanie dear.
O wat ye wha's, &c.

For while life's dearest blood is warm,
Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart,
And she, as fairest is her form,
She has the truest, kindest heart.
O wat ye wha's, &c.



DOES HAUGHTY GAUL INVASION THREAT?

WITH SPIRIT.

Does haughty Gaul in - vasion threat! Then let the louns be - ware, Sir;

There's Wooden Walls upon our seas, And Volunteers on shore, Sir:

The Nith shall run to Cor - sincon,* And Crif - fel sink in Sol - way,

Ere we permit a Foreign Foe On British ground to ral - ly!

We'll ne'er permit a Foreign Foe On British ground to ral - ly!

O let us not, like snarling eurs,
In wrangling be divided,
Till, slap! come in an unco loun,
And wi' a rung decide it!
Be Britain still to Britain true,
Among oursel's united;

Corsincon, a high hill at the source of the river Nith.
VOL. I

For never but by British hands
Maun British wrangs be righted!
No! never but by British hands
Shall British wrangs be righted!

The kettle o' the Kirk and State,
Perhaps a clout may fail in 't;
But deil a foreign tinkler loun
Shall ever ea' a nail in 't.
Our Fathers' blude the Kettle bought,
And wha wad dare to spoil it,
By Heav'ns! the sacrilegious dog
Shall fuel be to boil it!
By Heav'ns! the sacrilegious dog
Shall fuel be to boil it!

The wretch that would a tyrant own,
And the wretch, his true-born brother,
Who would set the mob aboon the throne,
May they be damn'd together!
Who will not sing "God save the King,"
Shall hang as high 's the steeple;
But while we sing "God save the King,"
We 'll ne'er forget the People!
But while we sing "God save the King,"
We 'll ne'er forget the People!



COME BOAT ME O'ER TO CHARLIE.*

LIVELY.

TUNE—"O'er the Water to Charlie."

Come boat me o'er, come row me o'er, Come boat me o'er to Charlie:

I'll gie John Ross an - ither hawbee, To boat me o'er to Charlie.

CHORUS—We'll o'er the water and o'er the sea, We'll o'er the water to Charlie;

Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go, And live or die wi' Charlie.

I lo'e weel my Charlie's name,
Though some there be abhor him:
But oh, to see auld Nick gaun lame,
And Charlie's faes before him!
We 'll o'er the water, &c.

I swear and vow by moon and stars,
And sun that shines so early,
If I had twenty thousand lives,
I 'd die as aft for Charlie.
We 'll o'er the water, &c.

† An old song amend'd.

A TOAST.*

INSTEAD of a song, boys, I'll give you a toast;
 Here 's to the memory of those we have lost!—
 That we lost, did I say?—nay, by Heav'n, that we found;
 For their fame it will last while the world goes round.
 The next in succession I'll give you 's the King!
 Whoe'er would betray him, on high may he swing!
 And here 's the grand fabric, the free Constitution,
 As built on the base of our great Revolution!
 And longer with Politics not to be cramm'd,
 Be Anarchy curs'd, and be Tyranny damn'd!
 And who would to Liberty e'er prove disloyal,
 May his son be a hangman—and himself his first trial!



EXTEMPORE ON MR. SYME,

ON REFUSING TO DINE WITH HIM, AFTER HAVING BEEN
 PROMISED THE FIRST OF COMPANY AND THE FIRST
 OF COOKERY, 17TH DECEMBER, 1795.

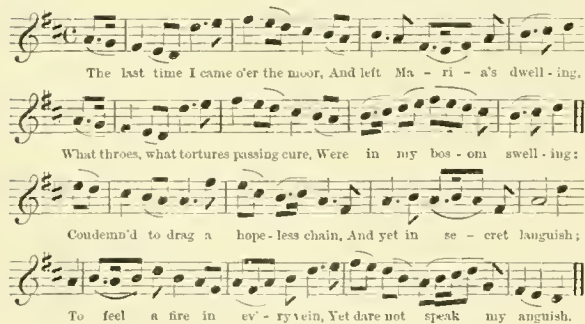
No more of your guests, be they titled or not,
 And cookery the first in the nation;
 Who is proof to thy personal converse and wit,
 Is proof to all other temptation.



THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MOOR.

Slow.

TUNE—"The last time I came o'er the Moor."



The wretch of love unseen, unknown,
 I fain my crime would cover:
 The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,
 Betray the guilty lover.

* "A toast." A meeting of the Dumfriesshire Volunteers was held to commemorate the anniversary of Rodney's victory, April 12, 1782, and Burns was called on for a song, but instead he delivered the above *juxta extempore*.

I know my doom must be despair,
 Thou wilt nor eanst relieve me;
 But oh, Maria, hear my prayer,
 For Pity's sake, forgive me!

The music of thy tongue I heard,
 Nor wist while it enslav'd me:
 I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,
 Till fear no more had sav'd me:
 The unwary sailor thus, aghast,
 The wheeling torrent viewing,
 'Mid circling horrors yields at last
 To overwhelming ruin.



TO MR. SYME,†

WITH A PRESENT OF A DOZEN OF PORTER.

O HAD the malt thy strength of mind,
 Or hops the flavour of thy wit,
 'Twere drink for first of human kind,
 A gift that ev'n for Syme were fit.

POETICAL INSCRIPTION FOR AN ALTAR OF
INDEPENDENCE,‡

AT KERROUGHTREE, THE SEAT OF MR. HERON.

THOU of an independent mind,
 With soul resolv'd, with soul resign'd;
 Prepar'd Power's proudest frown to brave,
 Who wilt not be, nor have a slave;
 Virtue alone who dost revere,
 Thy own reproach alone dost fear—
 Approach this shrine, and worship here.



STANZAS§

ON THE DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY.

How shall I sing Drumlaurig's grace—
 Discarded remnant of a race
 Once great in martial story?
 His forbears' virtues all contrasted—
 The very name of Douglas blasted—
 His that inverted glory!

† See LIFE.

‡ Written in summer, 1795.

§ "Stanzas:" an impromptu on the tree-destroying Duke, made by the poet when once reproached for choosing nothing but low subjects. Perhaps part of an Election Ballad.

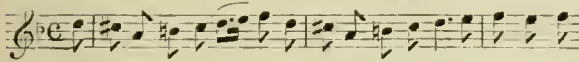
Hate, envy, oft the Douglas bore;
But he has superadd'd more,
And sunk them in contempt;
Follies and crimes have stain'd the name:
But, Queensberry, thine the virgin claim,
From aught that 's good exempt.



CHARLIE, HE 'S MY DARLING.

LIVELY.

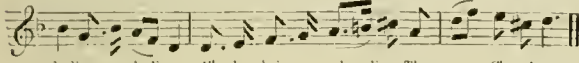
TUNE—"Charlie, he's my Darling."



Twas on a Monday morning, Right ear-ly in the year, That Charlie came



to our town, The young Cheva-lier. An' Charlie, he's my darling. My



darling, my darling, Charlie he's my dar-ling, The young Chevalier.

As he was walking up the street
The city for to view,
O there he spied a bonnie lass
The window looking through.
An' Charlie, &c.

Sae light 's he jumped up the stair,
And tirl'd at the pin;
And wha sae ready as hersel'
To let the laddie in!
An' Charlie, &c.

He sat his Jenny on his knee,
All in his Highland dress;
For brawly well he kenn'd the way
To please a bonnie lass.
An' Charlie, &c.

It 's up yon heathery mountain,
An' down yon scroggie glen,
We daur na gang a milking,
For Charlie and his men.
An' Charlie, &c.



POEM ADDRESSED TO MR. MITCHELL,

COLLECTOR OF EXCISE, DUMFRIES, 1796.

FRIEND of the Poet, tried and leal,
Wha, wanting thee, might beg or steal;
Alake, alake, the meikle deil

Wi' a' his witches
Are at it, skelpin jig and reel,
In my poor pouches?

I modestly fu' fain wad hint it,
That One-pound-one, I sairly want it;
If wi' the hizzie down ye sent it,
It would be kind;
And while my heart wi' life-blood dunted
I'd bear 't in mind.

So may the Auld year gang out moanin'
To see the New eome laden, groanin',
Wi' double plenty o'er the loanin',
To thee and thine:
Domestic peace and comforts crownin'
The hale design.

POSTSCRIPT.

Ye 've heard this while how I've been licket,
And by fell Death was nearly nicket,
Grim loon! he got me by the fecket,
And sair me sheuk;
But by guid luck I lap a wicket,
And turn'd a neuk.

But by that health, I've got a share o't,
And by that life, I'm promis'd mair o't,
My hale and weel, I'll tak a care o't,
A tentier way;
Then farewell, folly, hide and hair o't,
For ance and ay!

VERSES ON THE DESTRUCTION OF THE
WOODS NEAR DRUMLANRIG.*

As on the banks of winding Nith,
Ae smiling summer morn I stray'd,
And traced its bonnie holms and haughs,
Where linties sang and lammies play'd,
I sat me down upon a craig,
And drank my fill o' faney's dream,
When from the eddying deep below,
Uprose the Genius of the stream.

Dark, like the frowning rock, his brow,
And troubled, like his wintry wave,
And deep, as sighs the boding wind
Amang his caves, the sigh he gave--
"And come ye here, my son," he cried,
"To wander in my birken shade?
To muse some favourite Scottish theme,
Or sing some favourite Scottish maid?"

* Queensberry stript Drumlanrig of its woods to make a dowry for his supposed daughter, the Countess of Yarmouth. Burns wrote the following on the back of a window-shutter in a toll-house near the spot. See LIFE.

“There was a time, it’s nae lang syne,
 Ye might hae seen me in my pride,
 When a’ my banks sae bravely saw
 Their woody pictures in my tide;
 When hanging beech and spreading elm
 Shaded my stream sae clear and cool;
 And stately oaks their twisted arms
 Threw broad and dark across the pool;

“When, glinting through the trees, appear’d
 The wee white cot aboon the mill,
 And peacefu’ rose its ingle reek,
 That, slowly curling, clamb the hill.
 But now the cot is bare and cauld,
 Its leafy bield for ever gane,
 And scarce a stunted birk is left
 To shiver in the blast its lane.”



“Alas!” quoth I, “what ruefu’ chance
 Has twin’d ye o’ your stately trees?
 Has laid your rocky bosom bare—
 Has stripp’d the cleeding aff your braes!
 Was it the bitter eastern blast,
 That scatters blight in early spring?
 Or was ’t the wil’fire scorched their boughs,
 Or canker-worm wi’ secret sting?”

“Nae eastlin blast,” the sprite replied;
 “It blaws na here sae fierce and fell,
 And on my dry and halesome banks
 Nae canker-worms get leave to dwell:
 Man! cruel man!” the Genius sigh’d—
 As through the cliffs he sank him down—
 “The worm that gnaw’d my bonnie trees,
 That reptile wears a Ducal crown.”

POEM ON LIFE.

ADDRESSED TO COLONEL DE PEYSTER,* DUMFRIES, 1796.

My honour'd Colonel, deep I feel
Your interest in the Poet's weal;
Ah! now sma' heart hae I to speel
The steep Parnassus,
Surrounded thus by bolus pill,
And potion glasses.

O what a canty warld were it,
Would pain and care and sickness spare it;
And Fortune favour worth and merit
As they deserve;
And aye rowth o' roast-beef and claret,
Synce wha wad starve?

Dame Life, though fiction out may trick her,
And in paste gems and frippery deek her;
Oh! flickering, feeble, and unsieker
I've found her still,
Aye wavering like the willow-wicker,
'Tween good and ill.

Then that curst carnagnole,† auld Satan,
Watches like baudrons by a ratton
Our sinfu' saul to get a claut on,
Wi' felon ire;
Synce, whip! his tail ye'll ne'er east saut on,
He's aff like fire.

Ah Nick! ah Nick! it is na fair,
First showing us the tempting ware,
Bright wines, and bonnie lasses rare,
To put us daft;
Synce weave, unseen, thy spider snare
O' hell's damned waft.

Poor Man, the flie, aft bizzes by,
And aft, as chance he comes thee nigh,
Thy damn'd auld elbow yeuks wi' joy
And hellish pleasure;
Already in thy fancy's eye,
Thy sicker treasure.

Soon, heels o'er gowdie, in he gangs,
And, like a sheep-head on a tangs,
Thy girning laugh enjoys his pangs,
And murdering wrestle,
As, dangling in the wind, he hangs
A gibbet's tassle.

But lest you think I am uncivil
To plague you with this draunting drivel,

Abjuring a' intentions evil,
I quat my pen.
The Lord preserve us frae the devil!
Amen! Amen!



ADDRESS,

SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE ON HER BENEFIT NIGHT.
DECEMBER 4TH, 1793, AT THE THEATRE, DUMFRIES.

STILL anxious to secure your partial favour,
And not less anxious, sure, this night than ever,
A Prologue, Epilogue, or some such matter,
'Twould vamp my bill, said I, if nothing better;
So sought a poet, roosted near the skies,
Told him I came to feast my curious eyes;
Said, nothing like his works was ever printed;
And last, my prologue-business slyly hinted.
"Ma'am, let me tell you," quoth my man of rhymes,
"I know your bent—these are no laughing times:
Can you—but, Miss, I own I have my fears—
Dissolve in pause, and sentimental tears;
With laden sighs, and solemn-rounded sentence,
Rouse from his sluggish slumbers fell repentance;
Paint Vengeance as he takes his horrid stand,
Waving on high the desolating brand,
Calling the storms to bear him o'er a guilty land?"

I could no more—askance the creature eyeing,
D'ye think, said I, this face was made for crying?
I'll laugh, that's poz—nay more, the world shall know it;
And so, your servant! gloomy Master Poet!

Firm as my creed, Sirs, 'tis my fix'd belief,
That Misery's another word for Grief:
I also think—so may I be a bride!
That so much laughter, so much life enjoy'd.

Thou man of crazy care and ceaseless sigh,
Still under bleak Misfortune's blasting eye;
Doom'd to that sorest task of man alive—
To make three guineas do the work of five:
Laugh in Misfortune's face—the beldam witch!
Say, you'll be merry, though you can't be rich.

Thou other man of care, the wretch in love,
Who long with jiltish arts and airs hast strove;
Who, as the boughs all temptingly project,
Measur'st in desperate thought—a rope—thy neck—
Or, where the beetling cliff o'erhangs the deep,
Peereest to meditate the healing leap:
Would'st thou be cur'd, thou silly, moping elf?
Laugh at her follies—laugh e'en at thyself:
Learn to despise those frowns now so terrific,
And love a kinder—that's your grand specific.

To sum up all, be merry, I advise;
And as we're merry, may we still be wise.

* "Peyster." a worthy military man, who had served in Canada, and lived till ninety-six years—dying in Dumfries in 1822. See LIFE.

† "Carnagnole;" a French Revolutionary nickname.



O WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST.*

ANDANTE.

DUET BY MENDELSSOHN.

O wert thou in the cauld blast, On yon - der lea, on yon - der lea,

My plaidie to the angry airt, I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee

Or did Misfortune's bit - ter storms Around thee blow, around thee blow,

Thy bield should be my bo - som, To share it a', to share it a'.

* The Poet offered Jessie Lewars to write verses to any tune she

would play. She played the air of an old song. "The Wren," and Burns wrote the above. This song is now, however, generally sung to the beautiful Duet by Mendelssohn given above.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
 Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,
 The desert were a Paradise,
 If thou wert there, if thou wert there;
 Or were I Monarch o' the globe,
 Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
 The brightest jewel in my crown
 Wad be my Queen, wad be my Queen.



THE DEAN OF FACULTY.*

A NEW BALLAD.

DIRE was the hate at old Harlaw,
 That Scot to Scot did carry;
 And dire the discord Langside saw
 For beauteous, hapless Mary:
 But Scot to Scot ne'er met so hot,
 Or were more in fury seen, Sir,
 Then 'twixt Hal and Bob for the famous job,
 Who should be the Faculty's Dean, Sir.

This Hal for genius, wit, and lore,
 Among the first was number'd;
 But pious Bob, 'mid learning's store,
 Commandment the tenth remember'd:
 Yet simple Bob the victory got,
 And wan his heart's desire,
 Which shows that heaven can boil the pot,
 Though the devil piss in the fire.

Squire Hal, besides, had in this case
 Pretensions rather brassy;
 For talents, to deserve a place,
 Are qualifications saucy.
 So their worships of the Faculty,
 Quite sick of merit's rudeness,
 Chose one who should owe it all, d' ye see,
 To their gratis grace and goodness.

As once on Pisgah purg'd was the sight
 Of a son of Circumcision,
 So may be, on this Pisgah height,
 Bob's purblind mental vision—
 Nay, Bobby's mouth—may be open'd yet,
 Till for eloquence you hail him,
 And swear that he has the angel met
 That met the ass of Balaam.

In your heretic sins may you live and die,
 Ye heretic Eight-and-Thirty!

* These verses allude to the victory gained by the Tory Lord Advocate, Robert Blair, over the famous wit, Henry Erskine, brother of Thomas, Lord Erskine.

But accept, ye sublime Majority,
 My congratulations hearty.
 With your honours, as with a certain king,
 In your servants this is striking,
 The more incapacity they bring,
 The more they 're to your liking.



HERON ELECTION BALLAD.

THE TROGGER.

WHa will buy my troggin,* fine election ware,
 Broken trade o' Broughton, a' in high repair?
 Buy braw troggin frae the banks o' Dee;
 Wha wants troggin let him come to me.

There 's a noble Earl's † fame and high renown,
 For an auld sang—it 's thought the gudes were stown—
 Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here 's the worth o' Broughton ‡ in a needle's e'e;
 Here 's a reputation tint by Balmaghie.§
 Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here 's its stuff and lining, Cardoness's head, ||
 Fine for a soger, a' the wale o' lead.
 Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here 's a little wadset, Buittle's ¶ scrap o' truth,
 Pawn'd in a gin-shop, quenching holy drouth.
 Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here 's an honest conscience might a prince adorn;
 Frae the downs o' Tinwald,** so was never worn.
 Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here 's armorial bearings frae the manse o' Urr;
 The crest, a sour crab-apple, rotten at the core.††
 Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here is Satan's picture, like a bizzard gled,
 Pouncing poor Redcastle, ‡‡ sprawlin' like a taed.
 Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here 's the font where Douglas §§ stane and mortar names;
 Lately used at Caily christening Murray's crimes.
 Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here 's the worth and wisdom Collieston ||| can boast;
 By a thievish midge they had been nearly lost.
 Buy braw troggin, &c.

* "Troggin;" a name for pedlers' wares.

† The Earl of Galloway.

‡ Mr. Murray of Broughton

§ Gordon of Balmaghie.

|| Maxwell of Cardoness

¶ Rev. George Maxwell of Buittle.

** John Bashby of Tinwald

†† Muirhead of Urr.

‡‡ Walter Sloan Lawrie

§§ Douglas of Carlinwark.

||| Copeland of Collieston.

Here is Murray's fragments o' the ten commands;
 Gifted by black Jock * to get them aff his hands.
 Buy braw troggin, &c.

Saw ye e'er sie troggin? if to buy ye're slack,
 Hornie's turnin' chapman—he'll buy a' the pack.
 Buy braw troggin, &c.



JESSIE LEWARS.

TALK not to me of savages,
 From Afric's burning sun;
 No savage e'er could rend my heart,
 As, Jessie, thou hast done:
 But Jessie's lovely hand in mine,
 A mutual faith to plight,
 Not even to view the heavenly choir,
 Would be so blest a sight.



THE TOAST.

FILL me with the rosy wine,
 Call a toast, a toast divine;
 Give the Poet's darling flame,
 Lovely Jessie † be her name;
 Then thou mayest freely boast,
 Thou hast given a peerless toast.



ON JESSIE LEWARS' SICKNESS.

SAY, sages, what's the charm on earth
 Can turn Death's dart aside?
 It is not purity and worth,
 Else Jessie had not died.

* John Bushby.

† Jessie Lewars, see LIFE.

ON THE RECOVERY OF JESSIE LEWARS.

BUT rarely seen since Nature's birth,
 The natives of the sky;
 Yet still one seraph's left on earth,
 For Jessie did not die.



THE BLUDE-RED ROSE AT YULE MAY BLAW.

SLOWISH.

TUNE—"Thee Johnnie Lad."

SONG—The blude-red rose at Yule may blaw, The sim-mer li-lies
 bloom in snaw, The frost may freeze the deep-est sea, But an
 REFRAIN—
 auld man shall ne-ver daun-ton me. To daun-ton me,
 to daun-ton me, An auld man shall ne-ver daun-ton me.

To daunton me, and me sae young,
 Wi' his fause heart and flatt'ring tongue,
 That is the thing you shall never see,
 For an auld man shall never daunton me.
 To daunton me, &c.

For a' his meal and a' his maut,
 For a' his fresh beef and his saut,
 For a' his gold and white monie,
 The auld man shall never daunton me.
 To daunton me, &c.

His gear may buy him kye and yowes,
 His gear may buy him glens and knowes;
 But me he shall not buy nor fee,
 For an auld man shall never daunton me.
 To daunton me, &c.

He hirples twa-fauld as he dow,
 Wi' his toothless gab and his auld beld pow,
 And the rain rains down frae his red blear'de'e;
 That auld man shall never daunton me.
 To daunton me, &c.

THE

Songs of Burns

ARRANGED ALPHABETICALLY,

WITH

✧ AIRS ✧ IN ✧ TONIC ✧ SOL-FA ✧ NOTATION ✧

FAREWELL TO THE MASON LODGE, TARBOLTON.

Key G.—LIVELY.

TUNE—"Good night, and joy be wi' you a'."

{ m . r d : d | s : - d l : l | l : - s m . s : l . s }
 { A - | dien, a heart-warm, fond a - dieu, Dear, bro - thers }
 { m . s : l . s m : r | r : m . r | d : d | s : - d }
 { of the | mys - tic tie, Ye | fa - vour'd, ye en - }
 { l : l | l : - s | m . s : l . s m . s : l . s | m : d | d }
 { lighten'd few, Com - pan - ions of | my | so - cial joy. || }
 { m | r . d : r . m | r : d . l | s . l : d . r | m : r . d | r : - m }
 { Tho' | I | to | for - eign | lands may hie, Pur - su - ing }
 { f . m : f . s | l : r | r : - m | f . m : f . s | l : s . f }
 { For - tune's | slid - dry ba', With | melt - ing heart and }
 { m . r : m . f | s : f . m | r . m : s . l | s . m : r . m | d : l | l | }
 { brim - ful | eye, I'll | mind you | still, tho' | far a - wa' . || }

Oft have I met your social band
 And spent the cheerful, festive night ;
 Oft, honour'd with supreme command,
 Presided o'er the Sons of Light :
 And by that Hieroglyphic Bright,
 Which none but Craftsmen ever saw !
 Strong Men'ry on my heart shall write
 Those happy scenes, when far awa'.

May Freedom, Harmony, and Love,
 Unite you in the grand design,
 Beneath the Omniscient Eye above—
 The glorious Architect Divine,
 That you may keep the unerring line,
 Still rising by the plummet's law,
 Till Order bright completely shine,
 Shall be my pray'r when far awa.

And you, farewell, whose merits claim
 Justly that highest badge to wear !
 Heaven bless your honour'd, noble name,
 To Masonry and Scotia dear !
 A last request permit me here,
 When yearly ye assemble a',
 One round, I ask it with a tear,
 To him, the Bard, that's far awa.



ADOWN WINDING NITH.

Key A^b.—ANDANTE.

TUNE—"The Mucking o' Geordie's Byre."

{ m . r | d : l : l | l : - d : s | l . d : - : r }
 { A - | down wind - ing | Nith | I did | wander, | To }
 { m : - r : d | d : - r : m | s : - : m . r }
 { mark | the sweet | flowers as they | spring; | A - }
 { d : l : l | l : - d : s | l : l : - s }
 { down | wind - ing | Nith | I did | wan - der, | Of }
 { m : - r : d | r : m : d | l : - : s }
 { Phil - lis | to | muse and | to | sing. || | A - }
 { m : s : l | s : m : r | d : - r : m }
 { wa' | wi' | your | Belles and | your | Bean - ties, They }
 { r : m : s | m : - r : d | s : - : m . r }
 { nev - er | wi' | her | can com - pare, | Wha - }
 { d : l : l | l : - d : l . se | l : i : s }
 { ev - er | has | met | wi' my | Phil - lis, | Has }
 { m : - r : d | r . m : - : d | l : - : }
 { met | wi' the | queen o' | the | Fair. || }

CRORUS.

SONGS OF BURNS.

The daisy amus'd my fond fancy,
So artless, so simple, so wild;
Thou emblem, said I, o' my Phillis!
For she is Simplicity's child.

Awa wi' your Belles, &c.

The rosebud 's the blush o' my charmer,
Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis prest:
How fair and how pure is the lily!
But fairer and purer her breast.

Awa wi' your Belles, &c.

Yon knot of gay flowers in the arbour,
They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie;
Her breath is the breath o' the woodbine,
Its dew-drop o' diamond her eye.

Awa wi' your Belles, &c.

Her voice is the song of the morning,
That wakes thro' the green spreading grove.
When Phœbus peeps over the mountains,
On music, and pleasure, and love.

Awa wi' your Belles, &c.

But beauty how frail and how fleeting,
The bloom of a fine summer's day!
While worth in the mind o' my Phillis
Will flourish without a decay.

Awa wi' your Belles, &c.



AE FOND KISS.

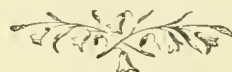
Key E♭—ANDANTE.

(s . m : m . m : m . r . m l : s :)
(Ae fond kiss, and then we sev - er;)
(s . m : m . m : m . r . m s . m : r :)
(Ae fare - well, and then for cv - er;)
(s . m : m . m : m . r . m l : s :)
(Deep in heart-rung tears I'll pledge thee,)
(d' . l : s . m : m . d m . , r : d :)
(Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.)
(s . , l : d' . , l : l . s l - s : m :)
(Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,)
(s . , l : d' . , t : r' . d' t : l :)
(While the star of hope she leaves him?)
(s . l : d' . s : l . ta ta : — : l :)
(Me, nae cheer - fu' twinkle lights me,)
(d' . , l : s . , m : m . d m . , r : d :)
(Dark despair a - round be - nights me.)

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy;
But to see her was to love her;
Love but her, and love for ever.

Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met or never parted—
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare-thee-weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare-thee-weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae farewell, alas for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.



SONG IN SPRING.

Key B♭.—LIVELY.

Tune—"Johnnie's Grey Brecks."

{ . d , r m . m : f , m , r , d l , , t : d . , s : }	
{ A - ga'n re - joic - ing Na - ture sees Her }	
{ m : , r : , d : d : , , r : m : . s : s : d , r }	
{ robe as - some its ver - nal hues, Her }	
{ m . m : s , m , r , d l , , t : d . , s : m : , r : , d : }	
{ leaf - y locks wave in the breeze, All fresh - ly }	
CHORUS.	
{ r : , , m : d . l : l : d . s : l : }	
{ steeped in morn - ing dews. Ald maun I }	
{ d . , r m . m : r . d r . m : s . l , s }	
{ still on Me - nie doat, And bear the scorn that's }	
{ m . r : r . m , s l . l : d' , l . s , m }	
{ in her e'e? For it's jet, jet black, an' it's }	
{ s . s : l , s , m , r d . , l : s , m , r , m d . l : l : }	
{ like a hawk, An' it win - na let a bo - dy be. }	
{ d s : , l : d . , r m . m : r . d r . m : s . l , s }	
{ And maun I still on Me - nie doat, And bear the scorn that's }	
{ m . r : r . m , s l . d , l : s . l , s }	
{ in her e'e? For it's jet, jet black, an' it's }	
{ m . s , m : r , f , m , r d . , l : s , m , r , m d . l : l : }	
{ like a hawk, An' it win - na let a bo - dy be.	

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
In vain to me the violets spring;
In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
The mavis and the lintwhite sing.
And maun I still, &c.

The merry ploughboy cheers his team,
Wi' joy the tentie seedsman stalks;
But life to me 's a weary dream,
A dream of aye that never wauks.
And maun I still, &c.

SONGS OF BURNS.

The wanton coot the water skims,
Among the reeds the ducklings cry,
The stately swan majestic swims,
And everything is blest but I.

And maun I still, &c.

(For continuation of verses see vol. i p 83.)



A HIGHLAND LAD.

Key D.—LIVELY.

TUNE—"The White Cockade."

{ *d* : *r* | *m* : *m* | *m* : *r* *d* | *m* : *m* | *m* : *d* | *s* : *m* | *m* : *r* *d* }
{ A - | Highland lad my love was born, The Lallan' laws lie }

{ *m* : *r* | *r* : *d* *r* *m* : *m* | *f* : *m* : *r* *d* | *m* : *s* | *d* : *d* *r* }
{ held in scorn, But he still was faith - ful to his clan, My }

CHORUS.

{ *m* : *r* : *d* : *t* | *r* : *d* : *t* | *s* : *m* | *m* | : *m* : *f* : *s* : *m* | *d* : *m* }
{ gal - lant, braw John Highlandman. Sing hey, my braw John }

{ *s* : *s* | *s* : *l* | *s* : *m* | *d* : *t* *d* : *r* | *r* | *r* : *d* *r* *m* : *m* }
{ Highlandman Sing ho, my braw John Highlandman, There's, no a }

{ *f* : *m* : *r* *d* | *m* : *s* | *d* : *d* *r* | *m* : *r* : *d* : *t* | *r* : *d* : *t* | *s* : *m* | *m* }
{ lad in a' the lan' Was match for my John Highlandman. }

With his philabeg an' tartan plaid,
An' guid claymore down by his side,
The ladies' hearts he did trepan,
My gallant, braw John Highlandman.
Sing hey, &c.

We rang'd a' from Tweed to Spey,
An' liv'd like lords an' ladies gay;
For a Lalland face he fear'd none—
My gallant, braw John Highlandman.
Sing hey, &c.

They banish'd him beyond the sea;
But ere the bud was on the tree,
Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,
Embracing my John Highlandman.
Sing hey, &c.

But, och! they catch'd him at the last,
And bound him in a dungeon fast:
My curse upon them every one,
They've hang'd my braw John Highlandman!
Sing hey, &c.

And now a widow, I must mourn
The pleasures that will ne'er return;
No comfort but a hearty can,
When I think on John Highlandman.
Sing hey, &c.

HERE'S HIS HEALTH IN WATER.

Key F.—LIVELY.

{ *d* : | *s* : *m* : *d* . *m* : *f* | *s* : *s* : *s* . , *d* | *s* : *m* : *f* : *m* : *r* *d* }
{ Al - | tho' my back be at the wa', And though he be the }

{ *r* : *r* : *d* . *r* | *m* : *r* : *d* . *t* | *l* . , *t* : *d* . *r* | *m* : *l* : *l* . *se* }
{ fant - or; Al - | tho' my back be at the wa', Yet here's his health in }

{ *l* : *l* | *l* : *d* : *d* : *r* : *d* : *t* | *s* : *s* : *s* . , *m* | *d* : *d* : *r* : *d* : *t* }
{ water. O | wae gae by his wanton sides, Sae brawlie he could }

{ *l* : *s* : *l* , *t* | *d* : *d* : *r* : *d* . *t* | *s* : *s* : *s* . *d* }
{ flat - ter; Till | for his sake I'm slighted sair, And }

{ *s* : *m* : *f* : *m* : *r* *d* | *r* : *r* : *d* . *r* | *m* : *r* : *d* : *r* : *m* : *r* *d* : *t* }
{ dree the kin - tra clat - ter. But tho' my back be }

{ *l* . , *t* : *d* . *r* | *m* : *l* : *l* . *se* | *l* : *l* }
{ at the wa', Yet here's his health in wa - ter. }



MONTGOMERY'S PEGGY.

Key D.—ANDANTE.

TUNE—"Galla Water."

{ *m* | *m* : *r* : *d* | *d* : - *m* | *s* : - *l* | *s* : *m* - : *r* : *d* }
{ Al - | though my bed were in yon muir, A - }

{ *m* : - *r* | *r* : *m* : *s* : *l* , *s* : *d* : *t* | *l* : *s* : *s* : - *l* *t* | *d* : - *r* }
{ mang the hea - ther in my plaidie, Yet hap - py, hap - py }

{ *m* : *r* : *d* : *l* | *d* : - *m* : *r* : *m* : *s* : *l* , *s* : *d* : *t* | *l* : *s* }
{ would I be, Had I my dear Mont - gomer - y's Peg - gy. }

When o'er the hill beat surly storms,
And winter nights were dark and rainy;
I'd seek some dell, and in my arms
I'd shelter dear Montgomery's Peggy.
Were I a baron proud and high,
And horse and servants waiting ready,
Then a' 'twad gie o' joy to me,
The sharin't with Montgomery's Peggy.



GLOOMY DECEMBER.

Key F.—SLOW.

{ *m* : *r* : *d* : *l* | *d* : *l* . , *s* : *m* | *l* : *s* : *m* - : *r* : *d* | *r* : - *m* : *f* : *m* }
{ Ance mair I hail thee, thou gloom - y De - cem - ber! }

{ *m* : *r* : *d* : *l* | *d* : *l* . , *s* : *m* | *l* : *d* : *t* : *l* , *t* | *l* : - : - }
{ Ance mair I hail thee wi' sorrow and care; }

{ *m* : *r* : *d* : *l* | *d* : *l* . , *s* : *m* | *l* : *s* : *m* - : *r* : *d* | *r* : - *m* : *f* : *m* }
{ Sad was the part - ing thou makes me re - mem - ber; }

{ *m* : *r* : *d* : *l* | *d* : *l* . , *s* : *m* | *l* : *d* : *t* : *l* , *t* | *l* : - : - }
{ Part - ing wi' Nan - cy, Oh, ne'er to meet mair! }

{ *d* : *r* : *m* : *m* : *f* : *s* | *r* : *m* : *f* : *m* : *m* | *d* : *t* : *l* | *m* : - *d* : *t* : *l* }
{ Fond lov - ers' part - ing is sweet, pain - ful pleas - ure, }

{ *m* : *r* : *d* : *t* | *m* : *r* : *d* : *t* | *d* : *r* : *r* : - *d* : *r* | *m* : - : - }
{ Hope beaming mild on the soft part - ing hour; }

{ *m* : *r* : *d* : *l* | *d* : *l* . , *s* : *m* | *l* : *s* : *m* - : *r* : *d* | *r* : - *m* : *f* : *m* }
{ But the dire feel - ing, O fare - well for e - ver: }

{ *m* : *r* : *d* : *l* | *d* : *l* . , *s* : *m* | *l* : *d* : *t* : *l* , *t* | *l* : - : - }
{ An - guish un - min - gled, and a - gon - y pure! }

SONGS OF BURNS.

Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,
Till the last leaf o' the summer is flown,
Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom,
Till my last hope and last comfort is gone!
Still as I hail thee, thou gloomy December,
Still shall I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;
For sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
Parting wi' Naney, oh! ne'er to meet mair.



O FOR ANE AN' TWENTY, TAM.

Key D.—CANTY.

TUNE—"The Moudiewart."

{ d' | s:m:d | m:f:s | l:-:r | r:-:d' | s:m:d }
{ CHORUS—An' O for ane an' twen-ty, Tam! An' hey, sweet }
{ r:m:se | l:-:l | l:-:d' | s:m:d | m:f:s }
{ ane an' twen-ty, Tam! I'll learn my kin a }
{ l:s:f | m:r:d | f:m:r | m:-:se | l:-:l | l:- }
{ ratt-lin' sang, Gin I saw ane an' twen-ty, Tam. }
SONG.
{ t | d'r:d' | d:t:l | r:m:r | r'd:t | d:t:d' | r'd:r' }
{ They snool me sair, and haud me doon, And gar me look like }
{ m:-:l | l:-:t | d'r:d' | d:t:l | r'l:m:r' }
{ blun-tie, Tam, But three short years will soon run }
{ r'l:d' | t | d:t:l | m:-:se | l:-:l | l:- }
{ roun', And then comes ane an' twen-ty, Tam. }

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,
Was left me by my auntie, Tam;
At kith or kin I need na spier,
An I saw ane an' twenty, Tam.
An' O for ane an' twenty, Tam! &c.

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,
Though I mysel' hae plenty, Tam;
But hear'st thou, laddie—there's my loof—
I'm thine at ane an' twenty, Tam.
An' O for ane an' twenty, Tam! &c.



MY EPPIE ADAIR.

Key F.—SLOWISH.

TUNE—"Eppie Adair."

{ d:r | m:-:r | m:l | t | r:m:r | d:t | r:s | }
{ CHORUS—An' O my Ep-pie, my jew-cl, my Eppie, }
{ t | m:m:r | m:l | s | m:-:r | d:t | l:- }
{ Wha wad-na be hap-py wi' Ep-pie A-dair? }
{ m | l:t:d' | t | l:m:fe | s:l:t:l | s:r:m }
{ SONG—By love and by beauty, by law and by du-ty, I }
{ l:t:d' | t | l:s:m:r | m:l:se | l:-:m }
{ swear to be true to my Ep-pie A-dair! By }
{ l:t:d' | t | l:m:fe | s:l:t:l | s:m:r | t:l:s | }
{ love and by beauty, by law and by du-ty, I }
{ d:d:r | m:l:s | m:-:r | d:t | l:- }
{ swear to be true to my Ep-pie A-dair. }

A' pleasure exile me, dishonour defile me,
If e'er I beguile thee, my Eppie Adair!
A' pleasure exile me, dishonour defile me,
If e'er I beguile thee, my Eppie Adair!
And O my Eppie, &c.



ANNA, THY CHARMS.

Key E.—SLOW.

TUNE—"Bouny Mary."

{ m:f:s | l | s:d's | l | s:f | m:s | d:t | l:t:d's | l:s:f:m }
{ An-na, thy charms my bo-som fire, and waste my soul with }
{ r:- | :d:r | m:f:s | l | s:d's | l:f:r' | d' | t:-s }
{ care; But ah! how boot-less to ad-mire, When }
{ l:t:d' | f | m:r:d | d:- | : | t:-d' | r'l:d't | d' | r'l:f }
{ fat-ed to de-spair! Yet in thy presence, }
{ f:s:m:r | m:l:t | d'l:t:d' | m:se | l:- | : | l:t | d't:l }
{ love-ly Fair, To hope may be for-giv'n; For sure }
{ s:f | m:s | l:s | f:m:r | d:t | :m:f | l:s | t:l | t:d' | f:m:r | d | d:- }
{ 'twere impious to de-spair So much in sight of Heav-en. }



A ROSEBUD BY MY EARLY WALK.

Key E7.—CANTY.

TUNE—"The Shepherd's Wife."

{ s | d:-:r | m:-:f | s:-:d' | d't:s | l:t:d' | s:f:m }
{ A rose-bud by my ear-ly walk, A-down a corn-in- }
{ r:m:d | t:-:s | d:-:r | m:-:f | s:-:d' | d't:s }
{ clos-ed bawk, Sae gent-ly bent its thorn-y stalk, All }
{ l:t:d' | r'l:d't | d:-: | d:- | :d' | m'l:-m'l'r:-d't }
{ on a dew-y morn-ing. Ere twice the shades o' }
{ d:-:d' | d't:s | l:t:d' | s:f:m | r:m:d | t:-:s }
{ dawn are fled, In a' its crim-son glo-ry spread, And }
{ m'l:-m'l'r:d't | d'r:d' | t:-:s | l:t:d' | r'l:d't | d:-: | d:- }
{ drooping rich the dew-y head, It scents the ear-ly morn-ing. }

Within the bush her cover'd nest
A little linnet fondly prest,
The dew sat chillily on her breast,
Sae early in the morning.

She soon shall see her tender brood,
The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,
Among the fresh green leaves bedew'd,
Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeany fair,
On trembling string or vocal air,
Shalt sweetly pay the tender care
That tents thy early morning.

So thou, sweet Rosebud, young and gay,
Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
And bless the parent's evening ray
That watch'd thy early morning.

SONGS OF BURNS.

RATTLIN', ROARIN' WILLIE.

Key G.—LIVELY.

Key C.

Key G.

{ s m : - d | d : r : d | m : s : m' f' : - d' | l : f : l | d' : - : r' s }
{ As, I cam by Crochallan, I cauni-lie keek-it ben; Rat- }

{ m : - d | d : r : d | m : s : l d' : t : d' | m : - : f | s : - : l t }
{ tl - in', roar - in' Willie Was, sittin' at yon board-en; Sit- }

Key C.

{ d' : t : d' | s : m : d | m : s : m' f' : d : - | l : f : l | d' m : - }
{ tin' at yon board-en', And anang guid companie, }

Key G.

{ rs : m : s | l : - : s | l : d' : s | m : d : m | r : t : r | d : - }
{ Rat-tl-in', roar - in' Willie, You're wel - come hame to me. }



THE MINSTREL AT LINCLUDEN.

Key G.—RECITATIVE.

TUNE—"Cunnoch Psalms."

{ . s | d : d | d : d | d : d | d : d : r }
{ As I stood by you roof-less tower, Where the }

{ m : m | m : - f m : - r | m : m m | r : r }
{ wa' - flow'r scents the dew - y air, Where the hou - let }

Very slow.

{ r : r r | r : m s | s : - s | s : - m | r : d | m : r : d }
{ mourns in her i - vy bower, And tells the mid-night moon her }

CHORUS.—Tempo.

{ d' : s . l | d : d : d | d : - d | d : d d | d : d r | m : m m }
{ care, A lassie all alone was making her moan, La menting our }

{ m : - r | m : - r | m : m m | r : r : r r | r : r r }
{ lads be - yond the sea; In the bluidy wars they fa', and our }

Very slow.

{ r : r : r m | s : - s | s : - m | r : d | r : - d | d : - }
{ honour's gane an'a', And brok - en - hearted we mann die. }

The winds were laid, the air was still,
The stars they shot along the sky;
The tod was howling on the hill,
And the distant-echoing glens reply.
A lassie all alone, &c.

The burn, adown its hazelly path,
Was rushing by the ruin'd wa',
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,
Whase roarings seem'd to rise and fa'.
A lassie all alone, &c.

The cauld blae North was streaming forth
Her lights, wi' hissing, eerie din,
Athort the lift they start and shift,
Like Fortune's favours, tint as win.
A lassie all alone, &c.

Now, looking over frith and fauld,
Her horn the pale-faced Cynthia rear'd,
When lo! in form of minstrel auld,
A stern and stalwart ghaist appear'd.
A lassie all alone, &c.

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
Might rons'd the slumbering dead to hear;
But oh, it was a tale of woe,
As ever met a Briton's ear!
A lassie all alone, &c.

He sang wi' joy his former day,
He, weeping, wail'd his latter times;
But what he said—it was nae play,
I winna ventur 't in my rhymes.
A lassie all alone, &c.



HEY FOR A LASS WI' A TOCHER.

Key D.

{ d : d : - r : d | d' : - t : d' | r' : d' : t | d' : - : m' }
{ A - wa wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's a - larms, The }

{ r' : - d' : t | l : t : d' | s : - l : f | m : - : s | d : - : r : d }
{ slen - der bit beauty you grasp to your arms: O, gie me the }

{ d' : t : d' | r' : - d' : t | d' : - : m' | r' : d' : t | l : t : d' }
{ lass that has a - cres o' charms, O, gie me the lass wi' the }

{ s : - l : f | m : s : s | l : - f : r | r : f : l | l : - : f : - f }
{ weel stockit farms. Then hey for a lass wi' a toch - er, Then }

{ s : - m : d | d : m : s | s : - : - | m : - : m | l : f : r | r : f : l }
{ hey for a lass wi' a toch - er, Then hey for a lass wi' a }

{ r' : - : - | t : - : t | d' : s : m | f : r : t | d : - : - : }
{ toch - er, The nice yellow guineas for me. }

Your beauty's a flower, in the morning that blows,
And withers the faster, the faster it grows;
But the rapturous charm o' the bonnie green knowes,
Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonnie white yowes.
Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher, &c.

And e'en when this beauty your bosom has blest,
The brightest o' beauty may cloy when possess;
But the sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordie imprest,
The langer ye ha'e them—the mair they're caresst.
Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher, &c.



SIMMER 'S A PLEASANT TIME.

Key D.—Slow.

TUNE—"Aye Waukin' O."

CHORUS.

{ s : m : r : d | m : d : s : f : m : d' }
{ Aye waukin' O! Waukin' still and wearie: }

{ s : f : m : r : d : s | l : s : d' : t : l : s }
{ Sleep I can get nane For think-log on my dearie. }

SONG.

{ s : m : r : d | d' : d' : t : l : s : m }
{ Aye waukin' O! Shimmer's a pleasant time, }

SONGS OF BURNS.

{ d . t : l . d' : r' s d' . d . t : l . s : m . m }
{ Flow'rs of ev' - ry colour; The water rins o'er the heugh, And }

{ l . l . s : d' . t : l . s s : m . r : d }
{ I long for my true lover. Aye waukin' O! }

{ m . d : s . f : m . d' s . f : m . r : d . s }
{ Waukin' still and wearie, Sleep I can get nane For }

{ l . s : d' . t : l . s s . m : m . r : d }
{ think-ing on my dearie. Aye waukin', O! }

When I sleep I dream,
When I wauk I 'm eerie:
Sleep I can get nane
For thinking on my dearie.
Aye waukin' O, &c.

Lanely night comes on,
A' the lave are sleepin';
I think on my bonnie lad,
And bleer my e'en wi' greetin'.
Aye waukin' O, &c.



MY NANNIE O!

Key E².—ANDANTE.

{ d . r m : l | m : - r d : t . l | l : s . l d : - r m . r : m s }
{ Be- hind yon hills where Lu - gar flows, Mang'nnis and moss-es }

{ l : r . m | r : d . r m : s | f . m . r . d r : m | d' : - t }
{ ma - ny, O! The win - try sun the day has clos'd, And }

{ l : - s | m . r . m . s e l : l . t . l | : m f s : - l | l . s : f . m }
{ I'll a - wa' to Nan-nie, O! The west - lin' wind blows }

{ d' : s . l | s : d' t l : - t | d' . t : d' r | m' : l . t | l : s . f }
{ loud and shrill, The night's baith mirk and rain-y, O! But I'll }

{ m : d' | s . m . r . d r : m | d' : - t l : s | m . r . m . s e l : l . t . l | l }
{ get my plaid and out I'll steal, And ower the hills to Nannie, O! }

My Nannie's charming, sweet, an' young;
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O!
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nannie, O!
Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she 's bonnie, O!
The opening gowan, wat wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nannie, O!

A country lad is my degree,
And few there be that ken me, O!
But what care I how few they be?
I 'm welcome aye to Nannie, O!

My riches a 's my penny-fee,
And I maun guide it cannie, O!
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a'—my Nannie, O!
Our auld guidman delights to view
His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie, O!
But I 'm as blithe that hauds his pleug
And has nae care but Nannie, O!
Come weel, come woe, I care na by,
I 'll tak what Heaven will sen' me, O!
Nae ither care in life have I,
But live, and love my Nannie, O!



BEHOLD, MY LOVE, HOW GREEN THE GROVES.

Key F.—ANDANTE.

TUNE.—"Doun the Burn, Davie."

{ : m | d : - t . l | t . l : d . r | m : r . d | d : m . f }
{ Be- hold, my love, how green the groves, The }

{ s : d | l . s : f . m | r : - | : m . r }
{ prim - rose banks how fair; The }

{ d : - t . l | t . l : d . r | m : r . d | d' : - s }
{ balm - y gales a- wake the flowers, And }

{ l : - m | s . l : s . f | m : - | - | : s }
{ wave thy flax - en hair. The }

{ l : d' | s : - l | m : s | f . m : r . d }
{ lav' - rock shuns the pal - ace gay, And }

{ f . m : f . s | l . t : d' . m | r : - | - | : m . r }
{ o'er the cot - tage sings; For }

{ d : - t . l | t . l : d . r | m : r . d | d' : - s }
{ na - ture smiles as sweet, I ween, To }

{ l : - m | s . l : s . f | m : - | - }
{ shep - herds as to kings. }

Let skilful minstrels sweep the string
In lordly lighted ha',
The shepherd stops his simple reed
Blythe in the birken shaw;
The princely revel may survey
Our rustic dance wi' scorn,
But are their hearts as light as ours,
Beneath the milk-white thorn?
The shepherd in the flowery glen
In homely phrase will woo;
The courtier tells a finer tale,
But is his heart as true?
These wild-wood flowers I 've pn'd to deck
That spotless breast of thine;
The courtier's gems may witness love,
But 'tis na love like mine.

SONGS OF BURNS.

BEHOLD THE HOUR.

Key F—ANDANTE.

TUNE—"Oran-gaol."

{ m : d | l : m | l : - : t | d' : - : r' : d' | t : - : l }
 { Be - hold the hour, the beat ar - rive; Thou }
 { s : m : d' | t : - : l | s : m : l | l : - : t | }
 { go - est, thou dar - ling of my heart! }
 { d : - : r : m : f | s : m : d | r : m : s | l : - : d' }
 { Sev - er'd from thee can I sur - vive? But }
 { s : m : d | m : - : r | d : - : r : t | l : - : m }
 { fate has will'd, and we must part. || I'll }
 { l : - : t : l | se : - : m | d' : - : d' | t : - : l }
 { of - ten greet this surg - ing swell, You }
 { s : m : d' | t : - : l | s : m : l | l : - : t | }
 { dis - tant isle will of - ten hail; E'en }
 { d : - : r : m : f | s : m : d | r : m : s | l : - : d' }
 { here I took the last fare - well; There }
 { s : m : d | m : - : r | d : - : r : t | l : - : }
 { lat - est mark'd her van - ished sail. ||

Along the solitary shore,

While flitting sea-fowl round me cry,
 Across the rolling, dashing roar,

I'll westward turn my wistful eye:

Happy, thou Indian grove, I'll say,

Where now my Nancy's path may be!

While thro' thy sweets she loves to stray

O tell me, does she muse on me?



BLYTHE WAS SHE.

Key G.—ALLEGRETTO,
 CHORUS.

TUNE—"Andro and his Cutty Gun."

{ m : l | t | r , r . - : t | s , - }
 { Blythe, blythe, and mer - ry was she, }
 { m : l | t | r . , t | l | }
 { Blythe was she but an' ben; }
 { m : l | t | r . , r : t | , s | }
 { Blythe by the banks of Earn, And }
 { m : l | t | r , t | - : l | }
 { blythe in Glen - tu - rit glen. ||

Song.
 { t | s | s : s , l | s , m : r , s }
 { By Och - ter - tyre grows the aik, On }
 { m , l - : l , t | l , s : m , s }
 { Yarrow banks the bir - ken sbaw; But }
 { r , m : s , l | s , m : r , s }
 { Pbe - mie was a bon - nier lass Than }
 { m , s : r , t | r , t | l | }
 { braes o' Yar - row ev - er saw. ||

Her looks were like a flower in May,

Her smile was like a simmer morn;

She tripped by the banks of Earn,

As light's a bird upon a thorn.

Blythe, blythe, &c

Her bonnie face it was as meek

As ony lamb upon a lea;

The evening sun was ne'er sac sweet

As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e.

Blythe, blythe, &c.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,

And o'er the Lowlands I hae been;

But Phemie was the blythest lass

That ever trod the dewy green.

Blythe, blythe, &c.



BLYTHE HAE I BEEN.

Key G.—ALLEGRETTO.

TUNE—"The Quaker's Wife."

{ d : r : m | s | - : m | f : - : m | m : r : d }
 { Blythe ha'e I been on yon hill, }
 { d : r : m | s | - : s | l : - : - : d : - : - }
 { As the lambs be - fore me; }
 { d : r : m | s | - : m | f : - : m | m : r : d }
 { Care - less il - ka thought and free, }
 { d : r : m | s | - : s | l : - : - : d : - : - }
 { As the breeze flew o'er me; ||

{ d : - : m | s : - : m | l : - : f | s : - : m }
 { Now nae lan - ger sport and play, }
 { d : - : m | s : l : f | m : - : - : s : - : - }
 { Mirth or sang can please me; }
 { l : - : f | r : m : f | s : - : m | d : - : - }
 { Les - ley is sae fair and coy, }
 { d : r : m | s | - : s | l : - : - : d : - : - }
 { Care and an - guish seize me. ||

Heavy, heavy is the task,

Hopeless love declaring:

Trembling, I dow nought but glow'r,

Sighing, dumb, despairing!

If she winna ease the thraws

In my bosom swelling;

Underneath the grass-green sod,

Soon maun be my dwelling.



THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

Key D.—LIVELY. CHORUS.

{ d , r : m : s | d' , d' : d' . l | d' , r' : d' . l }
 { Bon - nie las - sie, will ye go, Will ye go, }
 { t , d' : r' : d' , r' : m' | d , r : m : s | d' , r' : m' : m' , r' }
 { will ye go, Bon - nie las - sie will ye go, To the }
 { d' , l : s : m | r : l | d , r : m : d' }
 { birks of A - ber - fel - dy? || Now simmer blinks on }
 { s , d : s : m | s , d : m : s | l , s , f , m : r , m }
 { flowery braes, And o'er the crys - tal streamlet plays; Come }
 { d , r : m : s | d' , r' : m' : m' , r' | d' , l : s : m | r : l }
 { let us spend the lightsome days In the birks of A - ber - fel - dy. ||

SONGS OF BURNS.

The little birdies blythely sing,
While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, &c.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foamy stream deep-roaring fa's,
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws—
The birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, &c.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
White o'er the lums the burnie pours,
And, rising, weets wi' misty showers
The birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, &c.

Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me;
Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, &c.



BONNIE WEE THING.

Key G.—ANDANTE.
CHORUS.

TESE.—"The Bonnie Wee Thing."

{ s, m. : r . d l, ., t, : d s, m. : r . d l : s }	{ Bon - nie wee thing, can - nie wee thing, }
{ f . m : r . d l, ., t, : d s, : l, ., t, d : — }	{ Love - ly wee thing, wert thou mine, }
{ s, m. : r . d l, ., t, : d s . m : r . d f . s, l : s }	{ I wad wear thee in my bo - som, }
{ f . m : r . d l, ., t, : d s, : l, ., t, d : — }	{ Lest my jew - el it should tine. }
Soprano.	
{ d : — . l s . m : r . d s, m. : r . d r, m, f, m }	{ Wish - ful - ly I look and lan - guish }
{ d : — . t, d, ., r : m, . f s : f ., m m : r }	{ In that bon - nie face o' thine, }
{ d : — . l s, m. : l s, m. : l s . m : r . d }	{ And my heart it stounds wi' an - guish, }
{ f . m : r . d l, ., t, : d s, : l, ., t, d : — }	{ Lest my weo thing le na mine. }

Wit and Grace, and Love, and Beauty,
In ae constellation shine;
To adore thee is my duty,
Goddess o' this soul o' mine!
Bonnie wee thing, &c

THE WINTER OF LIFE.

Key G.—VERY SLOW.

{ . s, s, ., l, : d . d : — . d r ., d : r : — . m }	{ But late - ly seen in glad - some green, The }
{ m . r : d . d : l, ., s, s, : — . : . s, }	{ woods re - joic'd the day, Thro' }
{ s, ., l, : d : — . d r ., d : r : — . r }	{ gen - tle showers, the laugh - ing flowers In }
{ m . r : d . d : l, ., s, s, : — . - : }	{ den - hle pride were gay: }
{ . m m : — . r : m, . s s : — . : . s }	{ But now our joys are fled On }
{ l . s : m . m : r . d l, : — . : . d }	{ win - ter blasts a - wa', Yet }
{ s, ., l, : d : — . d r ., d : r : — . m }	{ maid - en May, in rich ar - ray, A - }
{ m . r : d . d : l, ., s, s, : — : — }	{ gain shall bring them a' }

But my white pow, nae kindly thowe
Shall melt the snaws of Age;
My trunk of eild, but buss or beild,
Sinks in Time's wintry rage.
Oh, Age has weary days,
And nights o' sleepless pain:
Thou golden time o' Youthfu' prime,
Why comes thou not again?



BY ALLAN STREAM.

Key F.—ANDANTE.

TESE.—"Allan Water."

{ . s, d : — . r m : d, l, . s, m. : r ., d r : d . l, }	{ By Al - lan stream I chane'd to rove, While }
{ d : — . r m . r : m . s l : s . f m : d, d }	{ Phae - bus sank be - hind Ben - le - di; The }
{ d : — . r m . f : s . l s, m. : r . d r : d . l, }	{ winds were whis - p'ring thro' the grove, The }
{ s, ., l, : d . r m . r : m . s l, ., d, : s ., l m : d, l }	{ yel - low eorn was way - ing rea - dy; }
{ . r, m, r, : d, l, . s, ., l, : d, l s, m. : r . d r : d . l, }	{ I lis - ten'd to a lov - er's sang, And }
{ d, ., r, : d, l s . l : d, s, - l . m : s . d m : d, r, l }	{ thought on youth - fu' plea - sures man - y; And }
{ m, r, : d, l s . l : m, r, d, l : s . m r, m, f : m . r }	{ aye the wild - wood ech - oes rang— O }
{ d : — . r m . r : m . s l . m : s . d m : d, l }	{ dear - ly do I love thee, An - nie! }

O happy be the woodbine bower,
Nae nightly bogle make it eerie;
Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,
The place, and time I met my dearie!

SONGS OF BURNS.

Her head upon my throbbing breast,
She, sinking, said, "I'm thine for ever!"
While many a kiss the seal imprest,
The sacred vow we ne'er should sever

The haunt o' spring 's the primrose brae,
The simmer joys the flocks to follow:
How cheery thro' her shortening day
Is autumn in her weeds o' yellow!
But can they melt the glowing heart,
Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure,
Or through each nerve the rapture dart,
Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure?



THERE 'LL NEVER BE PEACE.

Key B♭—Slow.

TUNE—"There's Few Guid Fellows when Jamie's Awa"

{ :l. t₁ | d : - . t₁ : l₁ | t₁ : - . l₁ : s₁ | r₁. m₁ : s₁ : s₁ }
{ By | yon castle | wa', at the | close of the }
{ s₁ : - . l₁ : t₁ | d : - . t₁ : l₁ | t₁ : m : - . s₁ }
{ day, l | beard a man | sing, tho' his }
{ m₁ : l₁ : l₁, t₁ | l₁ : - : l₁, t₁ | d : - . r : m : f }
{ head it was | gray ; And | as he was }
{ s : - . f : m | r : t₁ : s | s₁ : - : l₁, t₁ }
{ sing - ing the | tears doon | came ; There 'll }
{ d : - . t₁ : l₁ | t₁ : m : - . s₁ | m₁ : l₁ : l₁, t₁ | l₁ : - }
{ nev - er be | peace till | Jam - ie comes | hame. }

The Church is in ruins, the State is in jars,
Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars ;
We dare na' weel say 't, but we ken wha 's to blame—
There 'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
And now I greet round their green beds in the yird :
It brak the sweet heart o' my faithfu' auld dame—
There 'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

Now life is a burden that bows me down,
Sin' I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown ;
But till my last moment my words are the same—
There 'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.



CA' THE YOWES.

CHORUS.

{ r₁. m₁ : l | s₁. m : s | m₁. r : d₁. d₁ | t₁. d₁ : r₁ }
{ Ca' the yowes | to the knowes, | Ca' them whar the | heather grows, }
{ m₁. l : l : l | s₁. d₁ : m | r : m : s₁ }
{ Ca' them whar the | bur - nie rows, | My bon - nie }
{ l : t₁ : l : | m₁. r : m₁. l | s₁. m : s₁ }
{ dear - ie ! | Hark the | mav - is' | even-ing sang, }

B

{ m₁. r : d₁. d₁ | t₁. d₁ : r₁ : - | m₁. l : l : l }
{ Sounding Cluden's | woods a - mang ! | Then a fauld-ing }
{ s₁. l : d₁ : m : - | d₁. r : m : s | l : t₁ : l }
{ let ns gang, | My bon - nie | dear - ie ! }

We 'll gae down by Cluden side,
Through the hazels spreading wide,
O'er the waves that sweetly glide
To the moon sae clearly.
Ca' the yowes, &c.

Yonder Cluden's silent towers,
Where at moonshine midnight hours,
O'er the dewy bending flowers,
Fairies dance sae cheery.
Ca' the yowes, &c.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear ;
Thou 'rt to love and heaven sae dear,
Nocht of ill may come thee near,
My bonnie dearie !
Ca' the yowes, &c.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stown my very heart ;
I can die—but eanna part,
My bonnie dearie !
Ca' the yowes, &c.



ON CHLORIS BEING ILL.

Key D.—Slow.

TUNE—"Ay Waukin' O"

{ d₁ : t₁ : l : s : m | d₁ : t₁ : l : d₁ : r₁ : s₁ }
{ Can I cease to care ? | Can I cease to languish ? }
{ d₁ : t₁ : l : s : m : m | l : s : d₁ : t₁ : l : s }
{ While my dar - ling fair | Is | on the couch of anguish ? }
{ s : m : r : d | m : d : s : f : m : d₁ }
{ Long, long the night, | Hea - vy comes the morrow, }
{ s : f : m : r : d : s | l : s : d₁ : t₁ : l : s }
{ While my soul's de - light | Is | on her bed of sorrow. }

Every hope is fled,
Every fear is terror ;
Slumber even I dread,
Every dream is horror.
Long, long the night, &c.

Hear me, Pow'rs divine !
Oh, in pity hear me !
Take aught else of mine,
But my Chloris spare me !
Long, long the night, &c.

SONGS OF BURNS.

CANST THOU LEAVE ME THUS, MY KATY?

CHORUS. Key D.—ANDANTE.

TUNE.—"Roy's Wife."

{ s .,m:m,r | m.,r :m,l.- | s .,m:m,d | r .,d:r,m.- }
 { Canst thou leave me thus, my Ka - ty? | Canst thou leave me thus, my Ka - ty? }
 { s .,m:r .,d | d',r' :m',r' | d',l :s .,m | r .,d:r,m.- }
 { Well thou know'st my aching heart, And | canst thou leave me thus for pi - ty? }
 SONG.
 { s .l:t:d',m | r',d',r',m':d',s | s .l :d',m | r .,d:r,m.-,s }
 { Is this thy plighted, fond re - gard, Thus | cru - el - ly to part, my Ka - ty? Is }
 { s .l :d',m | r',d',f',m':r',d' | m',r' :d',m | r .,d:r,m.- }
 { Is this thy faithful swain's re - ward, An | ach - ing, broken heart, my Ka - ty! }

Farewell! and ne'er such sorrows tear
 That fickle heart of thine, my Katy!
 Thou may'st find those will love thee dear,
 But not a love like mine, my Katy.
 Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy, &c.



CHARLIE, HE 'S MY DARLING.

CHORUS Key F.—MODERATO.

TUNE.—"Charlie he's my Darling"

{ .m | l.,t:d',r | m :l.,m | f :l.,f | m :l }
 { An' Charlie, he's my dar - ling, My | dar - ling, my dar - ling, }
 { l.,t:d',r | m :l.,t | d' :t.,l | l }
 { Charlie, he's my dar - ling, The | young Che - va - lier. }
 SONG.
 { .l | se.m :ba.se | l .,t :d'.l | se.m :ba.se | l :t }
 { 'Twas on a Monday morning, Right | ear - ly in the year, That }
 { d'.l :t:d'.l | s .,m:d,r,m | f .r :m.d | t }
 { Charlie came to our town, The | young Che - va - lier. }

As he was walking up the street
 The city for to view,
 O there he spied a bonnie lass
 The window looking through
 An' Charlie, &c.
 Sae light's he jumped up the stair,
 And tirl'd at the pin;
 And wha sae ready as hersel'
 To let the laddie in!
 An' Charlie, &c.
 He sat his Jenny on his knee,
 All in his Highland dress;
 For bravly well he kenn'd the way
 To please a bonnie lass.
 An' Charlie, &c.
 It's up you heathery mountain,
 An' down yon scroggie glen,
 We daur na gang a milking,
 For Charlie and his men.
 An' Charlie, &c.

FAREWELL TO CLARINDA,

ON LEAVING EDINBURGH.

Key F—SLOW AND EXPRESSIVE.

{ :m | s :t | d.r:m,s,f | m :r | :s .d' }
 { Cla - rin - da, mistress of my soul. The }
 { d'.t :l :s | f .m:r .,s | d : - | :s .,m }
 { mea - sur'd time is | un; The }
 { r :m,d.- | t | :d.m | r .d :t | d | t | :t' }
 { wretch be - neath the | d ea - ry pole, So }
 { d',s.- :l .f | m :r .s | d : - | - : }
 { marks his | lat - est sun. }

To what dark cave of frozen night
 Shall poor Sylvander lie?
 Deprived of thee, his life and light,
 The sun of all his joy!

We part—but, by these precious drops
 That fill thy lovely eyes,
 No other light shall guide my steps
 Till thy bright beams arise.

She, the fair sun of all her sex,
 Has blest my glorious day;
 And shall a glimmering planet fix
 My worship to its ray?



COME BOAT ME O'ER TO CHARLIE.

Key D.—ALLEGRETTO.

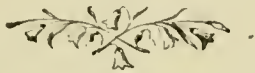
TUNE.—"O'er the Water to Charlie"

{ :d | d :m :s | s :m :s | l :d' :m | m :r :d }
 { Come boat me o'er, come low me o'er, Come }
 { d :m :s | s :m :s | l : - : - | d' : - :d }
 { boat me o'er to Char - - lie; I'll }
 { d :m :s | s :m :s | l :d' :m | m :r :d }
 { gie John Ross a - ni - ther baw-bee, To }
 { d' :m' :d' | r' :t :s | l : - : - | d' : - :d' }
 { boat me o'er to Char - - lie. We'll }
 { d :m' :d' | r' :t :s | l :d' :m | m :r :d }
 { o'er the wa - ter and o'er the sea, We'll }
 { d' :m' :d' | r' :t :s | l : - : - | d' : - :d' }
 { o'er the wa - ter to Char - - lie; Come }
 { d :m' :d' | r' :t :s | l .d' : - :m | m :r :d }
 { weal, come woe, we'll gather and go, And }
 { d :m :s | s :m :s | l : - : - | d' : - :d' }
 { live or die wi' Char - - lie. }

I lo'e weel my Charlie's name,
 Though some there be abhor him:
 But oh, to see auld Nick gaun hame,
 And Charlie's faes before him!
 We'll o'er the water, &c.

SONGS OF BURNS.

I swear and vow by moon and stars,
And sun that shines so early,
If I had twenty thousand lives,
I'd die as aft for Charlie.
We'll o'er the water, &c.



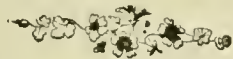
COME, LET ME TAKE THEE.

Key C.—MODERATO.

TUNE—"Could Kail in Aberdeen."

{ .d | m.s : d', l | s.m : r, d | m.s : d', l | s : d, d }
{ Come, | let me take thee to my breast, And | pledge we ne'er shall sun - der; And }
{ m.s : d', l | s.m : r, d | m.s : l, d', l | s : d }
{ I shall spurs as vil - est dust The | world's wealth and gran - deur; }
{ s | d', r' : m', d' | f, m' : r', s | d', r' : m', d' | r' : s, s }
{ And | do I hear my Jeanie owu, That | e - qual transports move her? I }
{ d', r' : m', d' | f, m' : r', d' | s.m : l, d', l | s : d }
{ ask for dearest life a - lone, That | I may live to love her. }

Thus in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
I clasp my countless treasure;
I'll seek nae mair o' heaven to share,
Than sic a moment's pleasure:
And by thy een, sae bonnie blue,
I swear I'm thine for ever!
And on thy lips I seal my vow,
And break it shall I never!



CONTENTED WI' LITTLE.

Key G.—WITH SPIRIT.

TUNE—"Lumps o' Pudding."

{ l, t, d : - t, d | l, l : s | m : r : m | l, : - : t, d }
{ Con - tent - ed wi' lit - tle, and can - tie wi' mair, When - }
{ t, l : s | s, l : s : m | r, t, : - : r | s, : - : s, l }
{ e'er I for - gath - er wi' sorrow and care, I }
{ t : - l : s | m : l : s | m : - r, d | s : - : f, e, m }
{ gie them a skelp, as they're creep - m' a - lang, Wi' a }
{ r : t, : s | l, : - : t, r | m : - r, m | l, : - : }
{ cog o' guid swats, and an auld Scottish sang. }
{ d, r | m : d : m | m : d : d, r | m : - r, m | l, : - : t, d }
{ I whyles claw the el - bow o' trouble - some thought; But }
{ r : t, : r | r : t, : r | r : - t, r | s, : - : r }
{ man is a sod - ger, and life is a faught; My }
{ m : d : m | m : d : m | m : d : m | s : - : m, m }
{ mirth and guid humour are coin in my pouch, And my }
{ r : t, : s | l, : - : t, r | m : - r, m | l, : - : }
{ freedom's my laird - ship nae monarch dare touch. }

A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',
A night o' guid fellowship southers it a':
When at the blythe end o' our journey at last,
Wha the de'il ever thinks o' the road he has past?

Blind chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way;
Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae:
Come case or come travail, come pleasure or pain,
My warst word is—"Welcome, and welcome again!"



CORN RIGS

Key A.—ALLEGRETTO.

TUNE—"Corn Rigs"

{ : s, d : - r | m : r, d | t, l, : t, d | r : s, }
{ It was up - on a | Lam - mas night, When }
{ d : - r | m, f : m, r | d : s, l | s : s, }
{ corn rigs are | bon - nie, Be - }
{ d : - r | m : r, d | t, l, : t, d | r : s, }
{ neath the moon's un - cloud - ed light, I }
{ l, t, d : d, l | r, d : t, l, | s, : d, r | d : s, }
{ held a - wa to | An - nie, The }
{ d : s | m, f : s, d | t, l, : t, d | r : s, }
{ time flew by wi' | teut - less heed, Till }
{ d : s, f | m, f : r, m | d : s, l | s : s, }
{ tween the late and ear - ly, Wi' }
{ d : s | l, s : f, m | f, m : r, d | t, d, r : s, }
{ sma' per - sua - sion she a - greed To }
{ l, t, d : d, l | r, d : t, l, | s, : d, r | d : s, }
{ see me through the bar - ley. }
CHORUS.
{ d : s | m, f : s, d | t, l, : t, d | r : s, }
{ Corn rigs, an' | bar - ley rigs, An' }
{ d : s | m, f : r, m | d : s, l | s : s, }
{ corn rigs are | bon - nie, I'll }
{ d : s | l, s : f, m | f, m : r, d | t, d, r : s, }
{ ne'er for - get that hap - py night, A - }
{ l, t, d : d, l | r, d : t, l, | s, : d, r | d : s, }
{ mang the rigs wi' | An - nie. }

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
The moon was shining clearly;
I set her down, wi' right good will,
Amang the rigs o' barley;
I ken't her heart was a' my ain;
I loved her most sincerely;
I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
Amang the rigs o' barley.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace;
Her heart was beating rarely:
My blessings on that happy place,
Amang the rigs o' barley!
But by the moon and stars so bright,
That shone that hour so clearly,
She aye shall bless that happy night,
Amang the rigs o' barley!

SONGS OF BURNS.

I hae been blithe wi' comrades dear;
 I hae been merry drinkin';
 I hae been joyfu' gath'rin' gear;
 I hae been happy thinkin':
 But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
 Though three times doubled fairly,
 That happy night was worth them a',
 Among the rigs o' barley.



DELUDED SWAIN, THE PLEASURE.

Key F.—ALLEGRO.

TUNE—"The Collier's Bonnie Lassie"

{ s : f | f . m : r . d | d : d | d : — | s : l m }
 { De- | lud - ea swain, the | plea - - sure The }
 { f : — . s | f : f | l : d | : r s , f }
 { tick - le fair can | give thee, | Is }
 { m : r . d | d : d | d : — | s : d }
 { but a fai - ry trea - - sure, Thy }
 { m : r . m | f . m : r . d | m : s | : l , t }
 { hopes will soon de - | ceive thee; The }
 { d : s | l : m | f d : — | f : — . d }
 { bil - lows on the | o - - cean, The }
 { l : s , f | f : — . s | l : d | : r s }
 { breez - es id - ly roam - ing, The }
 { f . m : r . d | r : s | m : — . f | s : d }
 { clouds' un - cer - tain | mo - tion, They }
 { d , t : l . t | d : d | m : s }
 { are but types of | Wo - man. }

O! art thou not ashamed
 To doat upon a feature?
 If Man thou wouldst be named,
 Despise the silly creature.
 Go, find an honest fellow;
 Good claret set before thee;
 Hold on till thou art mellow,
 And then to bed in glory.



DOES HAUGHTY GAUL INVASION THREAT?

Key A.—WITH SPIRIT.

{ s : d : d | r : m . f | m : d | d : s }
 { Does | baughty Gaul in - va - sion threat? Then }
 { l : l | f . m : r . d | t : — . l | s : m . f }
 { let the louns be - | ware, Sir, There's }

{ s : m | d : s | l : t . d | s : d . t }
 { Wood - en Walls up - on our seas, And }
 { l : f | m . r : d . t | d : — . r | d : d . r }
 { Vol - un - teers on | shore, Sir. The }
 { m : m | m : — . r | d : t . d | l : f . m }
 { Nith shall run to | Cor - sin - con, And }
 { r : l . s | f . m : r . d | t : — . d | r : m . f }
 { Crif - fel sink in | Sol - way, Ere }
 { s : m | d : s | l : d | f : s . l }
 { we per - mit a | For - eign Foe On }
 { s : d | m . r : d . t | d : — . r | d : m . f }
 { Brit - ish ground to | ral - ly. We'll }
 { s : m | d : s | l : d | f : s . l }
 { ne'er per - mit a | For - eign Foe On }
 { s : d | m . r : d . t | d : — . r | d : }
 { Brit - ish ground to | ral - ly. }

O let us not, like snarling curs,
 In wrangling be divided,
 Till, slap! come in an unco loun,
 And wi' a rung decide it!
 Be Britain still to Britain true,
 Among oursel's united;
 For never but by British hands
 Maun British wrangs be righted!
 No! never but by British hands
 Shall British wrangs be righted!

The kettle o' the Kirk and State,
 Perhaps a elout may fail in 't.
 But deil a foreign tinkler loun
 Shall ever ca' a nail in 't;
 Our Fathers' blude the Kettle bought,
 And wha wad dare to spoil it,
 By Heav'n's! the sacrilegious dog
 Shall fuel be to boil it!
 By Heav'n's! the sacrilegious dog
 Shall fuel be to boil it!

The wretch that would a tyrant own,
 And the wretch, his true-born brother,
 Who would set the mob aboon the throne,
 May they be damn'd together!
 Who will not sing "God save the King,"
 Shall hang as high 's the steeple;
 But while we sing "God save the King,"
 We 'll ne'er forget the People!
 But while we sing "God save the King,"
 We 'll ne'er forget the People!

SONGS OF BURNS.

DUNCAN GRAY.

Key A.—ALLEGRETTO CON SPIRITO.

TUNE—"Duncan Gray."

{ s₁ : d | t₁ : d | r : m | t₁ : — }
 { Dun - can Gray cam' here to woo, }
 { d : — | r : — f | m : d | d : s₁ }
 { Ha, ha, the woo - ing o't! On }
 { s₁ : d | t₁ : d | r : m | t₁ : — }
 { blythe Yule night when we were fn', }
 { d : — | r : — f | m : d | d : }
 { Ha, ha, the woo - ing o't! }
 { m : s | s : f m | f : f | f : }
 { Mag - gie coost her head fu' heich. }
 { f : m | r : d | t₁ : r | s₁ : }
 { Look'd as - klent, and un - co skeigh, }
 { s : l s | f : m | r m f r | t₁ : — }
 { Gart poor Dun - can stand a - beigh; }
 { d : — | r : — f | m : d | d : }
 { Ha, ha, the woo - ing o't. }

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't,

Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,

Grat his een baith bleert and blin',

Spak' o' lowpin' o'er a linn,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Time and chance are but a tide,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't,

Slighted love is sair to bide,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,

For a haughty hizzie die?

She may gae to—France for me!

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

How it comes let doctors tell,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't,

Meg grew sick—as he grew hale,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Something in her bosom wrings,

For relief a sigh she brings;

And O, her een, they spak' sic things!

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't,

Maggie's was a piteous case,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan couldna be her death,

Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;

Now they're crouse and canty baith,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't

FAIREST MAID ON DEVON BANKS.

CHORUS Key C—MODERATO.

TUNE—"Rothenmuche's Rant."

{ m ., r : m ., d | m . s : s | d¹ ., s : l, s. - }
 { Fair - est maid on De - von banks, | Crys - tal Devon, }
 { d¹ . s : l, d¹ - | m ., r : m . d | m ., s : s . s }
 { wind - ing Devon, | Wilt thou lay that frown a - side, And }
 SONG
 { l . d¹ : s ., d¹ | m ., r : r | r¹ . m¹ | f¹ ., m¹ : r¹ . d¹ }
 { smile as thou wert wont to do? | Full | well thou know'st I }
 { r¹ ., m¹ : f¹ . m¹ . f¹ | s¹ ., m¹ : r¹ ., d¹ | d¹ ., m¹ : r¹ . d¹ }
 { love thee dear! Could'st thou to mal - ice lend an ear? O. }
 { l . d¹ : s ., d¹ | m¹ ., r¹ . d¹ | l ., d¹ : s ., d¹ | m ., r : r }
 { did not love exclaim, "Forbear, Nor use a faith - ful lov - er so" }

Then come, thou fairest of the fair,

Those wanton smiles, O let me share;

And, by thy beauteous self I swear,

No love but thine my heart shall know.

Fairest maid on Devon banks, &c.



SUCH A PARCEL OF ROGUES IN A NATION!

Key D.—SLOW.

TUNE—"Such a parcel of rogues in a nation."

{ m ., s | l ., t : s . m | l : - . t | d¹ . l : s . m | d : r . m }
 { Fare - | weel to a' our | Scot - tish fame, Fare - }
 { f . m : r . d | r : m . s | l : - . s | m : m . s }
 { weel our an - cient glo - ry, Fare - }
 { l ., t : s . m | l : - . t | d¹ . l : s . m | d : r . m }
 { weel ev - en to the Scot - tish name, Sa - }
 { f . m : r . d | r : m . s | l : - . s | m : d¹ . r¹ }
 { fan'd in mar - tal sto - ry, | Now }
 { m ., f¹ : m¹ . r¹ | d¹ : t . l | s . m . : r . d | s : l . t }
 { Sark rins ov - er Sol - way sands, An - }
 { d¹ : t . d¹ | r¹ : d¹ . r¹ | m : - . r¹ | l : d¹ . r¹ }
 { Tweed rins to the o - cean, To }
 { m¹ . s¹ . : r¹ . m¹ | d : t . l | s . m . : r . d | d¹ : - . t . l }
 { mark where Eng - land's pro - vince stands, Such a }
 { s . m . : r ., d | r : m ., s | l : - . s | m : }
 { par - cel of rogues in a na - tion! }

What force or guile could not subdue,

Through many warlike ages,

Is wrought now by a coward few,

For hiring traitor's wages.

The English steel we could disdain,

Secure in valour's station;

But English gold has been our bane—

Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

O would, ere I had seen the day

That Treason thus could sell us,

My auld grey head had lien in clay,

Wi Bruce and loyal Wallace!

SONGS OF BURNS.

But pith and power, till my last hour,
I'll mak this declaration;
We're bought and sold for English gold—
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!



SONG OF DEATH.*

Scene.—A Field of Battle—Time of the day, evening—The wounded and dying of the victorious army are supposed to join in the following song.

Key F.—SLOW WITH EXPRESSION. TUNE—"My Lodging is on the Cold Ground."

{ m . r | d : - r : d | d : m : s | f : l : d | d' : - : t . l }
{ Fare- | well thou fair day, thou green | earth, and ye skies, Now }
{ s : - f : m | r : d : r | m : - : - | : m . r }
{ gay with the bright set-ting | sun ; Fare- }
{ d : - r : d | d : m : s | f : l : d | d' : - : t . l }
{ well loves and friendships, ye | dear ten - der ties ; Our }
{ s : d' : m | r : - d : r | d : - : - | : s . f }
{ race of ex - ist - ence is | run ! Thou }
{ f : m : d' | d' : t : l | s : m : d' | d' : - : t . l }
{ givin King of Terrors, thou | life's gloomy foe, Go }
{ s : - f : m | r : - d : r | m : - : - | : m . r }
{ fright - en the cow - ard and | slave ; Go }
{ d : - r : d | d : m : s | f : l : d | d' : - : t . l }
{ teach them to trem-ble, fell | ty - rant ! but know, No }
{ s . d' : - : m | r : - : d . r | d : - : - | : }
{ terrors hast thou to the | brave. }

Thou strik'st the dull peasant—he sinks in the dark,
Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name;
Thou strik'st the young hero—a glorious mark;
He falls in the blaze of his fame!
In the field of proud honour—our swords in our hands,
Our king and our country to save;
While victory shines on Life's last ebbing sands—
O who would not die with the brave?



MACPIERSON'S FAREWELL.

Key A.—SLOW. TUNE—"Macpherson's Rant"

{ . s | d , r : d . m | r , m : m . r , d . t | d , r : m . r . d . t }
{ Fare- | well, ye dungeons dark and strong, The wretch's des - ti - }
{ l | : - . s , l | d , r : d . m | r , d . r , m : r . d . t | }
{ nie, Mac- | Pherson's time will not be long On }
{ d . t , d : r , d . t , l | s , : - : | l | s . d : m , f . s , m }
{ you - der gal - lows tree, Sae | ranting - ly, sae }
{ s . d : d : l | s . d : m , f . s , m | l | : l }
{ wan - ton - ly, Sae | damn - ing - ly gaed he ; He }
{ s . d : m , f . s , m | l , s . f , m : r , f , m , r | d . t , d : r , d . t , l | s , : - : | }
{ play'd a spring, and danc'd it round, Be- | low the gal - lows tree. }

* Originally adapted to an old Gaelic air (vol. i. p. 191).

O what is death but parting breath?
On many a bloody plain
I've dared his face, and in this place
I scorn him yet again!
Sae rantingly, &c.

Untie these bands from off my hands,
And bring to me my sword;
And there's no a man in all Scotland,
But I'll brave him at a word.
Sae rantingly, &c.

I've lived a life of sturt and strife;
I die by treacherie:
It burns my heart I must depart,
And not avengèd be.
Sae rantingly, &c.

Now farewell, light—thou sunshine bright,
And all beneath the sky!
May coward shame distain his name,
The wretch that dare not die!
Sae rantingly, &c.



A MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF HER SON.

Key D.—SLOW. TUNE—"Finlayston House"

{ m . f s : - l | s . m : - s . l t | d' . l , s . m , r , d | l | : m , f }
{ Fate | gave the word, the | ar - - row sped, And }
{ s : - l | m' . r' . d' , r' | d : - : | : ta }
{ pierc'd | my dar - ling's | heart ; And }
{ l . s : m . s | d' . r' , m' : r' . d' | f . l , s , l . d' , m : r : d' . t , l }
{ wita | him all the | joys are fled Life }
{ s . d : f | m . l | t , d , r | d : - : - : | : m , f }
{ can | to me un - | part. By }
{ s : d' , t | l : d' . r' , m' | f . m' : r' . d | t : - d' . t }
{ eru - d | hands the | sap - ling drops, In }
{ l . s : m . s | d' . r' , m' : r' , d' | d' : - : - : | : ta }
{ dust dis - hon - our'd | laid ; So }
{ l . d' : m . s | d' . r' , m' : r' , d' | f . l , s . m . d' , m | r : d' . t , l }
{ fell the | pride of | all my hopes, Of }
{ s , d : - f | m , l , - : t , d , r | d : - : - : | : }
{ ag - - s fu - ture | shade. }

The mother liueth in the brake
Bewails her ravish'd young;
So I, for my lost darling's sake,
Lament the live-day long.
Death! oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow,
Now, fond, I bare my breast:
Oh, do thou kindly lay me low
With him I love, at rest!

SONGS OF BURNS.

AFTON WATER.*

Key B⁷—SLOW AND EXPRESSIVE.

{ s ₁ d m : - r : d d : - t ₁ : l ₁ s ₁ : - l ₁ : s ₁ f ₁ f ₁ : m ₁ : m ₁ f ₁ }	{ Flow gent - ly, sweet Afton! a - mang thy green braes, Flow }
{ s ₁ : - l ₁ : s ₁ d : - t ₁ : d m : - r : d r : - m : f }	{ gent - ly, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise; My }
{ s : - f : m m : - r : d l ₁ f : - l ₁ l ₁ : s ₁ : s ₁ f ₁ }	{ Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy murmur - ing stream, Flow }
{ m ₁ : - f ₁ : s ₁ l ₁ d : - r m : - r : d ^r d : - r : s }	{ gent - ly, sweet Afton, dis - turb not her dream. Thou }
{ s : m : s l ₁ d : - l ₁ s : - l ₁ : s ₁ f ₁ f ₁ : m : s }	{ stock-dove whose echo re - sounds thro' the glen, Ye }
{ s : m : s l ₁ : - t ₁ : d ^r m : s ₁ f ₁ : r d ^r s ₁ : - s ₁ s ₁ f ₁ }	{ wild whistling blackbirds, in yon thorn-y den, Thou }
{ m : - r : d d : - t ₁ : d l ₁ f : - l ₁ l ₁ : s ₁ : s ₁ f ₁ }	{ green crested lap - wing, thy screaming for - bear, I }
{ m ₁ : - f ₁ : s ₁ l ₁ d : - r m : m ^r : d ^r d : - }	{ charge you, disturb not ny slum - ber - ing Fair. }

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills;
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet eot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where, wild in the woodlands, the primroses blow;
There oft, as mild ev'ning weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the eot where my Mary resides:
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As, gathering sweet flowerets, she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.



FORLORN, MY LOVE, NO COMFORT NEAR.

SONG Key F₁—SLOW.

TUNE—"Let me in this ae night"

{ r d ., t ₁ : l ₁ ., t ₁ d ., d : d ., m }	{ For - lorn, my Love, no com - fort near, Far, }
{ r ., r : r ., m l ., s : m ., r }	{ far from thee I wan - der here; Far, }
{ d ., t ₁ : l ₁ ., t ₁ d ., r : m ., s }	{ far from thee, the fate sev - ere. At }
{ d ^r ., l : s ., m r : m : r }	{ which I must re - pine, love. O }

* The above tune is the composition of Mr. Alex. Hume. The music supplied by Burns to the *Museum*, along with the words, will be found at page 204, vol. i.

{ d ., t ₁ : l ₁ ., m l : l ., m }	{ wert thou, Love, but near me; But }
{ s : s ., r m : m ., r }	{ near, near, near me; How }
{ d ., t ₁ : l ₁ ., m l ., t : d ^r ., l }	{ kind - ly thou wouldst cheer me, And }
{ s, m ., : r ., d r : m }	{ mingle sighs with mine, Love. }

Around me scowls a wintry sky,
That blasts each bud of hope and joy;
And shelter, shade, nor home have I,
Save in those arms of thine, Love.

O wert thou, Love, but near me, &c.
Cold, alter'd friendship's cruel part,
To poison fortune's ruthless dart—
Let me not break thy faithful heart,
And say that fate is mine, Love.

O wert thou, Love, but near me, &c.
But dreary tho' the moments fleet,
O let me think we shall yet meet!
That only ray of solace sweet
Can on thy Chloris shine, Love.
O wert thou, Love, but near me, &c.



FRAE THE FRIENDS AND LAND I LOVE.

Key F₁—SLOW.

TUNE—"Carion Side."

{ m : r ., d l ₁ : d s ₁ : f ., m r : - }	{ Frae the friends and land I love, }
{ m : r ., d l ₁ : d ., r m ., f : r ., d d : - }	{ Driv'n by For - tune's fel - ly spite; }
{ m : r ., d l ₁ : d ., l ₁ s ₁ : f ., m r : - }	{ Frae my best be - lov'd I rove, }
{ m : r ., d l ₁ : d ., r m : r ., d d : - }	{ Nev - er mair to taste de - light. }
{ d ^r : l, s, m s : m, r, d d ^r : l, s, m l : - }	{ Nev - er mair maun hope to find }
{ ta : l ., s m : s, m, d d ^r : l, s, m r : - }	{ Ease frae toil, re - lief frae care; }
{ d ^r : l, s, m s : m, r, d d ^r : m, r, d l : - }	{ When Ke - men - brance wracks the mind. }
{ s : m, r, d l ₁ : s, l ₁ : d m : r ., d d : - }	{ Pleas - ures bnt un - veil de - spair. }

Brightest climes shall mirk appear,
Desert ilka blooming shore,
Till the Fates, nae mair severe,
Friendship, love, and peace restore;
Till Revenge, wi' lanrell'd head,
Bring our banish'd hame again;
And ilk loyal, bonnie lad
Cross the seas and win his ain.

SONGS OF BURNS.

FROM THEE, ELIZA, I MUST GO.

Key B♭—SLOW TUNE—"Gilderoy."

{ :m₁ | l₁ :l₁,t₁ | d₁,t₁,d₁,r | m :r d | r :d,r }
 { From | thee, E - li - za, | I must go, And }

{ m :s₁ | d l₁ :s₁ m₁ | s₁ :— | :d₁,t₁ }
 { from my na - tive | shore: The }

{ l₁,se:l₁ | t₁ | d₁,t₁:d₁ | m₁,r:m₁.f | m :l₁.s }
 { cru - el fates be- | tween us throw A }

{ f.m:r.d | t₁ :— | l₁ :— | — | :m₁,f }
 { bound - less o - cean's | roar; But }

{ s₁,f:s₁.l | s :f.m | f.m:r.d | r :d,r }
 { bound - less o - cean's. | roar - ing wide, Be }

{ m :s₁ | d,t₁,l₁:s₁.f.m₁ | s₁ :— | :d₁,t₁ }
 { tween my love and | me, They }

{ l₁,se:l₁ | t₁ | d₁,t₁:d₁ | m₁,r:m₁.f | m :l₁.s }
 { nev - er, nev - er | cau - di - vide My }

{ f.m:r.d | t₁ :— | l₁ :— | — | }
 { heart and soul | from thee. }

Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,
 The maid that I adore!
 A boding voice is in mine ear,
 We part to meet no more!
 But the last throb that leaves my heart,
 While death stands victor by,
 That throb, Eliza, is thy part,
 And thine that latest sigh!



ELECTION BALLAD—ELECTION DAY.

Key F.—WITH SPIRIT. TUNE—"The Blythesome Bridal."

{ d :—:r:d | m :s :l | s :m :d }
 { Fy, let us a' to | Kirk - cud - bright, For }

{ r :—:m:d | r :m :s | l :— :d' }
 { there will be bick - er - in' | there; For }

{ d :—:r:d | d' :t :l | s :m :d }
 { Mur - ray's light horse are to | mus - ter, And }

{ r :m :s | m :—:r:d,t₁ | l₁ :— :d' }
 { O how the he - roes will | swear! And }

{ d' :s :d' | d' :—:r':d' | t :l :s }
 { there will be Mur - ray, com - man - der, And }

{ l :s :m | d' :—:r':m' | r' :— :t }
 { Gor - don, the bat - tle to win; Like }

{ d' :—:r':d' | m' :r' :d' | t :l :s }
 { bro - thers they'll stand by | each o - ther, Sae }

{ l.t:d' :l | s :m :d | r :— :— }
 { knit in al - li - ance and kin. }

And there will be black-nebbit Johnnie,
 The tongue o' the trump to them a';
 An he get na hell for his haddin',
 The Deil gets na justice ava:

And there will be Kempleton's birkie,
 A boy no sae black at the bane;
 But as to his fine Nabob fortune,
 We'll e'en let the subject alane.

(For continuation of verses see vol. i. p. 222.)



THE LASS OF ECCLEFECHAN.

Key F.—LIVELY TUNE—"Jack o' Latin."

{ d,r,m,f:s.d' | s.m:m.d' | s.m:m.d' | s :m }
 { Gat ye me, O gat ye me, O | gat ye me wi' nae - thing, }

{ d,r,m,f:s.d' | s.m:m.d' | r'.r:r.m | f :m.r }
 { Rock and reel and spinning - wheel, A | meikle quarter ha - sin, }

{ d,r,m,f:s.m | l.f:s.m | d.m:s.m | s :m }
 { Bye at - tour, my gutcher has A | heich house and a laigh ane, }

{ d,r,m,f:s.m | l.f:s.m | f.r:r.m | f :m.r }
 { A' for - bye my bonnie set, The | toss of Eccle - fech - an, }

O haud your tongue now, Luckie Lang,
 O haud your tongue and jauner;
 I held the gate till you I met,
 Syne I began to wander:
 I tint my whistle and my sang,
 I tint my peace and pleasure;
 But your green graff, now, Luckie Lang,
 Wad airt me to my treasure.



MY BONNIE MARY.

Key C—MODERATO.

{ .d:d,m s :—:l:s | l | d' :—:r':m',f' | m',r':d'.l:s.d' }
 { Gofetch to me a pint o' | wine, And fill it in a silver }

{ m.r :—:d:d,m | s :—:l:s | l | d' :—:r':m',d' }
 { tassie; That I may | drink, be - fore I go, A service }

{ f.m':r'.d':l | ,s | l.d':—:d' :m',r' | d',r':d'.l:s.m }
 { to my bonnie | lassie. The boat rocks | at the pier o' }

{ r :—:m:d,m | s :—:d':r',s | m'r':—:d':m',r' }
 { Leith; Fu' loud the | wind blows frae the Ferry; The ship rides }

{ d',r':d'.l:s.m | s :—:r':m',d' | f.m'r'.d':l | ,s | l.d':—: }
 { by the Berwick | Law, And I maun | leave my bonnie Mary. }

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
 The glittering spears are rankèd ready;
 The shouts o' war are heard afar,
 The battle closes deep and bloody;
 It's not the roar o' sea or shore
 Wad make me langer wish to tarry;
 Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar—
 It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

SONGS OF BURNS.

HAD I A CAVE.

Key C.—ANDANTE MODERATO.

TUNE—"Robin Adair."

{ s : l : t | d' : -r' : m' | s : l : t | d' : - : }
 { Had I a cave on some wild dis - tant shore, }
 { s : l : t | d' : -r' : m' | s : l : t | d' : - : }
 { Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar: }
 { m' : m' : m' | f' : -l : l | m' : m' : m' | d' : -l : s }
 { There would I weep my woes, There seek my last re - pose, }
 { s' : f : m' : r' : d | d' : -r' : m' | s : l : t | d' : - : }
 { Tilt grief my eyesshould close, Ne'er to wake more. }

Falsest of womankind,
 Canst thou declare
 All thy fond-plighted vows
 Fleeting as air?
 To thy new lover hie,
 Laugh o'er thy perjury,
 Then in thy bosom try
 What peace is there!



HEE BALOU!

Key D.—SLOW.

TUNE—"The Highland Balou."

{ m, d : m, d | m, d : m, s- f, m : f, s | l, s : l, d'- }
 { Hee balou! my sweet wee Donald, Picture o' the great Clanronald; }
 { d, r : d, m | f, s : m | f, f : s, s | r, f : m }
 { Brawlie kens our wanton chief Whagot my young Highland thief. }

Leeze me on thy bonnie craigue,
 An thou live thou 't steal a naigie,
 Travel the country through and through,
 And bring hame a Carlisle cow.
 Through the Lawlands, o'er the border,
 Weel, my baby, may thou furdur;
 Herry the louns o' the laigh countrie,
 Syne to the Highlands hame to me.



HER DADDIE FORBAD.

Key F.—LIVELY.

TUNE—"Jumpin' John."

{ s : f | m : -f : m | m : r : d | r : -m : r | r : - : s : f }
 { Her dad - die for - Lad, her min - nie for - bad, For- }
 { m : d : m | r : t : r | d : - : - | - : - : s : f }
 { bid - den she wad - na be; She }
 { m : -f : m | m : - : d | r : - : r | r : - : s : f }
 { wad - na trow't, the browst she brew'd Wad }
 { m : d : - : m | r : t : r | d : - : - | - : - : s }
 { taste sae bit - ter - lie. Tbe }

C

{ d' : - : s | l : - : s | l, d' : - : s | l : - : s }
 { lang lad they ca' Jump - in' John Be- }
 { l : d' : l | s : m : d | r : - : - | - : - : s : f }
 { guil'd the bon - nie las - sie, The }
 { m : - : m | m : r : d | r : - : r | r : - : s }
 { lang lad they ca' Jump - in' John, Be- }
 { m : d : m | r : t : r | d : - : - | - : - : }
 { guil'd the bon - nie las - sie. }

A cow and a cauf, a yowe and a hauf,
 And thretty gude shillin's and three;
 A vera gude tocher, a cottar-man's dochter,
 The lass wi' the bonnie black e'e.
 The lang lad they ca', &c.



HAPPY FRIENDSHIP.

Key B⁷—LIVELY.

TUNE—"Whie was a Wanton Wag."

{ m, s : s, l, t | d, r : d, s | m, s : s, m | r, d : l }
 { Here a - round the in - gle bleezing, Wha sae hap - py and sae free, }
 { m, s : s, l, t | d, r : d, s | m, s : s, m | r, m : d }
 { Tho' the northern wind blows freezing, Frien ship warms baith you-and me }
 CHORUS.
 { m : s : - : m | d, r : m : d | m : s : r : m | r, d : l }
 { Happy we are a' the-gither, Hap - py we'll be ane and a', }
 { m : s : r : m | d, r : m : f | s : s : s, m | r, m : d }
 { Time shall see us a' the blyther, Ere we rise to gang a - wa. }

See the miser o'er his treasure
 Gloating wi' a greedy e'e!
 Can he feel the glow o' pleasure
 That around us here we see?
 Happy we are a' thegither, &c.

Can the peer, in silk and ermine,
 Ca' his conscience half his own;
 His claes are spun an' edged wi' vermin,
 Though he stan' afore a throne!
 Happy we are a' thegither, &c.

Thus, then, let us a' be tassing
 Aff our stoups o' generous flame;
 An' while roun' the board 'tis passing,
 Raise a sang in frien'ship's name.
 Happy we are a' thegither, &c.

Frien'ship maks us a' mair happy,
 Frien'ship gies us a' delight;
 Frien'ship consecrates the drappie,
 Frien'ship brings us here to-night.
 Happy we are a' thegither, &c.

SONGS OF BURNS.

WANDERING WILLIE.

Key F.—ANDANTE

TUNE—"Here awa, there awa."

{ s : - f : m : r }	{ d : - r : d }	{ r : - d : r }	{ m : l : - : }
{ Here a - wa,	{ there a - wa,	{ wan - der - ing	{ Willie,
{ s : - f : m : r }	{ d : - r : m }	{ l : - se : l }	{ l : - : }
{ Here a - wa,	{ there a - wa,	{ haud a - wa	{ hame;
{ s : - f : m : r }	{ d : - r : d }	{ r : - d : r }	{ m : l : - : }
{ Come to my	{ bo - som, my	{ ain on - ly	{ dearie,
{ s : - f : m : r }	{ d : - r : m }	{ l : - se : l }	{ l : - : }
{ Tell me thou	{ bring'st me my	{ Wil - lie the	{ same.
{ m : l : se }	{ l : - t : d }	{ s : - l : s : f }	{ m : - f : s }
{ Winter winds	{ blew loud and	{ could at our	{ part - ing,
{ m : l : se }	{ l : - t : d }	{ t : l : se }	{ l : - : }
{ Fears for my	{ Willie brought	{ tears to my	{ e'e;
{ s : - f : m : r }	{ d : - r : d }	{ r : - d : r }	{ m : l : - : l }
{ Welcome now	{ sim - mer, and	{ wel - come my	{ Willie, The
{ m : d : - t }	{ l : m : d : r }	{ m : - r : m }	{ l : - : }
{ sinmer to	{ na - ture, my	{ Wil - lie to	{ me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers,
How your dread howling a lover alarms!
Wauken, ye breezes, row gently, ye billows,
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.
But oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,
Flow still between us, thou wide roaring main!
May I never see it, may I never trow it,
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain.



JESSY.

CHORUS. Key C.—MODERATO. TUNE—"Here's a Health to Him that's Awa'."

{ m : l : r }	{ d : - : s }	{ l : - s : m }	{ s : - : - }	{ - : - m : l : r }
{ Here's a health to ane	{ I lo'e dear,			{ Here's a
{ d : - : s }	{ l : f }	{ m : l }	{ r : - : - }	{ - : - m : l : r }
{ health to ane I	{ lo'e dear;			{ Thou art
{ d : - : s : s }	{ l : t }	{ d : l }	{ t : l : s }	{ d : - : s : f }
{ sweet as the smile	{ when	{ fond lov - ers	{ meet,	{ And
{ m : - d : m }	{ r : t }	{ r : d : - : - }	{ m : s : - : d }	{ d : - : s : f }
{ soft as their part - ing	{ tear,		{ Jessy.	{ Al -
{ s : - s : s }	{ l : s }	{ m : s : - : - }	{ - : - : - d }	
{ hough thou maun nev - er	{ be	{ mine,		{ Al -
{ s : - : s : s }	{ l : f }	{ m : l }	{ r : - : - }	{ - : - : s }
{ though even hope is	{ de - nied;			{ 'Tis
{ s : - s : s }	{ l : t }	{ d : - : l : s }	{ d : - : s : f }	
{ sweet - er for thee	{ de -	{ spair - ing,	{ Than	
{ m : - d : m }	{ r : t }	{ r : d : - : - }	{ m : s : -	
{ nght in the world	{ be - side,		{ Jessy.	

I mourn thro' the gay, gaudy day,
As, hopeless, I muse on thy charms;
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
For then I am lockt in thy arms, Jessy!
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear, &c.

I guess by the dear angel smile,
I guess by the love-rolling e'e;
But why urge the tender confession
'Gainst fortune's fell, cruel decree, Jessy?
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear, &c.



HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEM THAT'S AWA'.

CHORUS. Key C.—MODERATO. TUNE—"Here's a Health to Him that's Awa'."

{ m : l : r }	{ d : - : s }	{ l : - s : m }	{ s : - : - }	{ - : - m : l : r }
{ Here's a health to them that's a - wa',				{ Here's a
{ d : - : s }	{ l : f }	{ m : l }	{ r : - : - }	{ - : - m : l : r }
{ health to them that's a - wa';				{ And
{ d : - : s : s }	{ l : t }	{ d : l }	{ t : l : s }	{ d : - : s : f }
{ wha winna wish	{ guid	{ luck to our	{ cause,	{ May
{ m : - d : m }	{ r : t }	{ r : d : - : - }	{ - : - : - d }	{ d : - : s : f }
{ nev - er guid luck be	{ their fa'!			{ It's
{ s : - s : s }	{ l : s }	{ m : s : - : - }	{ - : - : - d }	
{ guid to be mer - ry	{ and	{ wise,		{ It's
{ s : - : s : s }	{ l : f }	{ m : l }	{ r : - : - }	{ - : - : s }
{ guid to be hon - est	{ and	{ true;		{ It's
{ s : - s : s }	{ l : t }	{ d : l }	{ t : - l : s }	{ d : - : s : f }
{ guid to sup - port Cal - e -	{ do - ni - a's	{ cause,		{ And
{ m : - d : m }	{ r : t }	{ r : d : - : - }	{ - : - : -	
{ bide by the buff and the	{ blue,			

Here's a health to them that's awa',
Here's a health to them that's awa',
Here's a health to Charlie, the chief o' the clan,
Altho' that his band be sma'!
May Liberty meet wi' success!
May Prudence protect her frae evil!
May tyrants and tyranny tane i' the mist,
And wander their way to the devil!
Here's a health to them that's awa',
Here's a health to them that's awa';
Here's a health to Tammie, the Norlan' laddie,
That lives at the lug o' the law!
Here's freedom to them that wad read,
Here's freedom to them that would write,
There's name ever fear'd that the truth should be heard,
But they whom the truth would indite.
Here's a health to them that's awa',
An' here's to them that's awa'!
Here's to Maitland and Wycombe, let wha does na like'em
Be built in a hole in the wa'.
Here's timmer that's red at the heart,
Here's fruit that is sound at the core;
And may he that would turn the buff and blue coat
Be turn'd to the back o' the door.

SONGS OF BURNS.

Here 's a health to them that 's awa',
 Here 's a health to them that 's awa';
 Here 's chieftain M'Leod, a chieftain worth gowd,
 Though bred among mountains o' snaw.
 Here 's friends on baith sides o' the firth,
 And friends on baith sides o' the Tweed;
 And wha wad betray old Albion's right,
 May they never eat of her bread!



HERE'S TO THY HEALTH.

Key A.—SLOWISH.

TUNE—"Laggau Burn."

{ .m,r | d.s | s,l | d ,r : m,l | s .m : r .d | t,l .r : r.m,r }
 { Here's to thy health my bonnie lass, Gude night and joy be wi' thee; FU }
 { d ,s | s,l | d ,r : m,l | s .m : r .d | s,l .d : d | .m,f }
 { come nae mair to thy bower door, To tell thee that I lo'e thee. O, }
 { s .l,t : d' .s | l .d' : s ,m | f ,s : l.s,f,m | m,r : r.m,r }
 { din - ua think, my pretty piuk, But I cau live with - out thee; I }
 { d .s | s,l | d ,r : m,l | s .m : r .d | s,l .d : d }
 { vow and swear, I din - na care, How lang ye lock a - bout ye. }

Thou 'rt aye sae free informing me
 Thou hast nae mind to marry;
 I'll be as free informing thee
 Nae time hae I to tarry.
 I ken thy friens try ilka means
 Frae wedlock to delay thee,
 Depending on some higher chance;
 But fortune may betray thee.
 I ken they scorn my low estate,
 But that does never grieve me;
 For I'm as free as any he,
 Sma' siller will relieve me.
 I'll count my health my greatest wealth,
 Sae lang as I'll enjoy it:
 I'll fear nae scant, I'll bode nae want,
 As lang 's I get employment.
 But far-off fowls hae feathers fair,
 And aye until ye try them:
 Though they seem fair, still have a care,
 They may prove waur than I am.
 But at twal at night, when the moon shines bright,
 My dear, I'll come and see thee;
 For the man that lo'es his mistress weel,
 Nae travel makes him weary.

HERE IS THE GLEN.

Key F.—ANDANTE.

TUNE—"The Flowers of Edinburgh."

{ s,l | s,l | d :- .r | m .d : s .f | m : r .d }
 { Here is the glen, and here the bower, All }
 { t,l :- .l | s,l .l | t,l .d | r,t,l :- s .t,l | l : .d }
 { un - der - neath the birch - en shade; The }
 { s,l :- .l | d :- .r | m ,r : m .s | l : d' }
 { vil - lage bell has toll'd the hour, O }
 { f .m : r .d | d :- .r | m : r .d | d : s,l,t }
 { what cau stay my love - ly maid? 'Tis }
 { d' ,t : d' .r | m' : r' .d' | t ,l : t .d' | r' : d' .t }
 { not Mar - i - a's whisp - 'ring call; 'Tis }
 { l ,s : l .t | d' .t : l .s | m : l ,t | l : d' }
 { but the balm - y breath - ing gale, Mixt }
 { m : r .d | s : f .m | l .s : l .t | d' : .m }
 { with some warb - ler's dy - ing fall, The }
 { f .m : r .d | r : d .r | m : r ,d | d }
 { dew - y star of eve to hail. }

It is Maria's voice I hear!
 So calls the woodlark in the grove,
 His little faithful mate to cheer;
 At once 'tis music—and 'tis love.
 And art thou come! and art thou true!
 O welcome, dear, to love and me!
 And let us all our vows renew,
 Along the flowery banks of Cree.



HEY, THE DUSTY MILLER.

Key G.—LIVELY.

TUNE—"Hey, the Dusty Miller."

{ m ,f : s .m : r .d | t,l .r : r .m : r .d }
 { Hey, the dus - ty Mil - ler, And his dus - ty coat, }
 { m ,f : s .m : r .d | s,l .d : d .m : r .d }
 { He will win a shilling, Or he spend a groat, }
 { m .s : s .d' : t .l | r' .r : r .m : r .d }
 { Dus - ty was the coat, Dus - ly was the col - our, }
 { m .s : l .d' : t .r' | d' .d : d .m : r .d }
 { Dus - ty was the kiss That I gat frae the Mil - ler. }

Hey, the dusty Miller,
 And his dusty sack;
 Leeze me on the calling
 Fills the dusty peck:
 Fills the dusty peck,
 Brings the dusty siller;
 I wad gie my coatie
 For the dusty Miller.

SONGS OF BURNS.

ON THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY.

Key B♭.—ALLEGRETTO.

TUNE—"O'er the Hills and Far Awa."

{ d : r : m : r d : r : m : r }	{ d : l l : s }
{ How can my poor }	{ heart be glad, When }
{ CHORUS—On the seas and }	{ far a - way, On }
{ d : r : m : r d : m }	{ f : r r : }
{ ab - sent from my }	{ sail - lor lad? }
{ stor - my seas and }	{ far a - way; }
{ d : r : m : r d : m }	{ d : l f : l }
{ How can I the }	{ thought fore - go? He's }
{ Night - ly dreams and }	{ thoughts by day Are }
{ s : l s : l d : r }	{ m : r r : }
{ on the seas to }	{ meet the foe? }
{ aye with him that's }	{ far a - way. }
{ s : - l s : m : r : m }	{ d : l l : }
{ Let me wan - der, }	{ let me rove, }
{ s : - l s : m : - r : d }	{ m : r r : }
{ Still my heart is }	{ with my love! }
{ s : - f m : - r }	{ d : l f : }
{ Night - ly dreams, and }	{ thoughts by day, }
{ s : - l s : l d : r }	{ m : r r : }
{ Are with him that's }	{ far a - way. CHORUS }

When in summer's noon I faint,
As weary flocks around me pant,
Haply in this scorching sun
My sailor's thund'ring at his gun:
Bullets, spare my only joy!
Bullets, spare my darling boy!
Fate, do with me what you may,
Spare but him that's far away!

On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away;
Fate, do with me what you may,
Spare but him that's far away.

At the starless midnight hour,
When winter rules with boundless power;
As the storms the forest tear,
And thunders rend the howling air.
Listening to the doubling roar,
Surging on the rocky shore,
All I can—I weep and pray,
For his weal that's far away.

On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away;
All I can—I weep and pray,
For his weal that's far away.

Peace, thy olive wand extend,
And bid wild war his ravage end,
Man with brother man to meet,
And as a brother kindly greet:
Then may heaven, with prosperous gales,
Fill my sailor's welcome sails,

To my arms their charge convey—
My dear lad that's far away.
On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away;
To my arms their charge convey—
My dear lad that's far away.



HOW CRUEL ARE THE PARENTS.

ALTERED FROM AN OLD ENGLISH SONG.

Key C.—LIVELY.

TUNE—"John Anderson, my Jo."

{ l : s m : l l : t }	{ d : - d : r : d }
{ How cru - el are the }	{ par - ents Who }
{ t : - l s : fe }	{ s : - - : l : s }
{ rich - es on - ly }	{ prize, And }
{ m : l l : t }	{ d : - d : r : }
{ to the wealth - y }	{ boo - by Poor }
{ m : - r : d : r : }	{ m : - - : s : , f }
{ wo - men sac - ri - }	{ fice. Mean - }
{ m : - r : d : r : }	{ m : - : f s : f : m }
{ while the hap - less }	{ daugh - ter Has }
{ r : - d : t : d }	{ r : - - : d : r : }
{ but a choice of }	{ strife; To }
{ m : d : r : d : t }	{ d : t : l t : l : s }
{ shun a ty - rant }	{ fa - ther's hate, Be - }
{ m : l l : se }	{ l : - - }
{ come a wretch - ed }	{ wife. }

The ravening hawk pursuing,
The trembling dove thus flies,
To shun impelling ruin,
A while her pinions tries;
Till of escape despairing,
No shelter or retreat,
She trusts the ruthless falconer,
And drops beneath his feet!



HOW LONG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT.

Key C.—MODERATE.

TUNE—"Cauld Kail in Aberdeen."

{ d m : s : d : l s : m : r : d }	{ m : s : d : l }
{ How long and dreary is the night, When }	{ I am from my }
{ s : d : d : m : s : d : l s : m : r : d }	
{ dear - ie! I }	{ rest - less lie frae e'en to morn, Though }
{ m : s : l : d : l s : d }	{ s : d : r : m : d }
{ I were ne'er sae wear - y. For }	{ oh, her lane - ly }
{ f : m : r : s d : r : m : d r : s : s }	
{ nights are lang, And oh, her dreams are eer - ie; And }	
{ d : r : m : d f : m : r : d s : m : l : d : l s : d }	
{ oh, her widow'd heart is sair, That's }	{ ab - sent frae her dear - ie. }

SONGS OF BURNS.

When I think on the lightsome days

I spent wi' thee, my dearie;

And now what seas between us roar—

How can I be but eerie?

For oh, her lanely nights, &c.

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,

The joyless day how dreary!

It was na sae ye glinted by

When I was wi' my dearie.

For oh, her lanely nights, &c.



ON A YOUNG LADY,

RESIDING ON THE BANKS OF THE SMALL RIVER DEVON,
IN CLACKMANNANSQUIRE, BUT WHOSE INFANT YEARS
WERE SPENT IN AYRSHIRE.

Key G.—SLOW.

TUNE—"The Brown Dairy-maid."

{ m ₁ l ₁ : -t ₁ : r m : -r : s r : -s ₁ : d t ₁ : -l ₁ : s ₁ }	{ r : -s ₁ : d t ₁ : -l ₁ : s ₁ }
{ How pleasant the banks of the clear winding Dev-on, With }	{ clear winding Dev-on, With }
{ l ₁ : -t ₁ : r m : -s : l m : -r : t ₁ -l ₁ : -m ₁ : m ₁ }	{ m : -r : t ₁ -l ₁ : -m ₁ : m ₁ }
{ green spreading bush-es and flow'rs blooming fair! But the }	{ flow'rs blooming fair! But the }
{ l ₁ : -t ₁ : r m : -r : s r : -s ₁ : d t ₁ : -l ₁ : s ₁ }	{ r : -s ₁ : d t ₁ : -l ₁ : s ₁ }
{ bon-ni-est flow'r on the banks of the Dev-on Was }	{ banks of the Dev-on Was }
{ l ₁ : -t ₁ : r m : s : l m : -r : t ₁ l ₁ : - : }	{ m : -r : t ₁ l ₁ : - : }
{ once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr. }	{ braes of the Ayr. }
{ l : -m : l d ¹ : -t : l s : -r : s t ₁ : -l ₁ : s ₁ : s ₁ }	{ s : -r : s t ₁ : -l ₁ : s ₁ : s ₁ }
{ Mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flow-er, In the }	{ sweet blushing flow-er, In the }
{ l : -m : l d ¹ : -t : l m : -l : se l : - : l }	{ m : -l : se l : - : l }
{ gay ros-y morn as it bathes in the dew; And }	{ bathes in the dew; And }
{ l : -m : l d ¹ : -t : l s : -r : s t ₁ : -l ₁ : s ₁ }	{ s : -r : s t ₁ : -l ₁ : s ₁ }
{ gen-tle the fall of the soft vernal show-er, That }	{ soft vernal show-er, That }
{ l ₁ : -t ₁ : r m : -s : l m : -d : t ₁ l ₁ : - : }	{ m : -d : t ₁ l ₁ : - : }
{ steals on the ev'-ning each leaf to re-new. }	{ leaf to re-new. }

O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,

With chill hoary wing as ye usher the dawn!

And far be thou distant, thou reptile that seizes

The verdure and pride of the garden or lawn!

Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded lilies,

And England triumphant display her proud rose;

A fairer than either adorns the green valleys

Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.



HUSBAND, HUSBAND, CEASE YOUR STRIFE.

Key C.—LIVELY.

TUNE—"My Jo Janet."

{ s : d ¹ : d ¹ : d ¹ t : d ¹ : r ¹ : f ¹ m ¹ : d ¹ : d ¹ : s }	{ m ¹ : d ¹ : d ¹ : s }
{ "Husband, husband, cease your strife, Nor lon-ger id-ly }	{ lon-ger id-ly }
{ m : s l : t : d ¹ : l t : d ¹ : r ¹ : f ¹ }	{ t : d ¹ : r ¹ : f ¹ }
{ rave, sir; Though I am your wedd-ed wife, Yet }	{ Though I am your wedd-ed wife, Yet }

{ m ¹ : d ¹ : d ¹ : s m : s d ¹ : l : s : m }	{ d ¹ : l : s : m }
{ I am not your slave, sir, " "One of two must }	{ " "One of two must }
{ f : m : r d : s : l : s : f m : s }	{ d : s : l : s : f m : s }
{ still o-bey, Nan-cy, Nan-cy; }	{ Nan-cy, Nan-cy; }
{ l : d ¹ : s : m f : m : r m : d : s : f m : s }	{ m : d : s : f m : s }
{ Is it nan or wo-man say, My spouse Nan-cy? "	{ My spouse Nan-cy? "

"If 'tis still the lordly word,

Service and obedience,

I'll desert my sov'reign lord,

And so, good bye, allegiance!"

"Sad will I be so bereft,

Nancy, Nancy;

Yet I'll try to make a shift,

My spouse Nancy."

"My poor heart then break it must,

My last hour I'm near it:

When you lay me in the dust,

Think how you will bear it."

"I will hope and trust in heaven,

Nancy, Nancy;

Strength to bear it will be given,

My spouse Nancy."

"Well, sir, from the silent dead,

Still I'll try to daunt you!

Ever round your midnight bed

Horrid sprites shall haunt you."

"I'll wed another, like my dear

Nancy, Nancy;

Then all hell will fly for fear,

My spouse Nancy."



I AM A BARD.

Key A.—SLOW.

TUNE—"For a' that, and a' that."

{ s ₁ d : r : d : s ₁ l ₁ : d : r : f m : r : d : s ₁ l ₁ : l ₁ : s ₁ }	{ m : r : d : s ₁ l ₁ : l ₁ : s ₁ }
{ I am a bard of no regard W ¹ gentlefolks, and a' that; But }	{ gentlefolks, and a' that; But }
{ d : r : d : s ₁ l ₁ : d : r : f m : r : d : l ₁ s ₁ : s ₁ : f }	{ m : r : d : l ₁ s ₁ : s ₁ : f }
{ Homer-like, th ¹ glowrin' byke, Frae town to town I draw that. For }	{ town to town I draw that. For }
{ m : f : s : m f : m : r : f m : f : s : s ₁ l ₁ : l ₁ : f }	{ m : f : s : s ₁ l ₁ : l ₁ : f }
{ a' that, and a' that, And twice as muckle's a' that; I've }	{ twice as muckle's a' that; I've }
{ m : f : s : m l : r : f m : r : d : l ₁ s ₁ : s ₁ : }	{ m : r : d : l ₁ s ₁ : s ₁ : }
{ lost butane, I've twa belin', I've wife enough for a' that. }	{ wife enough for a' that. }

I never drank the Muses' stank,

Castalia's burn, and a' that;

But there it streams, and richly reams,

My Helicon I ca' that.

Great love I bear to a' the fair,

Their humble slave, and a' that;

But lordly will I hold it still

A mortal sin to thrav that.

SONGS OF BURNS.

In raptures sweet, this hour we meet,
Wi' mutual love and a' that;
But for how lang the flee may stang,
Let inclination law that.

Their tricks and craft hae put me daft,
They've ta'en me in, and a' that:
But clear your decks, and here 's the Sex!
I like the jaunds for a' that.

For a' that, an' a' that,
And twice as muckle 's a' that;
My dearest bluid, to do them guid,
They're welcome till 't for a' that.



I AM A SON OF MARS.

Key D.

{ :s :d',t:d',r' | d' :t:l | s :l :s :f | m :m }
{ I am a son of Mars, who have been in many wars, And }
{ f.,m:f :s | l.,r' : - :d' | t :d' :l :t | s :s }
{ show my cuts and scars where- ev- er I come; This }
{ d',t:d',r' | t :d' :t | l,l- :t :l | s :l :s }
{ here was for a wench, and that other in a trench When }
{ f.,m:f :s | m :f :r | s :s :s | d :d' }
{ welcoming the French at the sound of the drum. My }
{ l.,t:d',r | m :l :l | l :s :s :f | m :m,m }
{ 'prenticeship I past where my leav- er breathed his last, When the }
{ m,r :m,f | s :se :se | l :l :s | l,t- :ms }
{ bloody die was cast on the heights of Abram: I }
{ d' :r' :d' | t :d' :t | l :s :l :t | s :s :l }
{ serv'd out my trade when the gallant game was play'd, And the }
{ f.,m:f :s | m :f :r | s :s :s | d :d' }
{ Mo-ro low was laid at the sound of the drum. I }
{ r :de :r :re | m :m :m | f :m :f :fe | s :s }
{ serv'd out my trade when the gallant game was played, I }
{ s :s :s :d' | t :s :s | s :fe :s :d' | t :s :s }
{ serv'd out my trade when the gallant game was play'd, And the }
{ f :m :f :s | m :f :r | s :s :s | d :d' }
{ Mo-ro low was laid at the sound of the drum. }

I lastly was with Curtis, among the floating batteries,
And there I left for witness an arm and a limb;
Yet let my country need me, with Elliot to lead me,
I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of a drum.
And now though I must beg with a wooden arm and leg,
And many a tatter'd rag hanging over my bum,
I'm as happy with my wallet, my bottle and my callet,
As when I used in scarlet to follow a drum.
What though with hoary locks I must stand the winter
shocks,
Beneath the woods and rocks oftentimes for a home,
When the 'tother bag I sell, and the 'tother bottle tell,
I could meet a troop of hell at the sound of the drum.

I DO CONFESS THOU ART SAE FAIR.

Key F.—SLOWISH.

TI SE—"I do Confess thou'rt Smooth and Fair."

{ :l :t | d :t | d :l | d' : - :t | s :m :d :m | f : - :m,r }
{ I do con- fess thou art sae fair I }
{ d :t :l | s :l :t :r | s :r | r :m,r }
{ I had been owre the lugs in love, Had }
{ d :t :d :l | d' : - :t | s :m :d :m | f : - :m,r }
{ I na found the slight- est prayer That }
{ d :t :l | se :l :t :r | d :l | l :m }
{ lips could speak thy heart could move. I }
{ l :l | l :t :d' | l :m | m : - :fe }
{ do con- fess thee sweet, but find Thou }
{ s :fe :s :l | t :r' :l :t | s :r | r :m,s }
{ art sae thrift- less o' thy sweets, Thy }
{ l :s :l :t | d' :t :l | s :m :d :m | f : - :m,r }
{ fa- vours are the sil- ly wind, That }
{ d :t :l | se :l :t :r | d :l | l :m }
{ kiss- es il- ka thing it meets. }

See yonder rose-bud, rich in dew,
Amang its native briars sae coy;
How sune it tines its scent and hue
When pu'd and worn a common toy!
Sic fate ere lang shall thee betide,
Though thou may gaily bloom awhile;
And sune thou shalt be thrown aside
Like only common weed and vile.



I DREAM'D I LAY.

Key F.—VERY SLOW.

{ :l :d :r :m :m | f :m,r :m :l }
{ I dream'd I lay where flow'rs were spring- ing, }
{ d :r :m :l :s | f :m,r :d : - }
{ Gail- y in the sun- ny beam; }
{ d :r :m :m | f :m,r :m :l }
{ List'ning to the wild birds sing- ing, }
{ d :r :m :l :s | f :m,r :d : - }
{ By a fall- ing crys- tal stream. }
{ s :l,t :d' :t | l :s :l :s,m- }
{ Straight the sky grew black and dar- ing; }
{ s :l,t :d' :t :d',r' | d',t,l,s :l : - }
{ Thro' the woods the whirlwinds rave; }
{ d' :t :l :l :s | f :m,r :m :l }
{ Trees with a - ged arms were war- ring, }
{ d :r :m :l :s | f :m,r :d : - }
{ O'er the swell- ing drumlie wave. }

Such was my life's deceitful morning,
Such the pleasures I enjoy'd;
But lang ere noon, loud tempests storming
A' my flow'ry bliss destroy'd.

SONGS OF BURNS.

Though fickle fortune has deceived me,
(She promised fair, and perform'd but ill);
Of mony a joy and hope bereaved me,
I bear a heart shall support me still.



I GAED A WAEF' GATE YESTREEN.

Key E⁷.—MODERATO.

TUNE—"My only Joe and Dearie, O."

{ m l : - . t d' . t : l . se l : m m : . d }	{ l gael a wae - fu' gate yes - treen, A }
{ r : - . f m . r : d . t . d : l l : . m }	{ gate, l fear, I'll dear - ly rue; I }
{ l : - . t d' . t : l . se l : m m : . d }	{ gat my death frae twa sweet een, Twa }
{ r : - . f m . r : d . t . d : l l : . m }	{ love - ly een o' bon - nie blue. "Twas }
{ l : - . t d' : l t : - . se m : . m }	{ not her gold - en ring - lets bright; Her }
{ l : - . t d' : t . l t : s s : l . t }	{ lips like ros - es wat wi' dew, Her }
{ d' : - . l d' . t : l . se l . t : d' . r' m' : . d }	{ heav - ing bo - som, li - ly white; It }
{ r : - . f m . r : d . t . d : l l : . m }	{ was her een sae bon - nie blue. }

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wyl'd;
She charm'd my soul I wist na how;
And aye the stound, the deadly wound,
Cam frae her een sae bonnie blue.
But "spare to speak, and spare to speed;"
She 'll aiblins listen to my vow;
Should she refuse, I 'll lay me dead
To her twa een sae bonnie blue.



NAEBODY.

Key G.

TUNE—"Naebody."

{ l : t : l d : d : r m : - : - }	{ l hae a wife o' my ain, }
{ l : - : l d : - : r m : d : l }	{ I'll par - take wi' nae - bo - dy; }
{ l : - : l d : d : r m : - : - }	{ I'll tak cuck - old frae nane, }
{ s . d : - : d d' : t : l s : m : d }	{ I'll gie cuck - old tae nae - bo - dy. }
{ f . d' : r' : d' t : d' : t l : - : - }	{ I hae a pen - ny to spend, }
{ l : - : - d : - : r m : d : l }	{ There - thanks to nae - bo - dy; }

{ d' : - : d' t : d' : t l : - : - }	{ l hae nae - thing to lend, }
{ s . d : - : - d' : t : l s : m : d s }	{ I'll bor - row frae nae - bo - dy. }

I am naebody's lord,
I 'll be slave to naebody;
I hae a guid braid sword,
I 'll tak dunts frae naebody.
I 'll be merry and free,
I 'll be sad for naebody;
Naebody cares for me,
I 'll care for naebody.



BONNIE PEGGY ALISON.

CHORUS. Key E.—SLOWISH.

TUNE—"Brave o' Balquhider."

{ m . s . l : d . r m : m . s l : d . r m . r : r }	{ I'll kiss thee yet, yet, And I'll kiss thee o'er a - gain, }
{ m . s . l : d . r m . r : m . s l . t : d' . l s : m : m }	{ And I'll kiss thee yet, yet, My bon - nie Peg - gy Al - i - son. }
{ s : l . t : d' . l s . m . m' . r' d' . l : s . m m . r : r . s }	{ I'll care and fear, when thou art near, I ev - er mair de - fy them, O! Young }
{ l . t : d' . l s : m . m' . r' d' . l : t . t . d' . l s : m : m . s }	{ kings up - on their han - sel throne Are no sae blest as I am, O! I'll }
{ l . t : d' . l s : m . m' . r' d' . l : l . s . f . m m . r : r . m }	{ care and fear, when thou art near, I ev - er mair de - fy them, O! Young }
{ d . l : s : l d . r : m . s l . t : r' . d' . t . l s : m : m }	{ kings up - on their han - sel throne Are no sae blest as I am, O. }

When in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
I clasp my countless treasure, O!
I seek nae mair o' Heaven to share,
Than sic a moment's pleasure, O!
And by thy een, sae bonnie blue,
I swear I 'm thine for ever, O!
And on thy lips I seal my vow,
And break it shall I never, O!



THE JOYFUL WIDOWER.

Key A.—LIVELY.

TUNE—"Maggie Lauder"

{ s . l : d . d : d . m d . d : d . m r . m : r . d t : r : f }	{ I married with a scolding wife The fourteenth of November; She }
{ m . d : d . d d . r : d . m s : l : s . f m : s . m }	{ made me weary of my life, By one un - ru - ly mem - ber. Long }
{ f . s : f . l m . f : m . s r . m : r . d t : r . l . t }	{ did I bear the heavy yoke, And many griefs at - tend - ed; But }
{ d . s : l : l . m f : m : r : f m . s : r . m d : d }	{ to my comfort be it spoke, Now, now her life is end - ed. }

SONGS OF BURNS.

We lived full one-and-twenty years
A man and wife together ;
At length from me her course she 's steer'd,
And gone I know not whither ;
Would I could guess, I do profess,
I speak and do not flatter,
Of all the women in the world,
I never could come at her.

Her body is bestow'd well,
A handsome grave does hide her ;
But sure her soul is not in hell,
The deil would ne'er abide her.
I rather think she is aloft,
And imitating thunder ;
For why—methinks I hear her voice
Tearing the clouds asunder.



THENIEL MENZIES' BONNIE MARY.

Key D.—LIVELY.

TUNE—"The Ruffian's Rant."

{ l | s,m:-m,r | m ,r : m,l | s,m:-m,d | r ,d : r,l,l }
{ In | comin' by the | brig o' Dye, At | Darlet we a | blink did tarry; As }
{ s,m:-r ,d | d' ,r' : m',r' | d' ,l : s ,m | r ,d : r,l,- }
{ day was davin' | in the sky, We | drank a health to | bonnie Mary }
CHORUS.
{ s ,m : d',s | l ,s : d',l | s ,m : d',s | l ,s : l,d,- }
{ Thaniel Menzies' | bonnie Mary, | Thaniel Menzies' | bonnie Mary, }
{ s,m:-r ,d | d' ,r' : m',r' | d',l- : d' ,m | r ,d : r,l,- }
{ Charlie Grigor | tint his plaidie, | Kissin' Thaniel's | bonnie Mary }

Her een sae bright, her brow sae white,
Her haffet looks as brown 's a berry ;
And aye they dimpl't wi' a smile,
The rosy cheeks o' bonnie Mary.
Thaniel Menzies' bonnie Mary, &c.

We lap an' danc'd the lee-lang day,
Till piper lads were wae and weary ;
But Charlie gat the spring to pay,
For kissin' Thaniel's bonnie Mary.
Thaniel Menzies' bonnie Mary, &c.



IN MAUCHLINE THERE DWELLS.

Key B♭.—SLOW.

TUNE—"Adieu, Dundee."

{ :l | m : l : l | l : -t : d | t : -l : s : | t : r : - : r }
{ In | Mauchline there dwells | six | pro - per young belles, | The }
{ m,m : - : m | r,m : - : s | m : -r : d,t | l : - : l,s }
{ pride o' | the place and | its | neigh-bour-hood a' ; | Their }
{ m : l : l | l : -t : d | t : -l : s : | t : r : - : r }
{ car - riage and dress, | a | stran-ger would guess, | In }

{ m : m : m | r : m : s | m : -r : d,t | l : - : s }
{ Lon - on or | Par - is they'd | got - ten it | a' | Miss }
{ s : s : s | s : -l : t | t : -l : s : | t : r : - : r }
{ Mil - ler is | fine, | Miss | Markland's di - vine, | Miss }
{ m : l : l | l : -s : l | t : -l : s,f | m : - : s }
{ Smith she has | wit, and Miss | Bet - ty is | brow ; There's }
{ s : -l : s | s : -l : t | t : -l : s : | t : r : - : r }
{ beau - ty and | for - tune to | get | wi' Miss Morton, | But }
{ m : m : r,t | r : -m : s | m : -r : d,t | l : - : }
{ Armour's the | jew - el for | me | o' them a' }



THE COUNTRY LASSIE.

Key C.—SLOWISH.

TUNE—"The Country Lass."

{ d d,d : d' : -m' | r' ,d' : t : -s | l : s : m,r : m,s }
{ In | simmer when the | hay was mawn, And | corn wav'd green in }
{ l t : d' : : d | d,d : d' : -m' | r' ,d' : t : -s }
{ ilka | field, While | clover blooms white | o'er the lea, And }
{ l : s : m,r : m,s | l t : d' : - | d',t | t : s : s : -l }
{ roses | blow in ilka | field, | Blythe | Bessie in the }
{ s,m : s : -s | s,l,t,a : l : -s | s : l : d' : -m }
{ milking shiel, Says, | I'll be wed, | come o't what will : Out }
{ f,m : r : -d f,m : r' : -r' | m' ,d' : l : -s | l,t : d' : - }
{ spak a dame | in wrinkled eild, O' | guid advisement | comes nae ill }

It's ye hae wooers mony ane,
And, lassie, ye're but young, ye ken ;
Then wait a wee, and cannie wale
A routhie butt, a routhie ben ;
There's Johnnie o' the Buskie-glen,
Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre ;
Tak this frae me, my bonnie hen,
It's plenty beets the lover's fire.

For Johnnie o' the Buskie-glen,
I dinna care a single flie ;
He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye,
He has nae love to spare for me ;
But blythe 's the blink o' Robie's e'e,
And weel I wat he lo'es me dear :
Ae blink o' him I wad na gie
For Buskie-glen and a' his gear.

O thoughtless lassie, life 's a faught ;
The canniest gatte the strife is sair ;
But aye fu'-han't is fechtin' best,
A hungry care 's an unco care :
But some will spend and some will spare,
An' wilfu' folk maun hae their will ;
Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,
Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill.

SONGS OF BURNS.

O gear will buy me rigs o' land,
And gear will buy me sheep and kye;
But the tender heart o' leesome love,
The gowd and siller canna buy.
We may be poor—Robie and I;
Light is the burden love lays on;
Content and love brings peace and joy—
What mair hae queens upon a throne!



I ONCE WAS A MAID.

Key F.—LIVELY.

TUNE—"The Sodger Laddie."

{ d' | m : -r : d | d.s : - : l | r : -m : r | r.m : - : s }
{ I | once was a maid, though I | can - not tell when, And }
{ l.t : d' | d | d.s : - : l | d : -r : d | m : - : d }
{ still my de-light is in | pro - per young men; Some }
{ f : -s : f | m : -f : m | r : -m : r | r.m : - : s }
{ one of a troop of dra- goons was my dadaie, No }
{ l.t : d' | d | d : s : l | d : -r : d | m.s : - : l.t }
{ won- der I'm fond of a | sod - ger laddie. Sing }
{ d' : -r' : d' | d.s : - : m | r : r' : r' | r' : - : d' }
{ lal de lal, &c. }
{ s : -l : t | d' : s : m | d' : -r' : t | d' : s : m }
{ f : -s : l.t | d' : s : m | r : -m : r | r.m : - : s }
{ l.t : d' | d | d : s : l | d : -r : d | m.s : - : }

The first of my loves was a swaggering blade,
To rattle the thundering drum was his trade;
His leg was so tight, and his cheek was so ruddy,
Transported I was with my sodger laddie.

Sing, lal de lal, &c.

But the godly old chaplain left him in the lurch,
So the Sword I forsook for the sake of the Church;
He ventured the soul, and I risk'd the body—
'Twas then I proved false to my sodger laddie.

Sing, lal de lal, &c.

Full soon I grew sick of the sanctified sot,
The regiment at large for a husband I got;
From the gilded spontoon to the fife I was ready,
I ask'd no more but a sodger laddie.

Sing, lal de lal, &c.

But the peace it reduced me to beg in despair,
Till I met my old boy at a Cunningham fair;
His rags regimental they flutter'd so gaudy,
My heart it rejoiced at my sodger laddie.

Sing, lal de lal, &c.

And now I have lived—I know not how long,
And still I can join in a cup and a song;
But whilst with both hands I can hold the glass steady,
Here 's to thee, my hero, my sodger laddie!
Sing, lal de lal, &c.



I SING OF A WHISTLE.

Key B^b.—SLOWISH.

{ l.s | m : l : l | l : l : t.d | r : -d : t.l | s : - : t }
{ I | sing of a Whistle, a | Whis - tle of worth, I }
{ d : -r : m.f | s : m : m.r | d : l : l | l : - : m.f }
{ sing of a Whistle, the | pride of the North, Was }
{ s : m : m.f | s : s : t | r : r.m : r.t | s : - : l.t }
{ brought to the court of our | good Scot - tish king, And }
{ d : d.r : m.f | s : m : m.r | d : l : l | r : r.m : r.d }
{ long with this Whistle all | Scotland shall ring. Fal de }
{ t : s : s | s : s : - : l.t | d : d.r : m.f }
{ lal lal lal lay, And | long with this }
{ s : m : m.r | d : l : l | l : - : }
{ Whis - tle all | Scot - land shall ring. }

Old Loda, still rueing the arm of Fingal,
The god of the bottle sends down from his hall—
"This Whistle 's your challenge, to Scotland get o'er,
And drink them to hell, Sir, or ne'er see me more!"

Fal de lal, &c.

Old poets have sung, and old chronicles tell,
What champions ventured, what champions fell;
The son of great Loda was conqueror still,
And blew on the whistle their requiem shrill.

Fal de lal, &c.

For continuation of verses, see vol. i., p. 156.



FOR A' THAT, AND A' THAT.

Key A.—MODERATO.

TUNE—"For a' that, an' a' that."

{ s : | d.r : d.s | l : d : r : f | m : r : d : s | l : l : s }
{ Is | there, for honest pover - ty, That | hangs his head, and a' that; The }
{ d : r : d : s | l : d : r : f | m : r : d : l | s : s : f }
{ coward slave, we pass him by, We | dare be poor for a' that. For }
{ m.f : s : m | f : m : r : f | m : f : s : s | l : l : f }
{ a' that, and a' that, Our | toils obscure, and a' that, The }
{ m : f : s : m | l : r : r : f | m : r : d : l | s : s : s }
{ rank is but the guinea's stamp, The | man's the gowd for a' that. }

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin grey, and a' that;
Gi'e fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man 's a man for a' that!

SONGS OF BURNS.

For a' that, and a' that,
 Their tinsel show, and a' that ;
 The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
 Is king o' men for a' that !

Ye see you birkie, ea'd a lord,
 Wha struts, and stares, and a' that ;
 Though hundreds worship at his word,
 He 's but a coof for a' that :
 For a' that, and a' that,
 His riband, star, and a' that,
 The man of independent mind,
 He looks and laughs at a' that !

A king can mak' a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that ;
 But an honest man 's aboon his might :
 Guid faith, he maunna fa' that !
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their dignities, and a' that,
 The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
 Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may—
 As come it will for a' that—
 That sense and worth o'er a' the earth
 May bear the gree, and a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 It 's coming yet for a' that,
 That man to man, the world o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that !



CHLOE.

Key D.—ALLEGRETTO.

{ s	d' : m'	d' r' : m'	d' r' : m' f'	m' : r' d'
{ It	was the	charm-ing	month of	May, When
{ (From)	peace - ful	slum - ber	she a -	rose, Girt

{ t	r' : s	r' : t	t d' : r' m'	r' : d' t
{ all	the	flow'rs	were	fresh and gay, One
{ on	her	man - tle	and	her hose, And

{ d'	:- r'	m' : r' m'	f' m' : r' d'	d' t : l s
{ morn	- ing,	by the	break of	day, The
{ o'er	the	flow - ry	mead she	goes, The

{ l t	d' r' : m' r' : d' t	l	:- t	d' :
{ youth - ful,	charm - ing	Chlo	-	e—
{ youth - ful,	charm - ing	Chlo	-	e.

CHORUS.

{ s	:- f	m : r	d : l	d : —
{ Love	- ly	was she	by the	dawn,

{ d	: s	m : s	d : s , f	m : d'
{ Youth - ful	Chlo - e,	charm - ing	Chlo - e,	

{ s	:- f	m : r	d : l	d : - r
{ Trip	- ping	o'er the	pearl - y	lawn, The

{ m	: d' r' : m' r' : d' t	l	:- t	d' :
{ youth - ful,	charm - ing	Chlo	-	e.

The feather'd people you might see
 Perch'd all around on every tree ;
 In notes of sweetest melody
 They hail the charming Chloe ;
 Till, painting gay the eastern skies,
 The glorious sun began to rise,
 Out-rivall'd by the radiant eyes
 Of youthful, charming Chloe.
 Lovely was she, &c.



IT WAS UPON A LAMMAS NIGHT.

SEE "CORN RIGS," PAGE 11.



JOCKEY'S TAEN THE PARTING KISS.

Key D.—MODERATO.

TCNE—"Bonnie Lassie, tak a Man."

{ d	:- r	m : m	f m : r d	r : —
{ Jock	- ey's	taen the	part - ing	kiss,

{ d	:- r	f m : r d	m : s	d' : —
{ O'er	the	moun - tains	he is	gane,

{ m'	:- r'	r' d' : t l	s , l : s m	r : —
{ And	with him	is	a' my	bliss,

{ r' d' : t l	s l : d' f	m : r	d' : —	
{ Nought but	griefs with	me	re -	main,

{ d'	:- r'	m' : m'	f' m' : r' d'	r' : —
{ Spare	my love,	ye	winds that	blaw,

{ d'	:- m'	r' : m' d'	t : l	s : —
{ Plash - y	sleets and	beat - ing	rain!	

{ m' r' : d' l	s l : d' m	f m : r d	r : —	
{ Spare my	Love, thou	feath - ry	snaw,	

{ d'	:- l	s l : s f	m : r	d' : —
{ Drift	- ing	o'er the	froz - en	plain!

When the shades of evening creep
 O'er the day's fair, gladsome e'e,
 Sound and safely may he sleep,
 Sweetly blythe his waukening be.
 He will think on her he loves,
 Fondly he 'll repeat her name ;
 For where'er he distant roves,
 Jockey's heart is still the same.



JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

Key B^b.—ANDANTE.

TCNE—"John Anderson, my Jo"

{ l	m	: l	l	t	d	:-	d	: r d
{ John	An -	der -	son,	my	jo,		John,	When

{ t	: l	s	: f	s	:-	l	:	
{ we	were	first	ac -	quent,		Your		

SONGS OF BURNS.

{ m₁ : l₁ | l₁ : t₁ | d : — | d : r }
 { locks were like the ra - ven, Your }
 { m : — . r | d : r | m : — | : s }
 { bon - nie brow was brent; But }
 { m : — . r | d : m | s : — | f : m }
 { now your brow is beld, J' , Your }
 { r : — . d | t₁ : d | r : — | : d . r }
 { locks are like the snaw; But }
 { m : d | r : t₁ | d : l₁ | m : l₁ }
 { bless - ings on your fros - ty pow, John }
 { m₁ : l₁ | l₁ : se₁ | l₁ : — | }
 { An - der - son, my jo. }

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither;
 And mony a canty day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither:
 Now we mair totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we'll go;
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson, my jo.



KEN YE OUGHT O' CAPTAIN GROSE?

Key C.—Slow.

TUNE—"Sir John Malcolm."

{ s ., l : d¹ ., r¹ | m¹ ., d¹ ., r¹ ., m¹ .- | s : s ., m | s : s ., d¹ }
 { Ken ye ought o' Captain Grose? I - go and a - go, If }
 { s ., l : d¹ ., r¹ | m¹ ., d¹ ., r¹ ., m¹ .- | l₁ .- : d¹ ., s | l : l₁ ., m¹ }
 { he's amang his friends or foes? Iram, coram, da - go. Is }
 { s¹ ., l¹ : s¹ ., m¹ | r¹ ., d¹ ., r¹ ., m¹ .- | s : s ., m | s : s ., d¹ }
 { he to Abra'm's bosom gane? I - go and a - go, Or }
 { s ., l : d¹ ., r¹ | m¹ ., d¹ ., r¹ ., m¹ .- | d¹ ., l : d¹ ., s | r : d }
 { haudin' Saah by the wame? I - ram, coram, da - go. }

Is he south or is he north?
 Igo and ago,
 Or drownèd in the river Forth?
 Iram, coram, dago.
 Is he slain by Highland bodies?
 Igo and ago,
 And eaten like a wether-haggis?
 Iram, coram, dago.
 Where'er he be, the Lord be near him!
 Igo and ago,
 As for the Deil he daur na steer him.
 Iram, coram, dago.
 But please transmit th' inclosed letter,
 Igo and ago,
 Which will oblige your humble debtor.
 Iram, coram, dago.

So may you hae auld stanes in store,
 Igo and ago,
 The very stanes that Adam bore.
 Iram, coram, dago.
 So may ye get in glad possession,
 Igo and ago,
 The coins o' Satan's coronation!
 Iram, coram, dago



LANDLADY, COUNT THE LAWIN'.

Key B♭.—BOLDFY.

TUNE—"Hey Tutti Taiti."

{ s₁ ., s₁ ., s₁ : s₁ ., m₁ | s₁ ., l₁ : d . d | l₁ ., l₁ : l₁ ., s₁ | l₁ ., t₁ : d ., r }
 { Landlady, count the law - in', The day is near the daw - in'; Ye're }
 { m : r . d | d ., r : m ., d | d ., l₁ : l₁ ., s₁ | s₁ : — }
 { a' blind drunk boys, And I'm but jol - ly fou. }
 { m : m . r | m ., f : s | r : r ., d | r ., m : f }
 { Hey tut-ti, tai - ti, How tut-ti, tai - ti, }
 { s ., m : r ., d | d ., r : m | d ., l₁ : l₁ ., s₁ | s₁ : — }
 { Hey tut-ti, tai - ti, Wha's fou now? }

Cog, an ye were aye fu',
 Cog, an ye were aye fu',
 I wad sit and sing to you,
 If ye were aye fu'.

Hey tutti, taiti, &c.

Weel may ye a' be!
 Ill may we never see!
 God bless the king, boys,
 And the companie!
 Hey tutti, taiti, &c.



LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS.

CHORUS. Key C.—ALLEGRETTO.

TUNE—"Rothenmurché's Rant."

{ m ., r : m ., d | m . s : s | d¹ ., s : l ., s }
 { Las - sie wi' the lint-white locks, Bon - nie las - sie, }
 { d¹ ., s : l ., d¹ .- | m ., r : m ., d | m . s : s }
 { ait-less lassie, Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks? }
 { l ., d¹ : s ., d¹ | m ., r : r | m¹ | f¹ ., m¹ : r¹ ., d¹ }
 { Wilt thou be my dearie, O? Now Na - ture cleeds the }
 { r¹ ., m¹ : f¹ ., m¹ | s¹ ., m¹ : m¹ ., r¹ | d¹ ., r¹ : d¹ ., l }
 { flow'ry lea, And a' is young and sweet like thee; O }
 { s ., l : d¹ ., r | m¹ ., m¹ : r¹ ., d¹ | l ., d¹ : s ., d¹ | m ., r : r }
 { wilt thou share its joys wi' me, And say thou'lt be my dearie, O? }

And when the welcome simmer shower
 Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower,
 We'll to the breathing woodbine bower
 At sultry noon, my dearie, O.
 Lassie wi' the lint-white, &c.

SONGS OF BURNS.

When Cynthia lights, with silver ray,
The weary shearer's hameward way,
Through yellow waving fields we'll stray,
And talk o' love, my dearie, O,
Lassie wi' the lint-white, &c.

And when the howling wintry blast
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest,
Enclasp'd to my faithful breast,
I'll comfort thee, my dearie, O,
Lassie wi' the lint-white, &c.



LAST MAY A BRAW WOOR.

Key G — ALLEGRETTO.

TUNE—"The Lothian Lassie."

{ s₁ | d : -r : d | m : -f : m | r : -d : r | d : - : d }
{ Last | May a braw woo-er can' down the lang glen, And }
{ m : -r : m | d : m : s | l : - : - | s : - : l . t }
{ sair wi' his love he did deave me; I }
{ d' : -t : l | s . d' : - : m | r : d : r | m . d' : - : l }
{ said there was naething I ha - ted like men, The }
{ s₁ : -l : s₁ | s₁ : l₁ : t₁ | d : -r : m | r : -d : r }
{ deuce gae wi' him to be - lieve me, believe me, The }
{ m : s : s₁ | s₁ : d : m | r : - : - | d : - }
{ deuce gae wi' him to be - lieve me, } ||

He spak o' the darts in my bonnie black een,
And vow'd for my love he was dying;
I said he might die when he likéd, for Jean,
The Lord forgie me for lying, for lying,
The Lord forgie me for lying!

A weel-stockéd mailen—himself for the laird—
And marriage aff-hand, were his proffers:
I never loot on that I kenn'd it, or car'd,
But thought I might ha'e waur offers, waur offers
But thought I might ha'e waur offers.

But what wad ye think? in a fortnight or less—
The deil tak' his taste to gae near her!
He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess,
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her, could bear her,
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her.

But a' the niest week as I fretted wi' care,
I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock,
And wha but my fine fickle lover was there!
I glower'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,
I glower'd as I'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I ga'e him a blink,
Lest neebors might say I was saucy;
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin fu' counthy and sweet,
Gin she had recover'd her hearin',
And how her new shoon fit her auld shachl't feet,
But, heavens! how he fell a swearin', a swearin',
But, heavens! how he fell a swearin'!

He beggéd, for gudesake! I wad be his wife,
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow:
So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow.



LET ME RYKE UP.

SONG. Key F. — SLOW.

TUNE—"Whistle owre the lave o't."

{ d | d . s₁ : l₁ . d | m . r : m . m | s₁ . l : m . d' | r . d : l₁ . d }
{ Let | me ryke up to night that tear, And | go wi' me and be my dear, And }
{ d . s₁ : l₁ . d - | m . r : m . d' | d . d - : m . d | r : d : s }
{ then your every care and fear, May | whistle owre the lave o't. I }
{ s . l . t : d' . s - | l . s : m . s | s₁ . l : m . d' | r . d : l₁ . d' }
{ am a fiddler to my trade, And a' the tunes that e'er I played, The }
{ d' . m' : l . d' | s₁ . l : m . d' | d . d - : m . d | r : d }
{ sweetest still to wife or maid, Was | whistle owre the lave o't. } ||

At kirns an' weddin's we'se be there,
An' O sae nicely 's we will fare!
We'll bowse about till Daddie Care
Sing whistle owre the lave o't.
I am, &c.

Sae merrily 's the bawes we'll pyke,
An' sun oursells about the dyke;
An' at our leisure, when ye like,
We'll whistle owre the lave o't.
I am, &c.

But bless me wi' your heaven o' charms,
An' while I kittle hair on thairms,
Hunger, could, an' a' sic harms,
May whistle owre the lave o't.
I am, &c.

SONGS OF BURNS.

LET NOT WOMAN EER COMPLAIN.

Key A. LIVELY

TUNE—"Duncan Gray."

{	s ₁	:d		t ₁	:	d		r	:	m		t ₁	:	—	}
{	Let	not	wo	-	man	e'er	com	-	plain	}					}
{	d	:d		r	:	f		m	:d		d	:			}
{	Of	in	-	con	-	stan-	cy	in	love,	}					}
{	s ₁	:d		t ₁	:	d		r	:	m		t ₁	:	—	}
{	Let	not	wo	-	man	e'er	com	-	plain,	}					}
{	d	:d		r	:	f		m	:d		d	:			}
{	Fie	-	kie	man	is	apt	to	rove:	}						}
{	m	:s		s	:f	m		f		f	:				}
{	Look	a	-	broad	through	Na	-	ture's	range,	}					}
{	f	:	m		r	:d		t ₁	:r		s ₁	:			}
{	Na	-	ture's	nigh	-	ty	law	is	change;	}					}
{	s	:l	s		f	:m		r	:m		f	:r		t ₁	:
{	La	-	dies,	would	it	not	be	strange?	}						}
{	d	:d		r	:	f		m	:d		d	:			}
{	Man	should	then	a	mon	-	ster	prove.	}						}

Mark the winds, and mark the skies,
Ocean's ebb, and ocean's flow;
Sun and moon but set to rise,
Round and round the seasons go.
Why then ask of silly man,
To oppose great Nature's plan?
We'll be constant while we can—
You can be no more, you know.



THE YOUNG HIGHLAND ROVER.

Key E.—Slow.

TUNE—"Morag."

{	.m		l	.,t	:d ¹	.,l		t	:	m	.,m		l	.,d ¹	:t	.,l	}	
	Loud		blaw	the	fros-	ty		breez	-	es,	The		snaws	the	mountains		}	
{	.s	.,f	:m	.,m		l	.,t	:d ¹	.,r ¹		t	:	d ¹	.,l	}		}	
	cov	-	er;	Like	win	-	ter	on	me	seiz	-	es,	Since				}	
{	.s	.,m	:r	.,d		d ¹	:	d ¹	.,r ¹		m ¹	.,d ¹	:t	.,s	}		}	
	my	young	Highland	rov	-	er		Far	wan	-	ders	na	-	tions			}	
	CHORUS.																	
{	l	.,t	:d ¹		d ¹		l	.,s	:m	.,r		d	.,d	:r	.,m	}		}
	o	-	ver.	Wher	-	e'er	he	go,	where'er	he	stray,	May					}	
{	.f	.,r	:m	.,d		l ¹	:	d ¹	.,d ¹		l	.,s	:m	.,r	}		}	
	Heaven	be	his	war	-	den;	Re	-	turn	him	safe	to					}	
{	.d	.,d	:r	.,m		f	.,r	:m	.,d		l ¹	:	l ¹	}			}	
	fair	Strathspey,	And	bon	-	nie	Cas	-	tle	Gor	-	don.					}	

The trees now naked groaning,
Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging,
The birdies dowie moaning,
Shall a' be blythely singing,
And every flower be springing.

Chorus.—Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day,
When by his mighty Warden
My youth's returned to fair Strathspey,
And bonnie Castle Gordon!



LOUIS, WHAT RECK I BY THEE?

Key B?

TUNE—"Louis, what Reck I by thee?"

{	<u>l₁</u>	:m ₁		<u>l₁</u>	:t ₁		<u>d</u>	:r	: <u>d</u>		<u>t₁</u>	: <u>l₁</u>	: <u>s₁</u>	}	
	Lou	- is,		what	reck		I	by			thee,	Or	}		
{	<u>m</u>	: <u>l₁</u>		<u>r</u>	: <u>d</u>	: <u>t₁</u>	: <u>l₁</u>		<u>se₁</u>	:—		<u>m₁</u>	:—	}	
	Geor	- die		on		his		o	-		cean?		}		
{	<u>d</u>	: <u>t₁</u>	: <u>d</u>	: <u>r</u>		<u>d</u>	: <u>r</u>		<u>m</u>	: <u>r</u>	: <u>m</u>	: <u>fe</u>		<u>s</u>	: <u>m</u>
	Dy	- vour,		beg	- gar				louis	to	me,	I	}		
{	<u>l</u>	: <u>m</u>		<u>r</u>	: <u>d</u>	: <u>t₁</u>	: <u>d</u>		<u>l₁</u>	:—		<u>l₁</u>	:—	}	
	reign	in		Jean	- ie's				bo	-	son,		}		

Let her crown my love her law,
And in her breast enthrone me,
Kings and nations—swith awa'!
Reif randies, I disown ye!



MALLY'S MEEK, MALLY'S SWEET.

CHORUS Key G—MODERATO.

TUNE—"Mally's Meek."

{	l ₁ l ₁	: m		m	., r	: m		r	: t ₁	: s	., m		r	: t ₁	: s ₁	}
{	Mally's	meek,	Mally's	sweet,	Mally's	modest	and	discreet;	}							}
{	l ₁ l ₁	: m		m	., r	: m		r	: s	.: m	: s		r	., t ₁	: l ₁	: t ₁
{	Mally's	rare,	Mally's	fair,	Mally's	ev'ry	way	complete.	As	}						}
{	l ₁ l ₁	: l	., t		d ¹	: t ₁	: l ₁	: l		s	., l	: t	., l		s	: m
{	I	was	walking	up	the	street,	A	barefit	maid	I	chanc'd	to	meet,	But	}	
{	r	: m	: s	: l		t ₁ l ₁	: s	f	e	: s	., s		m	., s	: r	: s
{	to	the	road	was	ve	-	ry	hard	For	that	fair	maiden's	tender	feet.	}	

It were mair meet that those fine feet
Were weel laced up in silken shoon,
And 'twere more fit that she should sit
Within you chariot gilt aboon.
Mally's meek, &c.

Her yellow hair beyond compare,
Comes trinklin' down her swan-like neck;
And her two eyes, like stars in skies,
Would keep a sinking ship frae wreck.
Mally's meek, &c.

SONGS OF BURNS.

MARK YONDER POMP.

Key B♭.—ANDANTE.

TUNE—"Deil tak' the Wars."

{ d : d . m m . r : d . t }	{ d . s : l . t . d l . s : - f : m }
{ Mark yonder pomp of }	{ cost - ly fash - ion }
{ m . s : s : d d : - r m . f . s : f . m m : r }	{ }
{ Round the wealth - y }	{ ti - tled bride ; }
{ d : d . m m . r : d . t }	{ d . s : - l . t . d l . s : f : m }
{ But when com - par - ed }	{ with real pas - sion , }
{ m . s : s : d d : s : f m : r . d . r d : - m }	{ }
{ Poor is all that }	{ prince - ly pride . What }
{ m . d : m . s m . d : d r . t : r . s r . t : r }	{ are the showy treasures ? What are the noisy pleasures ? The }
{ m . f : m . d r . m : r . t d . r . m . r . d . t l : d }	{ gay , gaudy glare of van - i - ty and art : The }
{ s : l : s : m s : : s s : l : s : m s : : s }	{ polished jewel's blaze May draw the wond'ring gaze , And }
{ s : r : r . m m . r : r . m f . m : r . d d : t . l }	{ courtly graudeur bright The faucy may de - light , But }
{ s : l : s : m s : s : f m : r . d . r d : }	{ never , never can come near the heart . }

But did you see my dearest Chloris
In simplicity's array,
Lovely as yonder sweet opening flower is,
Shrinking from the gaze of day ?
O then, the heart alarming,
And all resistless charming,
In Love's delightful fetters she chains the willing soul !
Ambition would disown
The world's imperial crown,
Even Avarice would deny
His worshipp'd deity.
And feel thro' ev'ry vein Love's raptures roll.



MUSING ON THE ROARING OCEAN.

Key F.

TUNE—"Drumion Dubh."

{ m : m . r r . m : s l : s . m r . m : r }	{ }
{ Mus - ing on the }	{ roar - ing o - cean , }
{ m . r : m . r . d d . r : m . s s : m . r d : - }	{ }
{ Which di - vides my }	{ love and me . }
{ s : s . l s : l : d d . r . m : r . d t a . l : s : l }	{ }
{ Wear - y - ing Heav'n in }	{ warm de - vo - tion , }
{ d . l . l . s . m . d r . m : s l : s . m r : - }	{ }
{ For his weal when - }	{ e'er he be . }

Hope and fear's alternate billow
Yielding late to Nature's law,
Whisp'ring spirits round my pillow
Talk of him that 's far awa.
Ye whom sorrow never wounded,
Ye who never shed a tear,
Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,
Gandy day to you is dear.

Gentle night, do thou befriend me ;
Downy sleep, the curtain draw ;
Spirits kind, again attend me,
Talk of him that 's far awa' !



MY BONNIE LASS.

Key C.—LIVELY.

TUNE—"Clout the Cauldron."

{ s s . d : d . d d . d : d . m r . d : t . l t : l . s }	{ }
{ My bonnie lass, I work in brass, A tinker is my sta - tion, I've }	{ }
{ s . d : d . d d . d : d . m r . d : t . l t : l . s }	{ }
{ travelled round all Christian ground, In this my oc - cu - pa - tion ; I've }	{ }
{ m . r : r . m l . s : m . d m . r : r . m . s l : s . s }	{ }
{ taen the gold, I've been en - rolled In many a noble squadron ; But }	{ }
{ m . r : r . m . s l . d : s . m . r . d m . r : r . m . s l : s }	{ }
{ vain they searched, when off I marched To go and clout the caul - dron . }	{ }

Despise that shrimp, that wither'd imp,
Wi' a' his noise and cap'rin',
And tak a share wi' those that bear
The budge and the apron.
And by that stoup, my faith and houp,
And by that dear Kilbaigie,
If e'er ye want, or meet wi' scant,
May I ne'er weet my craigie.
And by that stoup, &c.



CHLORIS.

Key E♭.

TUNE—"Away to Bonnie Tweedside."

{ m . r d : - r : m d : - r : d t : - l : s d : - s }	{ }
{ My Chlo - ris, mark how green the groves, The }	{ }
{ l : d : l s : m : d r : - : - : : m . r }	{ }
{ prim - rose banks how fair ; The }	{ }
{ d : - r : m d : - r : m r : d : t d : - s }	{ }
{ balm - y gales a - wake the flowers, And }	{ }
{ l : d : l s : m : r d : - : - : : s }	{ }
{ wave thy flax - en hair . The }	{ }
{ d : m : d r : d : t d : t : l s : - f }	{ }
{ lav - 'rock shuns the pal - ace gay, And }	{ }
{ m : - f : s d : s : m r : - : - : : m . r }	{ }
{ o'er the cot - tage sings ; For }	{ }
{ d : - r : m d : - r : m r : d : t d : - s }	{ }
{ Na - ture smiles as sweet, I ween, To }	{ }
{ l : d : l s : m : r d : - : - : : }	{ }
{ sheep - herds as to kings, }	{ }

Let minstrels sweep the skilfu' string
 In lordly lighted ha':
 The shepherd stops his simple reed,
 Blythe, in the birken shaw.
 The princely revel may survey
 Our rustic dance wi' scorn;
 But are their hearts as light as ours
 Beneath the milk-white thorn!

The shepherd in the flow'ry glen,
 In shepherd's phrase will woo:
 The courtier tells a finer tale,
 But is his heart as true!

These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd, to deck
 That spotless breast o' thine;
 The courtier's gems may witness love—
 But 'tis na love like mine.



MY FATHER WAS A FARMER.

Key A.

TUNE—"Johnnie's Grey Brecks."

{	.d.r	m.m:f.m.r.d		l _i	.,t _i	:d	.,s _i		m _i	r _i .d _i	:d _i	.,r _i	}
	My	father	was a	far	-	mer	Up-		on	the	Carrick	}	
{	m _i	.s _i	:s _i	.d.r		m	.m	:s.m.r.d		l _i	.,t _i	:d	.,s _i
	border,	O!	And	care-ful	-	ly	he	bred		me	In	}	
{	m _i	r _i .d _i	:r _i	.,m _i		d	.l _i	:l _i		.d		s _i	.,l _i
	de - cen - cy	and	or - der,	O!		He	bade	me	act	a	}		
{	m	.m	:r	.d		r	.m	:s	.l _i s		m	.r	:r
	manly	part,	Though	I	had	ne'er	a	farthing,	O!	For with-	}		
{	l	.l	:d _i	.l _i s		s	.s	:l _i s	.m.r		d	.,l	:s.m.r.m
	out	an	hon - est,	man - ly	heart,	No	man	was	worth	re-	}		
{	d	.l _i	:l _i	.d		s _i	.,l _i	:d	.,r		m	.m	:r
	garding,	O!	He	bade	me	act	a	manly	part,	Though	}		
{	r	.m	:s	.l _i s		m	.r	:r	.m.s		l	.d _i	:l _i s
	I	had	ne'er	a	farthing,	O!	For with-	out	an	hon - est,	}		
{	m	.s.m	:r.f	.m.r		d	.,l	:s.m.r.m		d	.l _i	:l _i	}
	man - ly	heart,	No	man	was	worth	re-	garding,	O!	}			

Then out into the world
 My course I did determine, O!
 Though to be rich was not my wish,
 Yet to be great was charming, O!
 My talents they were not the worst,
 Nor yet my education, O!
 Resolved was I, at least to try
 To mend my situation, O!

In many a way, and vain essay,
 I courted fortune's favour, O!
 Some cause unseen still slept between,
 To frustrate each endeavour, O!

Sometimes by foes I was o'erpower'd;
 Sometimes by friends forsaken, O!
 And when my hope was at the top
 I still was worst mistaken, O!

Then sore harass'd, and tired at last,
 With fortune's vain delusion, O!
 I dropt my schemes, like idle dreams,
 And came to this conclusion, O!
 The past was bad, the future hid;
 Its good or ill untried, O!
 But the present hour was in my power,
 And so would I enjoy it, O!

No help, nor hope, nor view had I,
 Nor person to befriend me, O!
 So I must toil, and sweat, and broil,
 And labour to sustain me, O!
 To plough and sow, and reap and mow,
 My father bred me early, O!
 For one, he said, to labour bred,
 Was a match for fortune fairly, O!

Thus all obscure, unknown, and poor,
 Through life I'm doomed to wander, O!
 Till down my weary bones I lay
 In everlasting slumber, O!

No view nor care, but shun what'er
 Might breed me pain or sorrow, O!
 I live to-day as well 's I may,
 Regardless of to-morrow, O!

But cheerful still, I am as well
 As a monarch in a palace, O!
 Though fortune's frown still hunts me down,
 With all her wanton malice, O!

I make indeed my daily bread,
 But ne'er can make it farther, O!
 But as daily bread is all I need,
 I do not much regard her, O!

When sometimes by my labour
 I earn a little money, O!
 Some unforeseen misfortune
 Comes generally upon me, O!
 Mischance, mistake, or by neglect,
 Or my good-natured folly, O!

But come what will, I've sworn it still
 I'll ne'er be melancholy, O!

All you who follow wealth and power
 With unremitting ardour, O!
 The more in this you look for bliss,
 You leave your view the farther, O!

Had you the wealth Potosi boasts,
 Or nations to adore you, O!
 A cheerful, honest-hearted clown
 I will prefer before you, O!

SONGS OF BURNS.

MY HARRY WAS A GALLANT GAY.

Key G.—SLOW.

TYNE—"Highlander's Lament."

(*Chorus*)
 (*l* : *l* , *t* | *l* , *l* - : *l* , *m* | *s* , *m* : *r* , *t* | *s* , *s* , - : *s* , *s*)
 My Harry was a gallant gay, Fm' stately strade he on the plain; But
 (*m* , *r* : *m* , *s* | *l* , *t* : *l* , *s* | *m* , *s* : *m* , *r* , *t* | *l* , *l* - : *l*)
 now he's banish'd far away, I'll never see him back again.
CHORUS.
 (*l* : *l* , *t* | *l* , *l* - : *l* | *s* , *l* : *s* , *m* | *r* , *d* , *t* | *l* : *s* , *s*)
 O for him back again! O for him back again! I)
 (*m* , *r* : *m* , *s* | *l* , *t* : *l* , *s* | *m* , *r* : *s* , *t* | *l* , *l* - : *l*)
 wad gie' Knockhaspie's land For Highland Harry back again.

When a' the lave gae to their bed,
I wander dowie up the glen ;
I set me down and greet my fill,
And aye I wish him back again.
O for him back again, &c.

O were some villains hangit high,
And ilka body had their ain !
Then I might see the joyfu' sight,
My Highland Harry back again.
O for him back again, &c.



TAM GLEN.

Key A¹₂—MODERATO

TUNE—"The Mucking o' Geordie's Byre."

{	m	r	d	:l	:l	 l	: -	d	s	 l	d	: -	:r	}
{	My	heart	is	a	break	-	ing,	dear	Fittie,	Some	}			}
{	m	: -	r	d	 d	: -	r	m	s	: -	:m	r	}	
{	conn	-	sel	un	-	to	me	come	len ³ ,	To	}		}	
{	d	:l	:l	 l	: -	d	s	 l	l	: -	:s	}		
{	an	-	ger	them	a'	is	a	pity,	But	}		}		
{	m	: -	r	d	r	m	d	 l	: -	:s	}			
{	what	will	I	do	wi'	Tam	Glen?	I'm	}		}			
{	m	s	:l	 s	:m	r	d	: -	r	m	}			
{	I	think	-	ing,	wi'	sie	a	braw	fel	-	low, In	}		
{	r	:m	s	m	: -	r	d	s	: -	:m	r	}		
{	poor	-	tith	I	might	make	a	fen',	What	}		}		
{	d	:l	:l	 l	: -	d	l	se	 l	l	: -	:s	}	
{	care	I	in	rich	-	es	to	wallow,	If	}		}		
{	m	: -	r	d	r	m	: -	d	 l	: -	}		}	
{	I	maunna	marty	Tam	Glen!	}							}	

There 's Lowrie, the laird o' Drummeller,
 "Guid day to you," brute ! he comes ben ;
 He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
 But when will he dance like Tam Glen ?

My minnie does constantly deave me,
And bids me beware o' young men ;
They flatter, she says, to deceive me,
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen ?

My daddie says, gin I 'll forsake him,
He 'll gie me guid hunder marks ten ;
But, if it 's ordain'd I mair take him,
O, wha will I get but Tam Glen ?

Yestreen at the Valentines' dealing,
My heart to my mou' gied a sten ;
For thrice I drew ane without failing,
And thrice it was written " Tam Glen ! "

The last Hallowe'en I lay waukin',
My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken ;
His likeness cam up the house staukin',
And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen !
Come, counsel, dear Tittie ! don't tarry ;
I 'll gie ye my bonnie black hen,
Gif ye will advise me to marry
The lad I lo'e dearly—Tam Glen !



MY HEART 'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Key F.—ANDANTE.

TUNE "Crochallan."

{ d.,r m :r,m:s,m | r :d :d.,r | m :s :d',l }
 { My | heart's in the | High - lands, my | heart is not }
 { s :— :l ,s | f :m :r.,d | d,m:s,l :s.,f }
 { here ; My | heart's in the | High - lands, a - }
 { m :d :r | d :— || d :r :m :d' }
 { chas - ing the | deer ; A - chas - ing the }
 { d :t₁ :d | r,r.-:m :d' | s— :m :d }
 { wild deer and | follow - ing the | roe, My }
 { r :m :s :d | d :t₁ :l | s :m :r | d :— }
 { heart's in the | Highlands wher - ev - er I | go. }

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birthplace of valour, the country of worth ;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains, high cover'd with snow ;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below :
Farewell to the forests and wild hanging woods ;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.



FOR THE SAKE O' SOMEBODY.

Key G — ANDANTINO.

{ s₁ | d, m: s, m | ^mr, d: r, m | d, d: m, s | l : s, m, - }
 { My | heart is sair, I daurna tell, My | heart is sair for Some - body, }
 { d, m: s, m | ^mr, d: r, m | d, l₁ | l₁, s₁ | s : m, d, - }
 { I could wake a winter night | For the sake o' Some - body, }
 { l : f, l | s : m, d, - | f : m, d, | ^mr : t, s₁, - }
 { O - bon! for Some - body! | O - hey! for Some - body! | }
 { d, m: r, f | m, l, s: s | d, l₁ | l₁, s₁ | s : m, d, - }
 { I could range the world around, | For the sake o' Some - body, }

SONGS OF BURNS.

Ye Powers that smile on virtuous love,
O, sweetly smile on Somebody!
Frae ilka danger keep him free,
And send me safe my Somebody!
O-hon! for Somebody!
O-heh! for Somebody!
I wad do—what wad I not?
For the sake o' Somebody.



THE BONNIE LASS OF ALBANY.

Key A.—SLOW.

TUNE—"Mary's Dream."

{ ḍ. r m : ḷ. ṭ | ḷ : ḍ. r | ṃ. r : ṃ. f̣ | m : ḍ. r }
{ My | heart is wae, and | un - co wae, To }
{ m : ḷ. ṭ | ḷ : ṭ. ḍ | ṛ. ḍ : ṭ. ḷ | ṣ : ḍ. ṭ }
{ think up - on the | rag - ing sea, That }
{ ḷ : - ṣ | ṣ : ṃ. ṣ | ḍ. r : ṛ. ṃ. f̣ | m : ṛ. ḍ }
{ roars be - tween her | gur - dens green An' the }
{ ṛ. ṃ. - ṣ. ḷ. - | m : - ṛ | ḍ : ṭ. ḷ | ḷ : ṃ. ṣ }
{ bon - nie Lass of | Al - ban - y, This }
{ ḷ : - ṣ | f̣. ṃ. ṛ. ḍ | ṛ : ṃ. ṣ | ṣ : ṃ. ṣ }
{ love - ly maid's of | roy - al blood That }
{ ḷ : - ṣ | f̣. ṃ. ṛ. ḍ | ḍ. ṛ. ṃ. ṛ. ḍ. ṭ. ḷ | ṣ : ḍ. ṭ }
{ rul - ed Al - bion's | king - doms three, But }
{ ḷ : - ṣ | ṣ : ṃ. ṣ | ḍ. ṛ. ṛ. ṃ. f̣ | m : - ṛ. ḍ }
{ oh, a - las! for her | bon - nie face, They've }
{ ṛ. ṃ. - ṣ. ḷ. - | m : - ṛ | ḍ : ṭ. ḷ | ḷ : }
{ wrang'd the Lass of | Al - ban - y. }

In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde
There sits an isle of high degree,
And a town of fame whose princely name
Should grace the Lass of Albany.

But there's a youth, a witless youth,
That fills the place where she should be;
We'll send him o'er to his native shore,
And bring our ain sweet Albany.

Alas the day, and woe the day,
A false usurper wan the gree,
Who now commands the towers and lands—
The royal right of Albany.

We'll daily pray, we'll nightly pray,
On bended knees most fervently,
The time may come, with pipe and drum,
We'll welcome hame fair Albany.

TO THE WEAVER'S GIN YOU GO.

Key D.—LIVELY.

TUNE—"To the Weaver's gin ye go."

{ ḍ. ḷ | ṣ : ṃ : ṃ. ṛ. ḍ | f̣. ṃ : ṃ. ḍ. ḷ | ṣ : ṃ : ṃ. ṛ }
{ My | heart was ance as | blythe and free As | simmer days were }
{ m : - ḍ. ḷ | ṣ : ṃ : ṃ. ṛ. ḍ | ṃ. ṛ : ṛ. ṃ }
{ lang; But a | bon - nie west - lin' | weaver lad Ilas }
CHORUS.
{ ṣ : ṃ : ṃ. ṛ | ṃ : - ṛ. ṛ | ṣ. ḷ : ṭ. ḍ }
{ gart me change my | sang. To the | weaver's gin ye }
{ ṛ. ḷ. ṃ. ḷ. ṛ. ḷ | ṣ. ḷ : ṭ. ḍ | ṛ. ḷ : - ṃ. ḷ. ṛ }
{ go, fair maids, To the | weaver's gin ye | go; ḷ }
{ ḍ. ḷ : ṭ. ḷ. ṣ | ḷ. ṭ. ḍ. ṛ. ḷ | ṃ. ḷ. ṃ. ṣ. ṃ. ṛ | m : - }
{ rede you right, gang | ne'er at night, To the | weaver's gin ye | go. }

My mither sent me to the town,
To warp a plaiden wab;
But the weary, weary warpin' o't
Has gart me sigh and sab.
To the weaver's, &c.

A bonnie, westlin' weaver lad
Sat working at his loom;
He took my heart as wi' a net,
In every knot and thrum.
To the weaver's, &c.

I sat beside my warpin'-wheel,
And aye I ca'd it rom';
But every shot and every knock,
My heart it gae a stoun.
To the weaver's, &c.

The moon was sinking in the west,
Wi' visage pale and wan,
As my bonnie, westlin' weaver lad
Convoy'd me through the glen.
To the weaver's, &c.

But what was said, or what was done,
Shame fa' me gin I tell;
But Oh! I fear the kintra soon
Will ken as weel's mysel'!
To the weaver's, &c.



MY LADY'S GOWN, THERE'S GAIRS UPON 'T.

CHORUS. Key D.—LIVELY.

TUNE—"Gregg's Strathspey."

{ ḍ. ḷ | ṭ. ṛ. ḷ : ḷ. ṭ | ḷ. f̣. ẹ. ṛ. ḍ. ḷ | ṭ. ṛ. ḷ : ḷ. f̣. ẹ. ṣ. ṃ. ḍ }
{ My | lady's gown, there's gairs upon't, And | gowden flowers sae rare upon't; }
{ ḍ. ḷ | ṭ. ṛ. ḷ : ḷ. ḍ. ḷ | ṭ. ṛ. ḷ : ḷ. ḍ. ḷ | ṭ. ṣ. ḷ. f̣. ẹ. ṣ. ṃ. ḍ }
{ But | Jenny's jimp and jirkin - et, My | lord thinks naeikle mair upon't. }
SONG.
{ ṭ. ṛ. ḷ : ḷ. f̣. ẹ. ṛ | ḷ. f̣. ẹ. ṛ. ṭ | ḷ. ṛ : f̣. ẹ. ṛ | ṣ. ṃ. ḍ }
{ My | lord a - hunting he is gane, But | hounds or hawks wi' him are nane; }
{ ḍ. ḷ | ṭ. ṛ. ḷ : ḷ. ḍ. ḷ | ṭ. ṛ. ḷ : ḷ. ḍ. ḷ | ṭ. ṣ. ḷ. f̣. ẹ. ṣ. ṃ. ḍ }
{ By | Colin's cottage lies his gane, If | Colin's Jenny be at hame. }

SONGS OF BURNS.

My lady 's white, my lady 's red,
And kith and kin o' Cassillis' blude ;
But her ten-pund lands o' tocher gude
Were a' the charms his lordship lo'ed.

My lady's gown, &c.

Out o'er yon muir, out o'er yon moss,
Where gorcocks through the heather pass,
There wons auld Colin's bonnie lass,
A lily in a wilderness.

My lady's gown, &c.

Sae sweetly move her genty limbs,
Like music notes o' lovers' hymns :
The diamond dew in her een sae blue,
Where laughing love sae wanton swims.

My lady's gown, &c.

My lady's dink, my lady's drest,
The flower and fancy o' the west ;
But the lassie that a man lo'es best,
O that 's the lass to mak him blest.

My lady's gown, &c.



MY LOVE, SHE 'S BUT A LASSIE YET.

Key B \flat .—ALLEGRETTO.

TUNE—"Lady Bainscouth's Reel."

{ .l ₁ , t ₁ d ₁ .d ₁ : m ₁ .s ₁	{ d ₁ .d ₁ : d ₁ .l ₁ , t ₁
{ My love, she's but a	{ las - sie yet, My
{ d ₁ .d ₁ : m ₁ .s ₁	{ r ₁ .r ₁ : r ₁ .l ₁ , t ₁
{ love, she's but a	{ las - sie yet ; We'll
{ d ₁ .d ₁ : m ₁ .s ₁	{ d ₁ .f : m ₁ .r
{ let her stand a	{ year or twa, She'll
{ d ₁ , t ₁ .l ₁ , s ₁ l ₁ .t ₁	{ d ₁ .d ₁ : d ₁ .m ₁ , f
{ no be hauf sae	{ sau - cy yet, I
{ s ₁ .m ₁ : f ₁ .r ₁	{ m ₁ .d ₁ : d ₁ .m ₁ , f
{ rue the day I	{ sought her O! I
{ s ₁ .m ₁ : f ₁ .r ₁	{ r ₁ .r ₁ : r ₁ .m ₁ , f
{ rue the day I	{ sought her O! Wha
{ s ₁ .m ₁ : f ₁ .r ₁	{ m ₁ .d ₁ : r ₁ .t ₁
{ gets her need na	{ say he's woo'd, But
{ d ₁ , t ₁ .l ₁ , s ₁ l ₁ .t ₁	{ d ₁ .d ₁ : d ₁
{ he may say he's	{ bought her O.

Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet,
Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet ;
Gae seek for pleasure where ye will,
But here I never miss'd it yet.

We 're a' dry wi' drinkin' o't,
We 're a' dry wi' drinkin' o't ;
The minister kiss'd the fiddler's wife ;
He couldna preach for thinkin' o't.

A RED, RED ROSE.

Key C.—MODERATO.

TUNE—"Low down in the Broom."

{ .s ₁ m ₁ d ₁ ., d ₁ : r ₁ .m ₁ d ₁ ., t ₁ : l ₁ .s ₁	{ l ₁ ., s ₁ : l ₁ .d ₁ r ₁ .d ₁ : r ₁ , m ₁
{ My luv'e is like a red, red rose, That's	{ newly sprung in June: My
{ d ₁ ., d ₁ : r ₁ .m ₁ d ₁ ., t ₁ : l ₁ .s ₁	{ l ₁ ., s ₁ : l ₁ .t ₁ d ₁ .s ₁
{ luv'e is like the melodie, That's	{ sweetly play'd in tune. As
{ d ₁ .m ₁ : r ₁ .d ₁ l ₁ .d ₁ .- : s ₁ .m ₁	{ s ₁ ., s ₁ : f ₁ ., m ₁ m ₁ .r ₁ : .s ₁ , f ₁
{ fair art thou, my bonnie lass, So	{ deep in luv'e am I; And
{ m ₁ .s ₁ : m ₁ .d ₁ l ₁ ., d ₁ : s ₁ .m ₁	{ s ₁ ., s ₁ : l ₁ .t ₁ d ₁ .s ₁
{ I will luv'e thee still, my dear, Till	{ a' the seas gang dry. Till
{ d ₁ ., d ₁ : r ₁ .m ₁ d ₁ ., t ₁ : l ₁ .s ₁	{ l ₁ ., s ₁ : l ₁ .d ₁ r ₁ .d ₁ : r ₁ , m ₁
{ a' the seas gang dry, my dear, Till	{ a' the seas gang dry, And
{ d ₁ ., d ₁ : r ₁ .m ₁ d ₁ ., t ₁ : l ₁ .s ₁	{ l ₁ ., s ₁ : l ₁ .t ₁ d ₁ .- :
{ I will luv'e thee still, my dear, Till	{ a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun ;
And I will luv'e thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.
And fare-thee-weel, my only luv'e !
And fare-thee-weel a while !
And I will come again, my luv'e,
Though 'twere ten thousand mile !



MY PEGGY'S FACE.

Key E \flat .—LIVELY.

TUNE—"My Peggy's Face."

{ .d ₁ , t ₁ l ₁ ., t ₁ : d ₁ ., r ₁	{ m ₁ ., r ₁ : m ₁ ., fe s ₁ ., l ₁ : s ₁ , m ₁ , r ₁ , d ₁
{ My Peggy's face, my	{ Peggy's form, The frost of her - mit
{ t ₁ .s ₁ : s ₁ .d ₁ , t ₁ l ₁ ., t ₁ : d ₁ ., r ₁	{ m ₁ , r ₁ , m ₁ , fe : s ₁ ., m ₁
{ age might warm, My	{ Peggy's worth, my Peggy's mind, Might
{ r ₁ .r ₁ : m ₁ , r ₁ , t ₁ , r ₁ d ₁ .l ₁ : l ₁	{ l ₁ m ₁ .l ₁ : d ₁ , t ₁ , l ₁ , se
{ charm the first of	{ human kind. I love my Peg - gy's
{ l ₁ ., t ₁ : l ₁ ., t ₁ , d ₁ r ₁ ., m ₁ : r ₁	{ l ₁ , d ₁ t ₁ .s ₁ : s ₁ .l ₁
{ an - gel air, Her	{ face so tru - ly, heavenly fair, Her
{ m ₁ .l ₁ : t ₁ , l ₁ , se l ₁ .t ₁ : d ₁ , m ₁	{ r ₁ ., t ₁ , m ₁ , r ₁ , d ₁ , t ₁ d ₁ .l ₁ : l ₁
{ native grace, so	{ void of art, But I a - dore my Peggy's heart.

The lily's hue, the rose's dye,
The kindling lustre of an eye,
Who but owns their magic sway,
Who but knows they all decay ?
The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
The generous purpose nobly dear,
The gentle look that age disarms—
These are all immortal charms.

SONGS OF BURNS.

THE HIGHLAND LASSIE.

Key C.
 { m.r | d : - . m | r . d : r . m | s : r | r : m . r }
 { Nae | gen - tle dainties, though | e'er sae fair, Shall }
 { d : - . m | r . d : r . m | s . m . r . d | d' : - . r' }
 { ev - er be my | mu - se's care; Their }
 { m'.r' | d'.m' | r'.d'.l . r' | d'.l . s . m | r : - . m' }
 { ti - tles a' are | emp - ty show; Gie }
 { d . r . m . f | s . l : d' . s | m : d . , r | d } CHORUS.
 { me my High - land | las - sie, O. || m'.r' }
 { d' : f' | m'.f' : s' . m' | l' : r' . m' | r' : m'.r' }
 { in the glen sae bush - y, O, A - }
 { d' : s' | m'.f' : s' . l' | s' . f' : m'.r' | d' : - . r' }
 { boon the plain sae | rash - y, O, I }
 { m'.r' | d'.m' | r'.d'.l . d' | l . , s : f . m | r : - . m' }
 { set me down wi' | right guid will, To }
 { d . r . m . f | s . l : d' . s | m : d . , r | d }
 { sing my High - land | las - sie, O. || }

O were you hills and valleys mine,
 You palace and you gardens fine!
 The world then the love should know
 I bear my Highland lassie, O!

Within the glen, &c.

But fickle fortune frowns on me,
 And I maun cross the raging sea;
 But while my crimson currents flow,
 I'll love my Highland lassie, O!

Within the glen, &c.

Although through foreign climes I range
 I know her heart will never change,
 For her bosom burns with honour's glow,
 My faithful Highland lassie, O!

Within the glen, &c.

For her I'll dare the billows' roar,
 For her I'll trace a distant shore,
 That Indian wealth may lustre throw
 Around my Highland lassie, O!

Within the glen, &c.

She has my heart, she has my hand,
 By sacred truth and honour's band!
 Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,
 I'm thine, my Highland lassie, O!

Farewell, the glen sae bushy, O!
 Farewell, the plain sae rashy, O!
 To other lands I now must go,
 To sing my Highland lassie, O!

NO CHURCHMAN AM I.

Key G.
 { s | s | d : d | d : - . r : m | s : m : d | r : - . l }
 { No | churchman am I for to | rail and to write, No }
 { s : m : d | r : t | s | l : d : d | d : - . l }
 { statesman nor sol - dier to | plot or to fight, No }
 { s | d : d | d : - . r : m | s : m : d | r : - . f . l }
 { sly man of busi - ness con - | triv - ing a snare, For a }
 { s : m : d | r : t | s | l : d : d | d : - . l }
 { big - bel - lied bot - tle's the | whole of my care. || The }
 { s : m : d | r : d : r | m : d' : l | s : - . l }
 { peer I don't en - vy, I | give him his low; I }
 { s : m : d | s : m : d | r : t | s | s : - . s . f }
 { scorn not the peas - ant tho' | ev - er so low; But a }
 { m | s | d | d : - . r : m | s : m : d | r : - . f . l }
 { club of good fel - lows, like | those that are here, And a }
 { s : m : d | r : t | s | l : d : d | d : - }
 { bot - tle like this, are my | glo - ry and care. || }

Here passes the squire on his brother—his horse;
 There centum per centum, the cit with his purse;
 But see you The Crown, how it waves in the air!
 There a big-bellied bottle still eases my care.

The wife of my bosom, alas! she did die;
 For sweet consolation to church I did fly;
 I found that old Solomon provèd it fair,
 That a big-bellied bottle's a cure for all care.

I once was persuaded a venture to make;
 A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck;
 But the pury old landlord just waddled up stairs,
 With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.

"Life's cares they are comforts"—a maxim laid down
 By the bard, what d' ye call him, that wore the black gown;
 And, faith! I agree with the old prig to a hair;
 For a big-bellied bottle's a heaven of care.

Then fill up a bumper, and make it o'erflow,
 And honours masonie prepare for to throw;
 May every true brother of the compass and square
 Have a big-bellied bottle when harass'd with care!



MY NANNIE 'S AWA'.

Key D^b — ANDANTE.
 { s . f | m : - . f : s | s : l | d | m : - . r : d | d : - . d }
 { Now in her green mantle blythe | na - tue ar - rays, And }
 { m : - . r : d | d : l | s | l : r : - . m | r : - . d }
 { list - ens the lamb - kins that | bleat o'er the braes, While }
 { m : d : d | m . r : d : d | d : - . l : d | s : - . m . m }
 { birds war - ble wel - come in | il - ka green shaw; But to }
 { f | - . s : l | s : d . d | r : - . d : r | m : - . m . m }
 { me it's de - light - less - my | Nan - nie's a - wa'! But to }
 { f . m . f . s : l | s : d . d | r . s : - . m . d . r | d : - }
 { me it's de - light - less - my | Nan - nie's a - wa'! }

SONGS OF BURNS.

The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
And violets bathe in the weat o' the morn;
They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,
They mind me o' Nannie—and Nannie 's awa'!

Thou lav'rock that springs frae the dews of the lawn,
The shepherd to warn o' the grey-breaking dawn,
And thou mellow mavis that hails the night fa',
Give over for pity—my Nannie 's awa'!

Come, Autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey,
And soothe me wi' tidings o' nature's decay:
The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw,
Alane can delight me—now Nannie 's awa'.



LAMENT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

Key D.—Slow.

TUNE—"Mary Queen of Scots' Lament."

{	d	.,r		m	:m,r		d	:m,s		l	:l		r	:d.,r	}
{	Now			Na	- ture		hangs	her		man	- tle		green	On	}
{	m	:d',t		l	:-s		s	:-		s			s		}
{	ev'	- ry		bloom	- ing		tree,			And					}
{	l	.s:l		t		d'	:-s		l	.s:l		d'	:-r		}
{	spreads	her		sheets			o'		dais	- ies		white	Out		}
{	m	:d',t		l	:-s		s	:-		-			-		}
{	o'er			the	grass	- y	lea.								}

Now Phoebus cheers the crystal streams,
And glads the azure skies;
But nought can glad the weary wight
That fast in durance lies.

Now lav'rocks wake the merry morn,
Aloft on dewy wing;
The merle, in his noontide bower,
Makes woodland echoes ring;

The mavis wild wi' mony a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest:
In love and freedom they rejoice,
Wi' care nor thrall oppress.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
The primrose down the brae;
The hawthorn 's budding in the glen,
And milk-white is the slae:

The meanest hind in fair Scotland
May rove thae sweets amang;
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
Mauu lie in prison strang.

I was the Queen o' bonnie France,
Where happy I hae been;
Fu' lightly rase I in the morn,
As blythe lay down at e'en:

And I 'm the sov'reign of Scotland,
And mony a traitor there;
Yet here I lie in foreign bands,
And never-ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman!
My sister and my fae,
Grim Vengeance yet shall whet a sword
That through thy soul shall gae!

The weeping blood in woman's breast
Was never known to thee:
Nor the balm that draps on wounds of woe
Frae woman's pitying e'e.

My son! my son! may kinder stars
Upon thy fortune shine!
And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
That ne'er wad bluk on mine!

God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
Or turn their hearts to thee:
And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,
Remember him for me!

O! soon, to me, may summer suns
Nae mair light up the morn!
Nae mair, to me; the autumn winds
Wave o'er the yellow corn!

And in the narrow house o' death
Let winter round me rave;
And the next flowers that deek the spring,
Bloom on my peaceful grave!



DAINTY DAVIE.

Key D.—ALLEGRETTO.

TUNE—"Dainty Davie."

{	d'		s	:-f		m	:r		d	:l		d	:d	}	
{	Now			ro	- sy		May	comes		in		wi'	flowers	To	}
{	d	:s		m	:s		d	:s,f		m	:d'				}
{	deek	her		gay,	green		spread	- ing		bowers	;	And			}
{	s	:-f		m	:r		d	:l		d	:r				}
{	now			come	in		my	hap	- py		hours,	To			}
{	m	:d'		r'	.d':t		d'	:-t		d'	:s				}
{	wan	- der		wi'	my		Da	-		vie.					}
{	d'	:m'		d'	.r':m'		d'	.r':m'.f'		m'	:r'	.d'			}
{	crys	- tal		wa	- ters		round	us		fa',	The				}
{	t	:r'		s	:r'		t	.d':r'.m'		r'	:d'.t				}
{	mer	- ry		birds	are		lov	- ers		a',	The				}
{	d'	:-r'		m'	:r'.m'		f'.m':r'.d'		d'.t	:l	.s				}
{	seent	- ed		breez	- es		round	us		blaw,	A	-			}
{	l	.t		d'.r'		m'.r'	:d'.t		l	:-t		d'	:		}
{	wan	- d'ring		wi'	my		Da	-		vie.					}

SONGS OF BURNS.

CHORUS
 { s : - . f | m : r | d : l | d : - }
 { Meet me on the war - lock knowe, }
 { d : s | m : s | d : s . f | m : d }
 { Dain - ty Da - vie, dain - ty Da - vie; }
 { s : - . f | m : r | d : l | d : - . r }
 { There I'll spend the day wi' you, My }
 { m : d . r | m . r | d . t | l : - . t | d }
 { ain dear dain - ty Da - vic. } ||

When purple morning starts the hare,
 To steal upon her early fare,
 Then thro' the dews I will repair,
 To meet my faithfu' Davie.
 When day, expiring in the west,
 The curtain draws o' nature's rest,
 I flee to his arms I lo'e best,
 And that 's my ain dear Davie.
 Meet me on the warlock knowe, &c.



NOW SPRING HAS CLAD THE GROVE IN GREEN.

Key D.—Slow.

TUNE—"The Hopeless Lover."

{ : m . r | d : - . r : d | d . m : - : s | l : - : l | l : - : t . d }
 { Now spring has clad the grove in green, And }
 { s : - . m : d | d : r : m | m : - : - | r : - : m . r }
 { strew'd the lea wi' flow - ers; The }
 { d : - . r : d | d . m : - : s | l : - : t | d : - : t . l }
 { fur - row'd wav - ing corn is seen Re- }
 { s : - . d : m | r : - . d : r | d : - : - | d : - : s }
 { joice in fos - ter-ing show - ers; While }
 { s : - . l : t | d : t : d | l : - : l | l : - : t . d }
 { il - ka thing in na - ture join Their }
 { s . m : - : d | d : r : m | m : - : - : r : - : m . r }
 { sor - rows to fore-go, O }
 { d : - . r : d | d : m : s | l : - : t | d : - : t . l }
 { why thus all a - lone are mine The }
 { s . d : - : m | r : - . d : r | d : - : - : - : - }
 { wea - ry steps of woe? } ||

The trout within yon wimpling burn
 Glides swift, a silver dart,
 And safe beneath the shady thorn
 Defies the angler's art;
 My life was once that careless stream,
 That wanton trout was I;
 But love, wi' unrelenting beam,
 Has scor'd my fountains dry.
 The little flow'ret's peaceful lot,
 In yonder cliff that grows—
 Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot,
 Nae ruder visit knows—

Was mine; till love has o'er me past,
 And blighted a' my bloom,
 And now beneath the with'ring blast
 My youth and joy consume.

The waken'd lav'rock warbling springs,
 And elims the early sky,
 Winnowing blythe her dewy wings
 In morning's rosy eye:
 As little reckt I sorrow's power,
 Until the flowery snare
 O' witching love, in luckless hour,
 Made me the thrall o' care.

O had my fate been Greenland snows,
 Or Afrie's burning zone,
 Wi' Man and Nature leagu'd my foes,
 So Peggy ne'er I'd known!
 The wretch whase doom is, "hope nae mair,"
 What tongue his woes can tell!
 Within whase bosom, save despair,
 Nae kinder spirits dwell.



HAIRST—A SONG COMPOSED IN AUGUST.

Key B♭.—Slow.

TUNE—"When the King came o'er the Water."

{ : l | m : - . r | m : s | r . m . r . t | s : l . t }
 { Now west - lin wuds and slaugh - trin' guns Bring }
 { d : t . l | m : r . t | l : - . s | m : l }
 { Au - tumn's pleas - ant wea - ther; The }
 { m : - . r | m : s | r . m . r . t | s : l . t }
 { gor - cock springs on whir - ring wings, A - }
 { d : t . l | m : r . t | l : - . s | m : l | l : l }
 { mang the bloom - ing hea - ther. Now }
 { s : s . l | s : - . l | s . l : s . m | r : - . s }
 { wav - ing grain, wide o'er the plain, De- }
 { m : l . t | l . t : d . t | l : - . s | m : s }
 { lights the wea - ry far - mer, The }
 { r . m . s . l | t : l . t | s : s . l | t : l . t | s }
 { moon shines bright as l rove by night, To }
 { d : t . l | m : r . t | l : - . s | m : l }
 { muse up - on my char - mer. } ||

The partridge loves the fruitful fells;
 The plover loves the mountains;
 The woodcock haunts the lonely dells;
 The soaring hern the fountains:
 Through lofty groves the cushat roves,
 The path of man to shun it;
 The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,
 The spreading thorn the linnet

SONGS OF BURNS.

Thus every kind their pleasure find,
The savage and the tender ;
Some social join, and leagues combine ;
Some solitary wander ;
Avaunt, away ! the cruel sway,
Tyrannic man's dominion ;
The sportsman's joy, the murdering cry,
The fluttering, gory pinion !

But Peggy, dear, the evening 's clear,
Thick flies the skimming swallow ;
The sky is blue, the fields in view,
All fading-green and yellow :
Come let us stray our gladsome way,
And view the charms of nature ;
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
And every happy creature.

We 'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
Till the silent moon shine clearly ;
I 'll grasp thy waist, and, fondly press'd,
Swear how I love thee dearly ;
Not vernal showers to budding flowers,
Not autumn to the farmer,
So dear can be as thou to me,
My fair, my lovely charmer !



O BONNIE WAS YON ROSY BRIER.

Key D.—ANDANTE.

TUNE—"The Wee Wee Man."

{	:t	d	:t:l		l	:s	:m		d	:t	d		d	:t	}
{	O	bon	-	nie	was		yon		ro	-	sy	brier,	That	}	
{	d	:t	:l		l	:s	:m		s	:m	r		r	:t	}
{	blooms	sae	far		frae	haunt	o'	man:	And	}					
{	d	:t	:l		l	:s	:m		d	:t	d		r	:t	}
{	bon	-	nie	she,		ah,	and		how	dear!	It	}			
{	d	:t	:l		l	:s	:m		s	:m	r		r	:t	}
{	shad	-	ed	frae		the	e'en	-	in'	sun,	You	}			
{	s	:t	:m		s	:t	:m		d	:t	d		d	:t	}
{	rose	-	buds	in		the	morn	-	ing	dew,	How	}			
{	s	:t	:m		s	:t	:d		l	:f	r		r	:t	}
{	pure	a	-	mang		the	leaves	sae	green;	But	}				
{	s	:t	:m		s	:t	:m		d	:t	d		r	:t	}
{	pur	-	er	was		the	lov	-	er's	vow	They	}			
{	d	:t	:l		l	:t	:d		s	:m	r		r	:t	}
{	wit	-	ness'd	in		their	shade	yes	-	teen.		}			

All in its rude and prickly bower,
That crimson rose how sweet and fair !
But love is far a sweeter flower,
Amid life's thorny path o' care.

The pathless wild, and wimpling burn,
Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine ;
And I the world nor wish nor scorn,
Its joys and griefs alike resign.



ON THE BATTLE OF SHERIFF-MUIR, BETWEEN THE DUKE OF ARGYLE AND THE EARL OF MAR.

Key F.

TUNE—"The Camerons' Rant."

{	.l		s.d	:d.d		m.d	:m.l		s.d	:d.d		s	:m.s	}						
{	"O		can	ye	here	the	fight	to	shun,	Or		herd	the	sheep	wi'	me,	man?	Or	}	
{	f.r	:r.r		f.r	:m.r		f.r	:r.r		s	:m	:r		r	}					
{	were	ye	at	the	Shierramuir,	Or		did	the	battle		see,	man?	"I	}					
{	d	:d	:d	:r		d	:l	:s	:m		r	:r	:m		r	:d	:t	:l	}	
{	saw	the	bat-tle,		sair	and	teugh,	And		reek-in'	-	red	ran		mony	a	shengh;	My	}	
{	s	:d	:d	:r		d	:l	:s	:d		t	:r	:l	:d		t	:r	:l	:d	}
{	heart,	for	fear,	gaed		sough	for	sough,	To		hear	the	thuds,	and		see	the	cluid	O'	}
{	t	:r	:l	:d		t	:r	:l	:t		d	:r	:m	:r		d	:t	:l		}
{	clans	frae	woods,	in		tar	-	tan	duds,	Wha		glauum'd	at	kingdoms		three,	man	La,	}	
{	s	:d	:d	:d		m	:d	:m	:l		s	:d	:d	:d		s	:m	:s		}
{	la,	la,	la,	la,		la,	la,	la,	la,		la,	la,	la,	la,		la,	la,	la,	la,	}
{	f	:r	:r	:r		f	:r	:m	:r		f	:r	:r	:r		s	:m	:		}
{	La,	la,	la,	la,		la,	la,	la,	la,		la,	la,	la,	la,		la,	la,	la,	la,	}

"The red-coat lads, wi' black cockands,
To meet them were na slaw, man ;
They rush'd and push'd, and bluid outgush'd,
And mony a bouk did fa, man :
The great Argyle led on his files,
I wat they glanc'd for twenty miles :
They houghed the clans like nine-pin kyles,
They hack'd and hash'd, while broadswords clash'd,
And through they dash'd, and hew'd and smash'd,
Till fey men died awa', man.
La, la, la, la, &c

"But had you seen the philabegs,
And skyrin tartan trews, man,
When in the teeth they dared our Whigs,
And Covenant true-blues, man ;
In lines extended lang and large,
When bayonets opposed the targe,
And thousands hasten'd to the charge,
Wi' Highland wrath they frae the sheath
Drew blades o' death, till, out o' breath,
They fled like frightened doos, man."
La, la, la, la, &c.

"O how deil, Tam, can that be true ?
The chase gaed frae the north, man ;
I saw, mysel', they did pursue
The horsemen back to Forth, man ;

SONGS OF BURNS

And at Dunblane, in my ain sight,
They took the brig wi' a' their might,
And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight;
But cursèd lot! the gates were shut,
And mony a hunted, poor red-coat,
For fear amais did swarf, man.—La, la, la, &c.

“My sister Kate cam up the gate
Wi' crowdie unto me, man;
She swore she saw some rebels run
To Perth and to Dundee, man:
Their left-hand general had nae skill,
The Angus lads had nae good-will
That day their neibours' blood to spill;
For fear, by foes, that they should lose
Their cogs o' brose, they scar'd at blows,
And hameward fast did flee, man.”—La, la, la, &c.

“They've lost some gallant gentlemen
Among the Highland clans, man;
I fear my Lord Pamure is skain,
Or fallen in Whiggish hands, man.
Now wad ye sing this double flight,
Some fell for wrang and some for right;
But mony bade the world guid-night;
Say, pell and mell, wi' muskets' knell
How Tories fell, and Whigs to hell,
Flew off in frightened bands, man!”—La, la, la, &c.



O CAN YE LABOUR LEA?

CHORUS. Key G.—SLOW. TUNE—“Auld Lang Syne.”

{ s₁ | d : -d | d : m | r : -d | r : m | d : d | m : s }
{ O | can ye la - bour | lea, young man, O | can ye la - bour }

{ l : - | - : d' | s : -m | m : d | r : -d | r : m }
{ lea? It | fee nor bountith | shall us twine Gin }

{ d : -l | l₁ : s₁ | d : - | - : l' | s : -m | m : d }
{ ye can la - bour | lea. I | fee'd a man at }

{ r : -d | r : m | s.m : - | m : s | l : - | - : d' }
{ Michaelmas, Wi' | airle pen - nies | three; But }

{ s : -m | m : d | r : -d | r : m | d.l : - | l₁ : s₁ | d : }
{ a' the faut I | had to him, He | doul na la - hour | lea. }

O clappin' 's gude in Febarwar,
An' kissin' 's sweet in May;
But my delight 's the ploughman lad,
That weel can labour lea.
O can ye labour lea, &c.

O kissin' is the key o' love,
And clappin' is the loek;
An' makin' o' 's the best thing yet,
That e'er a young thing gat.
O can ye labour lea, &c.

LAMENT,

WRITTEN AT A TIME WHEN THE POET WAS ABOUT TO
LEAVE SCOTLAND.

Key G.—SLOW. TUNE—“The Brown Dairy-maid.”

{ m₁ | m₁ | l₁ : -t : r | m : -r : s | r : -s₁ : d | t₁ : -l₁ : s₁ : s₁ }
{ O'er the | mist - shrouded cliffs of the | lone mountain straying, Where the }

{ l₁ : -t₁ : r | m : -s : l | m : -r : t₁ | l₁ : - : m₁ }
{ wild winds of win - ter in - cess - ant - ly rave, What }

{ l₁ : -t₁ : r | m : -r : s | r : -s₁ : d | t₁ : -l₁ : s₁ : s₁ }
{ woes wring my heart while in - tent - ly sur - vey - ing The }

{ l₁ : -t₁ : r | m : -s : l | m : -r : t₁ | l₁ : - : l₁ }
{ storm's gloomy path on the | breast of the wave. Ye }

{ l : -m : l | d' : -t : l | s : -r : s | t₁ : -l₁ : s₁ : s₁ }
{ foam - crested bil - lows, al - low me to wail, Ere ye }

{ l : -m : l | d' : -t : l | m : -l : se | l : - : l : l }
{ toss me a - far from my | lov'd native shore, Where the }

{ l : -m : l | d' : -t : l | s : -r : s | t₁ : -l₁ : s₁ : s₁ }
{ flow'r which bloom'd sweetest in | Coil - a's green vale, The }

{ l₁ : -t₁ : r | m : -s : l | m : -d : t₁ | l₁ : - : }
{ pride of my bo - som, my | Ma - ry's no more }

No more by the banks of the streamlet we'll wander,
And smile at the moon's rimpled face in the wave;
No more shall my arms cling with fondness around her,
For the dew-drops of morning fall cold on her grave.
No more shall the soft thrill of love warm my breast,
I haste with the storm to a far distant shore;
Where unknown, unlamented, my ashes shall rest,
And joy shall revisit my bosom no more.



OF A' THE AIRS.

Key G.—ANDANTE. TUNE—“Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey.”

{ s₁ | d : d : d | d : s₁ : d : l | s₁ : m : r : d | l₁ : -s₁ : l₁ }
{ Of a' the | airs the wind can blow, I | dearly lo'e the west, For }

{ d : d : d | d : s₁ : d : l | s₁ : l : d' : m | s : - : l }
{ there the bonnie lassie lives, The | lass that I lo'e best. Though }

{ s₁ : l : d' : m | s₁ : m : r : d | r : r - m : f : m : r : d | t₁ : l₁ : -s₁ : l₁ }
{ wild woods grow, and riv - ers row, Wi' | mony a hill be - tween; Baith }

{ d : d : d | d : s₁ : d : l | s.m : -r : m | d : : s₁ : f₁ }
{ day and night my fancy's flight Is | ever - with my Jean. I }

{ m₁ : s₁ : d : s₁ | l₁ : s₁ : d : r | m : s : f : m : r : d | l₁ : -s₁ : f₁ }
{ see her in the dewy flow'r, Sae | lovely, sweet, and fair; I }

{ m₁ : s₁ : d : s₁ | l₁ : s₁ : d : r | m : f : s : l : t : d' | s : - : l : t }
{ hear her voice in il - ka bird, Wi' | mu - sic charm the air! There's }

{ d' : t : l : s | l : s : f : m | r : m : f : m : r : d | l₁ : -s₁ : l₁ }
{ not a bon - nie flow'r that springs By | fountaio, shaw, or green, Nor }

{ d : d : d | d : s₁ : d : l^(d) | s₁ : m : r : m | d : : }
{ yet a bonnie bird that sings, But | minds me o' my Jean. }

The following lines are not by Burns, but are said to have been written by John Hamilton, musicseller, Edinburgh, and as they are now universally incorporated with this song, they are here given.

SONGS OF BURNS.

O blaw, ye westlin winds, blaw saft
Amang the leafy trees;
Wi' gentle gale, frae muir and dale,
Bring hame the laden bees;
An' bring the lassie back to me,
That 's aye sae neat and clean;
Ae blink o' her wad banish care,
Sae lovely is my Jean.

What sighs and vows amang the knowes
Hae past atween us twa;
How fain to meet, how wae to part,
That day she gaed awa';
The pow'rs aboon can only ken,
To whom this heart is seen,
That nane can be as dear to me
As my sweet lovely Jean.



OPEN THE DOOR TO ME, OH.

Key E^b.—AFFETUOSO.

TUNE—"Open the Door."

{ m.r | d : - m.s | s : - m.s | l : - t.d.t }
{ Oh, | op - en the door, some | pi - ty to }
{ l : s : m.r | d : - m.s | s : - l : t }
{ show, | Oh, | op - en the door to }
{ d' : - s | m : - || s.l.t | d' : - t.d' }
{ me, | Oh! | Tho' | thou hast been }
{ r' : - d.t | l : s : m.s - | s : - d.t.l }
{ false, | I'll | ev - er prove true, Oh, }
{ s : m : r.d | d : - d' : m | r : - d : r | d : - || }
{ op - en the door to | me, Oh! }

Cauld is the blast upon my pale cheek,
But caulder thy love for me, Oh!

The frost that freezes the life at my heart,
Is nought to my pains frae thee, Oh!

The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
And time is setting with me, Oh!

False friends, false love, farewell! for mair
I 'll ne'er trouble them nor thee, Oh!

She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide;
She sees his pale corpse on the plain, Oh!
My true love! she cried, and sank down by his side,
Never to rise again, Oh!



HOW CAN I BE BLYTHE AND GLAD?

Key D.—SLOWISH.

TUNE—"The Bonnie Lad that's Far Awa'."

{ s | s : l.t | d' : - r' | m' : - r' | d' : s.l }
{ O | how can I be blythe and glad, Or }
{ ta : - ta | l : s | s : l.t | d' : d'.r' }
{ how can I gang | brisk and braw, When the }

{ m' : - r' | d' : s | ta : ta | l : - s }
{ bon - nie lad that | I lo'e best | s }
{ d' : - l | s : m | r : d | l : l }
{ o'er the hills and | far a - wa'! When the }
{ s.f. - m.r | d : - r | m : - r | m : - s }
{ bon - nie lad that | I lo'e best | s }
{ l : - s | d' : - f | m : r | d : }
{ o'er the hills and | far a - wa'! }

It's no the frosty winter wind,
It's no the driving drift and snaw;
But aye the tear comes in my e'e,
To think on him that 's far awa';
But aye the tear comes in my e'e,
To think on him that 's far awa'.

My father pat me frae his door,
My friends they hae disown'd me a';
But I hae aye will tak my part,
The bonnie lad that 's far awa';
But I hae aye will tak my part,
The bonnie lad that 's far awa'.

A pair o' gloves he bought to me,
And silken snoods he gave me twa;
And I will wear them for his sake,
The bonnie lad that 's far awa';
And I will wear them for his sake,
The bonnie lad that 's far awa'.

The weary winter soon will pass,
And spring will cleed the birken shaw;
And my sweet baby will be born,
And he 'll be hame that 's far awa';
And my sweet baby will be born,
And he 'll be hame that 's far awa'.



LOVELY DAVIES.

Key G.—SLOW.

TUNE—"Miss Muir."

{ d.,t | l : l.,t | d : - r | m : l | l : - s }
{ O | how shall I, un- | skil - fu', try The }
{ l : l.t.d' | s : m : r : d | s : - l | s : m.,r }
{ po - et's oc - cu - pa - tion, The }
{ d : t.,l | l : - d | s.,l : s.,m | s : m.,r }
{ tune - fu' powers, in hap - py hours, That }
{ d.,r : d.l | s.,l : d.,r | m : - | m : m.r.d }
{ whis - per in - spi - ra - tion? Even }
{ r : r | r : d.,r | m : r | r : d.,r }
{ they maun dare an ef - foit mair Than }
{ m : l | l : s : m.s | l : - t | l : l.t.,d' }
{ aught they ev - er gave us, Ere }
{ s : f.m | m : r.,m | d.r : d.l | s : m.,r }
{ they re - hearse in e - qual verse, The }

SONGS OF BURNS.

{ t_i : l_i | l_i.se_i:m_i.se_i | l_i : — | l_i : | : d .,r }
 { charms o' love - ly | Da - vies. | Each }
 { m : r .,m | d : l .,t | d' : - .l | s.m.-: r .d }
 { eye, it cheers when she ap - pears, Like }
 { m : s_i | s_i .,l_i | d .,m_i | s_i : - .l_i | s_i : s .,f }
 { Phoe - bus in the morn - ing, When }
 { m : r .d | s : - .m | l : s | d' : - .t }
 { , past the shower, and ev - 'ry flower The }
 { l .s : m .r | d : d .r .m | r : - .m | r : d .r .m .f }
 { gar - den is a - dorn - ing, As the }
 { s : fe.s.l | s : fe.s.l | s.m.-: r .,m | d : r .m .f }
 { wretch looks o'er Si - beri - a's shore, When }
 { l : d' .,t | l .s : m .s | l : - .t | l : l .t .d' }
 { win - ter - bound the wave is, Sae }
 { s : m | m : r .,m | d .,r : d .,l_i | s_i : m .,r }
 { droops onr heart when we mann part Frae }
 { d : l_i | l_i.se_i:-:m_i.se_i | l_i : - .t_i | l_i : }
 { charm - ing, love - ly | Da - vies. | }

Her smile 's a gift frae 'boon the lift,
 That maks us mair than princes ;
 A sceptred hand, a king's command,
 Is in her darting glances.
 The man in arms 'gainst female charms,
 Even he her willing slave is ;
 He hugs his chain, and owns the reign
 Of conquering, lovely Davies.

My Muse ! to dream of such a theme,
 Thy feeble powers surrender :
 The eagle's gaze alone surveys
 The sun's meridian splendour.
 I wad in vain essay the strain,
 The deed too daring brave is ;
 I 'll drap the lyre, and mute admire
 The charms o' lovely Davies.



OH, WHA IS SHE THAT LO'ES ME ?

Key F.—Slow.

TUNE—"Morning."

{ .m | l .,t : d' .,l | t : m .,m | l .,d' : t .,l }
 { Oh, wha is she that lo'es me, Anna has my heart a - }
 { s .,f : m .,m | l .,t : d' .,r' | t : d' .,l }
 { keep - ing? Oh, sweet is she that lo'es me, As }
 { s .,m : r .,d | d' : d' .,r' | m' .d' : t .,s | l .,t : d' .,d' }
 { dews o' sim-mer weep - ing, In tears the rosebuds steeping! O }
 { l .,s : m .,r | d .,d : r .,m | f .,r : m .,d | l_i : d' .d' }
 { that's the lassie o' my heart, My las - sie ev - er dear - er, Oh, }
 { l .,s : m .,r | d .,d : r .,m | f .,r : m .,d | l_i : l_i }
 { that's the queen o' woman kind, And ne'er a ane to peer her. }

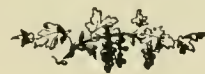
F

If thou shalt meet a lassie
 In grace and beauty charming,
 That e'en thy chosen lassie,
 Erewhile thy breast sae warning,
 Had ne'er sic powers alarming :
 Oh, that 's the lassie, &c.

If thou had heard her talking,
 And thy attention 's plighted,
 That ilka body talking,
 But her by thee is slighted ;
 And thou art all delighted :
 Oh, that 's the lassie, &c.

If thou hast met this fair one,
 When frae her thou has parted,
 If every other fair one,
 But her thou hast deserted,
 And thou art broken hearted.

Oh, that 's the lassie, &c.



MEG O' THE MILL.

Key G.

TUNE—"Hills of Glenorchy."

{ :s.f | m : l_i : l_i | l_i : t_i : l_i | m : r : m | s : s : m }
 { O ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has got - ten? An' }
 { r : s_i : s_i | s_i : l_i : s_i | r : t_i : r | s : s : s .f }
 { ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten? She has }
 { m : l_i : l_i | l_i : t_i : l_i | m : r : m | s : s : l }
 { got - ten a coof wi' a claut o' sil - ler, And }
 { s : m : s | r : t_i : s_i | l_i : t_i : l_i | l_i : l_i : s }
 { brok-en the heart o' the bar - ley Mil-ler, The }
 { l : t : l | l : s : m | l : t : d' | t : t : l }
 { Mil - ler was strap-pin', the Mil - ler was rnd - dy; A }
 { s : l : s | s : m : r | s : l : s | t : t : s }
 { heart like a lord and a hue like a la - dy; The }
 { l : t : l | l : s : m | l : t : d' | t : — : l }
 { laird was a wid - die - fu' bleer - it knurl; She's }
 { s : m : s | r : t_i : s_i | l_i : t_i : l_i | l_i : — }
 { left the guid fel - low and ta'en the clurl. }

The Miller he hecht her a heart leal and loving ;
 The Laird did address her wi' matter mair moving,
 A fine pacing-horse wi' a clear chained bridle,
 A whip by her side, and a bonnie side-saddle.
 O wae on the siller, it is sae prevailin' ;
 And wae on the love that is fixed on a mailen !
 A tocher 's nae word in a true lover's parle,
 But gi'e me my love, and a fig for the warl' !

SONGS OF BURNS.

O LASSIE, ART THOU SLEEPING YET?

SONG. Key F.—SLOWLY.

TUNE—"Let me in this ae night."

{ r | d ., t₁ : l₁ | t₁ | d ., d : d ., m | r ., r : r ., m }
 { O | las - sie, art thou | sleep - ing yet, Or | art thou wak - in', }
 { l ., s : m ., r | d ., t₁ : l₁ | t₁ | d ., r : m . s }
 { I | would wit? For | love has bound me | hand and foot, And }
 { d ., l : s ., m | r : m | r | d ., t₁ : l₁ | m }
 { I | would fain be | in, jo. | O | let me in this }
 { l : l . m | s : s ., r | m : m . r }
 { ae | night, This | ae, | ae | night. For }
 { d ., t₁ : l₁ | m | l ., t : d ., l | s ., m . - : r . d | r : m }
 { pity's sake this | ae | night, O | rise and let me | in, jo! }

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet,
 Nae star blinks through the driving sleet :
 Tak' pity on my weary feet,
 And shield me frae the rain, jo.
 O let me in, &c.

The bitter blast that round me blaws
 Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's ;
 The cauldness o' thy heart 's the cause
 Of a' my grief and pain, jo.
 O let me in, &c.



O LAY THY LOOF IN MINE, LASS.

CHORUS Key C.—MODERATO.

TUNE—"The Cordwainer's March."

{ m | l ., d' : t ., l | se : m ., m | d' : d' ., r' | t ., l : s ., t }
 { O | lay thy loof in mine, lass, In | mine, lass, in mine, lass; And }
 { l ., d' : t ., l | se : m ., m | l ., d' : t ., r' | d' : - | d ., r' }
 { swear on thy white hand, lass, That | thou wilt be my ain. }
 { m' . m' : m' . m' | m' . r' . d' : t ., d' | r' . r' : r' . r' | r' . d' : t . l . t . d' . r' }
 { slave to | Love's un-bound-ed sway, He | aft has wrought me meikle wae; But }
 { m' . se : l ., t | s ., fe : m . d' . r' | m' . r' : d' ., t | l : - }
 { now he is | my deadly fae, Un- | less thou be | my ain. }

There 's mony a lass has broke my rest,
 That for a blink I hae lo'ed best ;
 But thou art queen within my breast,
 For ever to remain.

O lay thy loof, &c.



O, LEAVE NOVELS, YE MAUCHLINE BELLES.

Key C.

{ s . f | m : d . m | s : f . m | r : ta | ta : s . f }
 { O | leave no - vels, ye | Mauch-line belles, Ye're }
 { m : d . m | s : - : f' | m' . r' : d' . t | d' : s . f }
 { saf - er at | your | spin - ning wheel: Such }

{ m : d . m | s : f . m | r : ta | f : - : r' }
 { witch - ing books are | bait - ed hooks, For }
 { f' . m' : r' . d' | s : f' | m' : d' | d' : f' }
 { rak - ish rooks like | Rob Moss - giel. | Your }
 { m' . f' : s' | m' : r' . d' | t . d' : r' . m' | f' : m' . r' }
 { fine Tom Jones and | Gran - di - sons, They }
 { m' . f' : s' | m' : r' . d' | t : s | s : s . f }
 { make your yonth - ful | fan - cies reel; They }
 { m : d . m | s : f . m | r : ta | f : - : r' }
 { heat your brains and | fire your veins, And }
 { f' . m' : r' . d' | s : f' | m' : d' | d' }
 { then you're prey for | Rob Moss - giel. }

Beware a tongue that 's smoothly hung,
 A heart that warmly seems to feel ;
 That feeling heart but acts a part—
 'Tis rakish art in Rob Moss giel.
 The frank address, the soft caress,
 Are worse than poison'd darts of steel ;
 The frank address and politesse
 Are all finesse in Rob Moss giel.



BESS AND HER SPINNING WHEEL.

Key G.—MODERATO.

TUNE—"Sweet's the Lass that Loves me."

{ s . f | m : s ., l | s : - : d | l ., s : l | d | l : - : s }
 { O | leeze me on | my spin - nin' wheel, And }
 { s ., l : s . m | r . d : r . m | d : s | s : s ., f' }
 { leeze me on my | rock and reel; Frae }
 { m : s : s ., l | d . s | l : d | l : - : s }
 { tap to tae that | cleeds me bien, And }
 { s . l : d' . l | s . m : r . m | d : t ., l | l : - : s }
 { laps me biel and | warm at e'en. | I'll }
 { l : - : t | d' . l : s . m | r . d : r . m | l : - : d' }
 { set me down and | sing and spin, While }
 { s ., l : d' . l | s . m : r . m | d : s | s : - : d' }
 { laigh de - scends the | sim - mer sun, Blest }
 { l : s ., l | d : - : d | r ., d : r . m | l : - : s . l }
 { wi' con - tent, and | milk and meal, O }
 { d' . l : s . m | r . d : r . m | d : t ., l | l : - : }
 { leeze me on my | spin - nin' wheel. }

On ilka hand the burnies trot,
 And meet below my theekit cot ;
 The scented birk and hawthorn white
 Across the pool their arms unite,
 Alike to screen the birdie's nest,
 And little fishes' ealler rest :
 The sun blinks kindly in the hiel,
 Where blythe I turn my spinnin' wheel.

SONGS OF BURNS.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,
And echo cons the doolfu' tale;
The lintwhites in the hazel braces,
Delighted, rival ither's lays:
The craik among the clover hay,
The pairrick whirrin' o'er the ley,
The swallow jinkin' round my shiel,
Amuse me at my spinnin' wheel.

Wi' snra' to sell, and less to buy,
Aboon distress, below envy,
Oh, wha wad leave this humble state,
For a' the pride of a' the great?
Amid their flaring, idle toys,
Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys,
Can they the peace and pleasure feel
Of Bessy at her spinnin' wheel?



LOGAN BRAES.

Key B♭.—ANDANTE. TUNE—"Logan Water."
{ .l. t. | d : t. l. | l. : - .d | s. m. : r. m. | s. : - .t. }
{ O | Lo - gan, sweet - ly | didst thou glide, That }
{ d : - .t. | l. : d | s. l. : d. r | m : - .m }
{ day I was my Wil - lie's bride, And }
{ f : m. r | m : r. d | r. d : t. l. | s. : - .d }
{ years sin - syne hae o'er ns run, Like }
{ l. t. : d. r | m : - .r | d : t. l. | l. : m. s }
{ Lo - gan to the sim - mer sun. || But }
{ l : l. | l. : - .d | s. m. : r. m. | s. : - .s }
{ now thy flow - 'ry banks ap - pear Like }
{ l : l. | l. : s. l. | d. t. : d. r | m : - .m }
{ drum - lie win - ter, dark and drear, While }
{ f : m. r | m : r. d | r. d : t. l. | s. : - .d }
{ my dear lad mann face his faes, Far, }
{ l. t. : d. r | m. f : m. r | d : t. l. | l. : }
{ far frae me and Lo - gan braes. || }

Again the merry month o' May
Has made our hills and valleys gay;
The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
The bees hum round the breathing flowers:
Blithe morning lifts his rosy eye,
And evening's tears are tears of joy:
My soul, delightless, a' surveys,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
Among her nestlings sits the thrush;
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
Or wi' his song her cares beguile:

But I, wi' my sweet nurslings here,
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
Pass widow'd nights, and joyless days,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

O wae upon you, men o' state,
That brethren rouse to deadly hate!
As ye make mony a fond heart mourn,
Sae may it on your heads return!
How can your flinty hearts enjoy
The widow's tears, the orphan's cry?
But soon may peace bring happy days,
And Willie hame to Logan braes!



LOVELY POLLY STEWART.

CHORUS. Key C.—LIVELY. TUNE—"Miss Stewart's Reel."
{ .l | s. m : r. d | f : f. l | s. m : r. d }
{ O | love-ly Pol-ly | Stew - art, O | charming Pol-ly }
{ r : r. l | s. m : r. d | f. s : l. f }
{ Stew - art, There's | ne'er a flower that | blooms in May, That's }
SONG.
{ s. f : m. r | d : d | s. d' : r' : m' : d' }
{ half so fair as | thou art! | The flower it blows. it }
{ f' : m' : r' : m' | d' : r' : m' : d' | r' : t : s : t }
{ fades, it fa's, And | art can ne'er re - new it : But }
{ d' : r' : m' : d' | f' : m' : r' : f' | m' : s' : r' : m' : d' : d' }
{ worth and truth e - ter - nal youth Will | gie to Pol - ly | Stew - art! || }

May he whase arms shall fauld thy charms
Possess a leal and true heart!
To him be given to ken the heaven
He grasps in Polly Stewart!
O lovely Polly Stewart, &c.



THE POSIE.

Key E♭.—ANDANTE.
{ : m | l. se : l. t | d' : t. l | m' : m' : r' : d' | t : l. se }
{ O | luv will venture in | where it daurna weel be seen, O }
{ l. se : l. t | d' : m | f. m : r. d | r : m }
{ luv will venture in | where wisdom anee hath been; But }
{ l. m : m. m | l. m : m. m | f. m : r. d | t. d. r }
{ I will down yon river rove, a- | mang the wood sae green, And }
{ m. ba : se. l | l. m : m. r | d : t. l | l. }
{ a' to pn'a Posie to my | ain dear May. || }

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,
And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear;
For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer,
And a' to be a Posie to my ain dear May.

SONGS OF BURNS.

I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phœbus peeps in view,
For it's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet, bonnie mou;
The hyacinth 's for constancy wi' its unehanging blue,
And a' to be a Posie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,
And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there;
The daisy 's for simplicity and unaffected air,
And a' to be a Posie to my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller gray,
Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o' day;
But the songster's nest within the bush I winna tak away,
And a' to be a Posie to my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu', when the e'ening star is near,
And the diamond draps o' dew shall be her een sae clear;
The violet 's for modesty, which weel she fa's to wear,
And a' to be a Posie to my ain dear May.

I'll tie the Posie round wi' the silken band o' luve,
And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a' above,
That to my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er remove,
And this will be a Posie to my ain dear May.



MARY MORISON.

Key F.—SLOWISH.

TENSE—"The Miller."

{ c.d.r | m : - .f | m.r : d.t | l_i : - .t | d : r }
{ O | Ma - ry, at thy | win - dow be, It }
{ m : - .f | s : f.m | l : - .r | r : d.r }
{ is the wish'd, the | tryst - ed hour! Those }
{ m : - .f | m.r : d.t | l_i : - .t | d : r }
{ smiles and glan - ces | let me see, That }
{ m : dⁱ | t : dⁱ | l : - .m | m : m }
{ make the mis - er's | treas - ure poor: How }
{ l : - .t | dⁱ : s | m.f : s | d : m }
{ blithe - ly wad I | bide the stoure, A }
{ r : - .m | f : s | l : - .r | r : s.f }
{ wea - ry slave frae | sun to sun, Could }
{ m : - .f | m.r : d.t | l_i : - .t | d : r }
{ I the rich re - | ward se - cure, The }
{ m : dⁱ | t : dⁱ | l : - .m | m }
{ love - ly Ma - ry | Mo - ri - son. }

Yestreen, when, to the trembling string,
The dance gaed through the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat, but neither heard nor saw:
Though this was fair and that was braw,
And you the toast of a' the town,
I sigh'd, and said among them a',
"Ye are na Mary Morison."

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
Whase only fault is loving thee?
If love for love thou wilt na gie,
At least be pity to me shown;
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison.



O MAY, THY MORN.

Key D.—SLOWISH.

{ m.r | d .dⁱ : dⁱ.r | dⁱ.l : s .d.t | l .rⁱ : rⁱ.mⁱ }
{ O | May, thy morn was | ne'er sae sweet As the | mirk night o' De- }
{ rⁱ.dⁱ : l .dⁱ.r | mⁱ.mⁱ:rⁱ.mⁱ | dⁱ.l : s .l.t }
{ ceem - ber! For | sparkling was the | ro - sy wine, And }
{ dⁱ.t.l : l.s.f.m | r .m : r | f.s | l .r : l .s.f }
{ priv - ate was the | chain - ber; And | dear was she l }
{ m.d : d .f.s | l .r : l .s.f | m.r : r .f.s }
{ daur - na name, But | I will aye re - mem - ber, And }
{ l .r : l.s. - | m.d : d .l.t | dⁱ.t.l : l.s.f.m | r .m : r }
{ dear was she l | daurna name, But | I will aye re - mem - ber. }

And here 's to them, that, like oursel',
Can push about the jorum;
And here 's to them that wish us weel,
May a' that 's guid watch o'er them!
And here 's to them, we daurna tell,
The dearest o' the quorum:
And here 's to them, we daurna tell,
The dearest o' the quorum!



MEIKLE THINKS MY LOVE.

Key G.—SLOW.

{ s_i | m.l : - : l_i | l_i : - : s_i | l_i.d : - : r | m : l : s }
{ O | meikle thinks my luv | o' my beauty, And }
{ m.m : - : r | d.r.m : r | d.s_i : - : s_i | s_i : - : l_i.s_i }
{ meikle thinks my luv | o' my kin; But }
{ m.l_i : - : l_i | l_i : - : s_i | l_i.d : - : r | m : l : s }
{ little thinks my luv | l ken brawlie My }
{ m.dⁱ : - : l | s.m : - : r | d.l_i : - : l_i | l_i : - : m }
{ tocher's the jewel | has charms for him. It's }
{ s : - : l : s | s.m : - : d | r.m : - : s | l : - : l }
{ a' for the apple | he'll nourish the tree, It's }
{ s : - : m.r | d.m : - : r | d.s_i : - : s_i | s_i : - : s_i }
{ a' for the liney | he'll cherish the bee, My }
{ l_i.d : - : s_i | l_i.d : - : s_i | l_i : d : r | m.l : - : s }
{ laddie's sae meikle | in luv wi' the siller, He }
{ m.dⁱ : - : l | s.m : - : r | d.l_i : - : l_i | l_i : - : }
{ canna hae luv | to spare for me. }

SONGS OF BURNS.

Your proffer o' luve 's an airle-penny,
My tocher 's the bargain ye wad buy;
But an ye be crafty, I am eummin',
Sae ye wi' anither yout fortune maun try.
Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,
Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree,
Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae nor me.



KISSIN' MY KATIE.

Key C.—Slow.

TUNE—"Lord Brevalbane's March."

{ d' : -l : s | m' : -r' : d' | l' : -s : l' | d' : -l : f' }
{ O | mer - ry hae I | been | teeth - in' a | hee - kle, An' }

{ s : -l : s | m' : -r' : d' | l' : -r' : r' | r' : - : d' }
{ mer - ry hae I | been | shap - in' a | spoon; O }

{ s : -l : s | m' : -r' : d' | r' : -d' : l' | d' : l' : - : f' }
{ mer - ry hae I | been | clout - in' a | kettle, And }

{ s : -l : s | m' : -r' : d' | l' : -r' : r' : m' | r' : - : d' }
{ kiss - in' my | Ka - tie when | a' | was done. || O, }

{ r' : -m' : r' | s' : -m' : r' | m' : -r' : m' | m' : -r' : d' }
{ a' | the lang day | I | ea' | at my | ham - mer, And }

{ r' : -m' : r' | s' : m' : - : d' | r' : -m' : r' | r' : - : d' }
{ a' | the lang day | I | whis - tle and sing; O, }

{ r' : -m' : r' | s' : m' : - : r' | m' : -r' : m' | m' : -r' : d' }
{ a' | the lang night | I | end - dle my | kim - mer, And }

{ s' : -m' : r' | m' : -r' : d' | l' : -r' : r' | r' : - : }
{ a' | the lang night | as | hap - py's a | king. || }

Bitter in dool I lickit my winnins
O' marrying Bess, to gie her a slave:
Blest be the hour she cool'd in her linnens,
And blythe be the bird that sings on her grave!
Come to my arms, my Katie, my Katie;
O come to my arms and kiss me again!
Drucken or sober, here's to thee, Katie!
And blest be the day I did it again.



LORD GREGORY.

Key B♭.—Slow.

TUNE—"Lord Gregory."

{ l' : m' : - : l' : t' | se' : - : m' | l' : - : t' | d' : - : d' : m' : s' }
{ O | mirk, mirk | is | this | mid - night | hour, And }

{ m' : - : r' : d' | t' : - : d' : l' | t' : - : t' | m' : - : l' : t' }
{ loud | the | tem - pest's | roar; A | wae - fu' }

{ se' : - : m' | l' : - : t' | d' : - : d' : m' : s' | m' : - : r' : d' }
{ wan - d'r'er | seeks | thy | tow'r, Lord | Gre - gory, }

{ d' : - : t' : l' | l' : - : | l' : m' : - : m' | f' : - : m' }
{ ope | thy | door! | An | ex - ile | frae | her }

{ r' : - : r' : m' : f' | m' : - : m' : r' | d' : - : d' : r' : m' | r' : - : d' }
{ fa - ther's | ba', An' | a' | for | lov - ing }

{ d' : t' : t' | m' : - : l' : t' | se' : - : m' | l' : - : t' }
{ thee; | At | least | some | pi - ty | on | me }

{ d' : - : d' : m' : s' | m' : - : r' : d' | d' : - : t' | l' : }
{ shaw, | If | love | it | may | na | be. || }

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove,
By bonnie Irwine side,
Where first I own'd that virgin-love
I lang, lang had denied?
How often didst thou pledge and vow
Thou wad for aye be mine;
And my fond heart, itsel' sae true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
And flinty is thy breast:
Thou dart of heav'n that flashest by,
O wilt thou give me rest!
Ye mustering thunders from above,
Your willing vietim see!
But spare and pardon my false love,
His wrangs to heaven and me!



THE CAPTAIN'S LADY.

CHORUS. Key C.

TUNE—"Mount your Baggage."

{ m' : r' | d' : m' : s' : - : | d' : s' | l' : s' : f' : m' | f' : r' | - : m' : r' }
{ O | mount and go, | mount and make you | ready, O }

{ d' : m' : s' : - : s' | l' : d' | t' : l' | s' : m' | - : d' : r' }
{ mount and go, and | be the | Captain's | La - dy. When the }
SONG.

{ m' : r' : d' : t' | d' : - : | d' : s' | l' : s' : f' : m' | f' : r' | - : d' : r' }
{ drums do | beat, | and the | can - nons | rat - tle, Then shalt }

{ m' : r' : d' : t' | d' : - : l' | s' : d' | r' : d' : t' : l' | s' : m' | - : d' : r' }
{ sit | in state, and | see thy love in | bat - tle: When the }

{ m' : r' : d' : t' | d' : - : | d' : s' | l' : s' : f' : m' | m' : r' | - : m' : r' }
{ drums do | beat, | and the | can - nons | rat - tle, Thou shalt }

{ d' : m' : s' : - : s' | l' : - : t' | r' : d' : t' : l' | s' : m' | - : }
{ sit | in state, and | see thy love in | bat - tle. || }

When the vanquish'd foe sues for peace and quiet,
To the shades we'll go, and in love enjoy it:
When the vanquish'd foe sues for peace and quiet,
To the shades we'll go, and in love enjoy it.
O mount and go, &c.

SONGS OF BURNS.

BLOOMING NELLY.

Key E^b

{ :l₁ :t₁ | d :m | m :b.a.se | l :m | m :d¹ | t :l }
 { On a | bank of flowers in a | sum - mer day, For | sum - mer }
 { t :se | l :— | :l₁ :t₁ | d :m | m :b.a.se }
 { light - ly | drest, . The | youth - ful, bloom - ing }
 { l :m | m :d¹ | t :l | l :se | l :— | :d¹ :r¹ }
 { Nel - ly lay, With | love and sleep op - | prest; | When }
 { m¹ :d¹ | d¹ :r¹ :m¹ | r¹ :s | s :l.t | d¹ :l }
 { Wil - ly, wand'ring | thro' the wood, Who | for her }
 { l :t.d¹ | t :m | m :d.r | m.r :m.f | m :d.r }
 { fa - vour | oft had sued, He | gazed, he wished, he }
 { m.r :m.f | m¹ :d¹ | t :l | d¹ :t :l.se | l :— | — }
 { feared, he blushed, And | trem - bled where he | stood. }

Her closèd eyes, like weapons sheathed,
 Were sealed in soft repose;
 Her lip, still as she fragrant breathed,
 It richer dyed the rose.
 The springing lilies, sweetly prest,
 Wild-wanton, kissed her rival breast;
 He gazed, he wished, he feared, he blushed—
 His bosom ill at rest.

Her robes, light waving in the breeze,
 Her tender limbs embrace;
 Her lovely form, her native ease,
 All harmony and grace:
 Tumultuous tides his pulses roll,
 A faltering, ardent kiss he stole;
 He gazed, he wished, he feared, he blushed,
 And sighed his very soul.

As flies the partridge from the brake
 On fear-inspired wings,
 So Nelly starting, half awake,
 Away affrighted springs:
 But Willy followed, as he should;
 He overtook her in the wood;
 He vowed, he prayed, he found the maid
 Forgiving all and good.



ONE NIGHT AS I DID WANDER.

Key B^b —ANDANTE.

TUNE—"John Anderson, my Jo."

{ :l₁ | m₁ :l₁ | l₁ :t₁ | d :— | d :r :d }
 { One | night as I | did | wau - - der, When }
 { t₁ :l₁ | s₁ :fe₁ | s₁ :— | :l₁ }
 { corn | be - gins to | shoot, I }
 { m₁ :l₁ | l₁ :t₁ | d :— | d :r }
 { sat | me down to | pon - - der, Up - }
 { m :— :r | d :r | m :— | :s }
 { on | an auld tree | root : Auld }

{ m :— :r | d :m | s :— | f :m }
 { Ayr | ran by | be - | iore | me, And }
 { r :— :d | t₁ :d | r :— | :d :r }
 { bick - - er'd to | the | seas; A }
 { m :d | r :t₁ | d :l₁ | m¹ :l₁ }
 { cush - at | crood - ed | o'er | me, That }
 { m₁ :l₁ | l₁ :se₁ | l₁ :— | }
 { ech - oed | through the | braes. }



HANDSOME NELL.*

Key F.—SLOWISH.

{ :d.r | m :r :d | d¹ :— :l | s :m :r :d | r :d :r }
 { O | once I | lov'd a | bon - nie lass. An' }
 { m :r :d | d¹ :— :t | l :— | :s }
 { aye | I | love her | still. An' }
 { l :t :d¹ | s :m | f :m :r :d | r :s }
 { whilst | that vir - tue | warms my | breast, Ill }
 { l :s :f | m :r | d :— | — }
 { love | my | hand - some | Nell. }

As bonnie lasses I ha'e seen,
 And mony full as braw,
 But for a modest gracefu' mien,
 The like I never saw.

A bonnie lass, I will confess,
 Is pleasant to the e'e,
 But without some better qualities
 She's no a lass for me.

But Nelly's looks are blythe and sweet,
 And, what is best of a',
 Her reputation is complete,
 And fair without a flaw.

She dresses aye sae clean and neat,
 Both decent and genteel;
 And then there's something in her gait
 Gars ony dress look weel.

A gaudy dress and gentle air
 May slightly touch the heart,
 But it's innocence and modesty
 That polishes the dart.

'Tis this in Nelly pleases me,
 'Tis this enchants my soul;
 For absolutely in my breast
 She reigns without control.

* "Handsome Nell:" Burns' first composition. She was Nelly Kilpatrick, daughter of a blacksmith near Mount Oliphant. She inspired the song in Autumn, 1773, when the Poet was only fifteen.

SONGS OF BURNS.

O PHILLY, HAPPY BE THAT DAY.

Key B².

WILLY.

TUNE—"The Sow's Tail to Geordie."

{ m₁ | s₁ ., l₁ : s₁ . m₁ | r₁ ., m₁ : f₁ . r₁ | s₁ ., l₁ : s₁ . m₁ }
{ O | Phil-ly, hap-py be that day When | rov - ing thro' the }

{ s₁ ., l₁ : d . r | m ., d : r . m₁ | r₁ ., m₁ : f₁ . r₁ }
{ gather'd hay, My | youth-fu' heart was stown a - way, And }

PHILLY.

{ d₁ r₁ . m₁ f₁ : s₁ . r₁ | m₁ : d₁ | . d₁ m₁ | s₁ ., l₁ : s₁ . m₁ }
{ by thy charms, my Phil - ly. || O | Wil - ly, aye I }

{ r ., m : f . r | s ., l : s . m | d . r : m . d }
{ bless the grove Where | first I own'd my maiden love, Whilst }

{ f₁ l₁ f₁ m₁ s₁ m₁ | r ., l₁ : d₁ t₁ l₁ s₁ | d₁ r₁ m₁ f₁ s₁ r | m : d }
{ thou did pledge the Powers above 'To | be - my ain dear Wil - ly. }

DULC.

{ . d₁ m₁ | s ., l : s . m | r ., m : f . r }
{ For a' the joys that gowd can gie l }

{ s ., l : s . m | d ., r : m . r₁ d₁ | f . l₁ f₁ m₁ s₁ m₁ }
{ din - na care a sin - gle flie! The | lad I love's the }

{ r ., l₁ : d₁ t₁ l₁ s₁ | d₁ r₁ m₁ f₁ s₁ r | m : d }
{ lad for me, And | that's my ain dear Wil - ly. }

{ l₁ ., l₁ : l₁ s₁ f₁ m₁ | d₁ t₁ d₁ r₁ : m . t₁ | d : d }

Willy. As songsters of the early year
Are ilka day mair sweet to hear,
So ilka day to me mair dear
And charming is my Philly.

Philly. As on the brier the budding rose
Still richer breathes and fairer blows,
So in my tender bosom grows
The love I bear my Willy.

Both. For a' the joys, &c.

Willy. The milder sun and bluer sky,
That crown my harvest cares wi' joy,
Were ne'er sae welcome to my eye
As is a sight o' Philly.

Philly. The little swallow's wanton wing,
Tho' wafting o'er the flowering spring,
Did ne'er to me such tidings bring
As meeting wi' my Willy.

Both. For a' the joys, &c.

Willy. The bee that thro' the sunny hour
Sips nectar in the opening flower,
Compar'd wi' my delight is poor,
Upon the lips o' Philly.

Philly. The woodbine in the dewy weat,
When evening shades in silence meet,
Is nought sae fragrant or sae sweet
As is a kiss o' Willy.

Both. For a' the joys, &c.

Willy. Let fortune's wheel at random rin,
And fools may tyne, and knaves may win;
My thoughts are a' bound up in aye,
And that 's my ain dear Philly.

Philly. What 's a' the joys that gowd can gie?
I dinna care a single flie;
The lad I love 's the lad for me,
And that 's my ain dear Willy.

Both. For a' the joys, &c.



O POORTITH CAULD AND RESTLESS LOVE.

Key E.—VERY SLOW.

TUNE—"I had a Horse, and I had nae mair."

{ s₁ | d₁ d₁ - : d₁ : d₁ l | s₁ ., m₁ : r - : m₁ | d₁ d₁ - : d₁ : - r }
{ O | poortith cauld, and | restless love, Ye | wick my peace be - }

{ m₁ l₁ : - : s₁ l | d₁ d₁ : d₁ : d₁ l | s₁ ., m₁ : r - : m₁ }
{ tween ye; Yet | poortith a' I | could forgive, An' }

{ d₁ d₁ - : d₁ : - r | m₁ l₁ : - : | d₁ | f₁ f₁ : f₁ : - f₁ }
{ 'twere na for my | Jeanie. || Oh | why should Fate sic }

{ m₁ m₁ : m₁ : - d₁ | r₁ r₁ - : r₁ : - m₁ | m₁ l₁ : - : d₁ }
{ pleasure have, Life's | dearest bands un- | twining? Or }

{ s₁ l₁ : d₁ : d₁ l₁ m₁ | r₁ d₁ : l₁ : - d₁ | s₁ m₁ r₁ d₁ : d₁ - r | m₁ l₁ : - : }

{ why sae sweet a flow- | er as love, De- | pend on Fortune's shining? || }

This world's wealth when I think on,
Its pride and a' the lave o't;
Fie, fie on silly coward man,
That he should be the slave o't!
O why should fate, &c.

Her een sae bonnie blue betray
How she repays my passion;
But prudence is her o'erword aye,
She talks of rank and fashion.
O why should fate, &c.

O wha can prudence think upon,
And sic a lassie by him?
O wha can prudence think upon,
And sae in love as I am?
O why should fate, &c.

How blest the humble cottar's fate!
He woos his simple dearie;
The sillie bogles, wealth and state,
Can never make them eerie.
O why should fate, &c.

SONGS OF BURNS.

BONNIE LESLEY.

Key F.—ALLEGRETTO.

TUNE—"The Collier's Bonnie Lassie."

{ :s,f | f.m:r.d | d :d | d :— | s₁ :l m₁ } Key B⁷.
 { O | saw ye bon - nie | Les - ley, As }
 { f₁ :— s₁ | f₁ :f₁ | l₁ :d | :r s.,f } Key F.
 { she gaed o'er the | bor - der? | She's }
 { m :r.d | d :d | d :— | s₁ :d }
 { gane like A - lex - an - der, To }
 { m :r.m | f.m:r.d | m :s | :l.,t }
 { spread ber con - quests | far - ther. | To }
 { d¹ :s | l :m | f d :— | f :— .d } Key B⁷.
 { see her is to | love her, And }
 { l₁ :s₁.f₁ | f₁ :— s₁ | l₁ :d | :r s } Key F.
 { love but her for | ev - er; | For }
 { f.m:r.d | r :s₁ | m :— .f | s :d¹ }
 { Na - ture made her | what she is, And }
 { d¹.t :l .t | d¹ :d | m :s }
 { nev - er made a - ni - ther! }

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
 Thy subjects we, before thee :
 Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
 The hearts o' men adore thee.
 The Deil he couldna senith thee,
 Or aught that wad belang thee ;
 He'd look into thy bonnie face,
 And say, "I canna wrang thee."
 The powers aboon will tent thee,
 Misfortune sha'na steer thee ;
 Thou'rt like themselves sae lovely,
 That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, fair Lesley,
 Return to Caledonie !
 That we may brag we hae a lass
 There's nane again sae bonnie.



O SAW YE MY DEARIE?

Key D.—SLOW.

TUNE—"Eppie M'Nab."

{ :m.,s | l :l :s.l.d¹ | l :s :m | r :—l :s.m }
 { O | saw ye my | dear - ie, my | Ep - pie Mac- }
 { r :— :m.,f | s :s :l.,d¹ | l.s:f.m:r.d }
 { Nab? | O | saw ye my | dear - ie, my }
 { d :—r :m.,r | d :— :s.l.t | d¹.t :d¹.r¹ :d¹.t }
 { Ep - pie Mac- | Nab? | She's | down in the }

{ l :t :d¹ | r¹ :— .d¹:t.l | s :— :d¹.r¹ }
 { yard, she's | kiss - in' the | laird, She }
 { m¹ :—r¹:d¹ | l :d¹.l.-s.m.- | l :r :r.m | r¹ :— } Key G.
 { win - na come | hame to her | ain Jock | Rab. }
 { :m.ba,se | l :m :se | l :m :se | l :m.r:d.t₁ }
 { O | come thy ways | to me, my | Ep - pie Mac- }
 { r :— :s.l,t | d¹ :s :t | d¹ :s :t } Key D.
 { Nab, O | come thy ways | to me, my }
 { d¹ :s.f:m.d | s₁ :— :s.l,t | d¹ :— .t :l } Key G.
 { Ep - pie Mac- | Nab; | What- e'er | thou hast }
 { t :— .l :s | l.,s :l.,t :l.,s | m :— :d¹.t }
 { dunc, be it | late, be it | sune, Thou's }
 { l :l :s,f | m.s.-m.r.-t.r.- | m :l₁ :l₁.t₁ | l₁ :— }
 { wel - come a - | gain to thy | ain Jock | Rab. }

What says she, my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab ?
 What says she, my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab ?
 She lets thee to wot that she has thee forgot,
 And for ever disowns thee, her ain Jock Rab.
 Oh, had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M'Nab !
 Oh, had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M'Nab !
 As light as the air, and as fause as thou's fair,
 Thou's broken the heart o' thy ain Jock Rab.



SAW YE MY PHELY.

(QUASI DICAT PHILLIS).

Key G.—ALLEGRETTO.

TUNE—"When she can ben she bobbit."

{ :l₁ | l₁ :—t₁:l₁ | d :— :d | t₁.s₁ :— : | : }
 { O | saw ye my | dear, my | Phely? }
 { :t₁ | l₁ :—t₁:l₁ | l :— :l | se.m :— : | : }
 { O | saw ye my | dear, my | Phely? }
 { :m.f | s :d :m | s :— :f.m | r :—m:d | t₁ :— }
 { She's | down i' the | grove, she's | wi' a new love, }
 { :d.r | m :—f:m | m :—f:r | d.l :— : | : }
 { She | win - na come | hame to her | Willy. }

What says she, my dear, my Phely ?
 What says she, my dear, my Phely ?
 She lets thee to wit that she has thee forgot,
 And for ever disowns thee, her Willy.
 O had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely !
 O had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely !
 As light as the air, and fause as thou's fair,
 Thou's broken the heart o' thy Willy.

SONGS OF BURNS.

ADDRESS TO THE WOODLARK.

Key A.—ANDANTE.

TUNE—"Loch Erroch Side."

{ .s₁f₁ | m₁.s₁:s₁.l₁ | d .,r : d .t₁ | l₁ .,s₁:l₁ .d }
 { O | stay, sweet warbling | woodlark, stay, Nor | quit for me the }
 { r ., m:r . s₁f₁ | m₁.s₁:s₁.l₁ | d ., r:m ., r }
 { trembling spray, A | hap - less lov - er | courts thy lay, Thy }
 { r,d,t₁l₁:s₁ .m | r : d | .s,f | m .s : d .m }
 { soothing, fond com- | plain - ing, | A - | gain, a - gain, that }
 { 's,f,m,f:s .f,m | f .l : r .f | l,s .f,s:l .s,f }
 { ten-der part, That | I may catch thy | melt-ing art; For }
 { m.,s:r .,m | d .,r:m .,r | r,d,t₁l₁:s₁.d,m | r : d }
 { sure - ly that wad | touch her heart, Wha | kills me wi' dis - | dain - ing. }

Say, was thy little mate unkind,
 And heard thee as the careless wind?
 Oh, nocht but love and sorrow join'd,
 Sie notes o' woe could wauken.
 Thou tells o' never-ending care;
 O' speechless grief, and dark despair;
 For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair!
 Or my poor heart is broken!



THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE.

CHORUS. Key B^b.—ALLEGRETTO.

TUNE—"This is no my ain house."

{ .s₁ | m₁.s₁:s₁.s | f .m:r .d | l₁t₁.d:s₁ .,m₁ }
 { O | this is no my | ain las - sie, | Fair tho' the }
 { l₁.r₁:r₁.s₁ | m₁.s₁:s₁.s | f .m:r .d }
 { las - sie be; O | weel ken I my | ain las - sie, }
 { l₁t₁.d:s₁ .,f₁ | m₁.d₁:d₁ | .s₁ | m₁.s₁:s₁.d }
 { Kind love is | in her e'e, | I see a form, I }
 { l₁.d:s₁.m₁ | f₁.l₁:s₁.m₁ | l₁.r₁:r₁.s₁ }
 { see a face, Ye | weel may wi' the | fair - est place; It }
 { m₁.s₁:s₁.d | l₁.d:s₁.m₁ | f₁.l₁:s₁ .,f₁ | m₁.d₁:d₁ }
 { wants, to me, the | witching grace, The | kind love that's | in her e'e. }

She's bonnie, blooming, straight, and tall,
 And lang has had my heart in thrall;
 And aye it charms my very saul,
 The kind love that's in her e'e.

O this is no, &c.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean,
 To steal a blink by a' unseen;
 But gleg as light are lovers' een,
 When kind love is in the e'e.

O this is no, &c.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
 It may escape the learned clerks;
 But wae the watching lover marks
 The kind love that's in her e'e.

O this is no, &c.



TIBBIE, I HAE SEEN THE DAY.

CHORUS. Key F.—SLOWISH.

TUNE—"Invercauld's Reel."

{ .m | s₁s₁:-l₁.d | r₁.d:l₁.d | s₁s₁:-l₁.d | f :- .l }
 { O | Tibbie, I hae seen the day Ye | wadna been sae shy; For }
 { s .,m:d₁.m | r .,d:l₁ .,d | s₁s₁:-l₁ .,d | r :- .m }
 { lack o' gear ye lightly me, But, | growth, I eare na by. Yes- }
 { f .,r:m .,d | r .,d:l₁ .,m | f .,m:f .,s | l .,t:d₁ .,l }
 { treen I met you on the moor, Ye | spak na, but gaced by like stour; Ye }
 { s .,m:d₁.m | r .,d:l₁ .,d | s₁s₁:-l₁ .,d | r :- }
 { geekat me because I'm poor, But | fient a hair care I. }

I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,
 Because ye hae the name o' clink,
 That ye can please me at a wink,
 Whene'er ye like to try.
 O Tibbie, I hae seen the day, &c.

But sorrow tak him that's sae mean,
 Although his pouch o' coin were clean,
 Wha follows ony saucy quean
 That looks sae proud and high.
 O Tibbie, I hae seen the day, &c.

Although a lad were e'er sae smart,
 If that he want the yellow dirt,
 Ye'll cast your head anither airt,
 And answer him fu' dry.
 O Tibbie, I hae seen the day, &c.

But if he hae the name o' gear,
 Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,
 Though hardly he for sense or lear,
 Be better than the kye.
 O Tibbie, I hae seen the day, &c.

But, Tibbie, lass, tak my advice:
 Your daddie's gear maks you sae nice;
 The deil a ane wad spier your price,
 Were ye as poor as I.
 O Tibbie, I hae seen the day, &c.

There lives a lass in yonder park,
 I would na gie her in her sark,
 For thee, wi' a' thy thousan' mark;
 Ye need na look sae high.
 O Tibbie, I hae seen the day, &c.

SONGS OF BURNS.

OUT OVER THE FORTH.

Key G.—SLOW.

TUNE—"Charles Gordon's Welcome Home."

{ <u>l</u> . <u>s</u> }	<u>m</u> : <u>l</u> <u>l</u> : <u>l</u> <u>l</u> : — <u>l</u>	<u>t</u> : <u>l</u> <u>l</u> : <u>l</u> <u>l</u> : —
{ Out }	ov - er the Forth I	look to the north,
{ <u>t</u> . <u>d</u> }	<u>r</u> : <u>r</u> : <u>m</u> <u>r</u> : <u>t</u> : <u>s</u>	<u>t</u> : <u>s</u> : <u>s</u> : <u>s</u> : —
{ But }	what is the north and its	Highlands to me?
{ <u>l</u> . <u>s</u> }	<u>m</u> : <u>l</u> <u>l</u> : <u>l</u> <u>l</u> : — <u>l</u>	<u>t</u> : <u>l</u> <u>l</u> : <u>l</u> <u>l</u> : —
{ The }	south nor the east gie	ease to my breast,
{ <u>t</u> . <u>d</u> }	<u>r</u> : <u>r</u> : <u>m</u> <u>r</u> : <u>t</u> : <u>s</u>	<u>t</u> : <u>l</u> <u>l</u> : <u>l</u> <u>l</u> : —
{ The }	far for - eign land, or the	wide roll - ing sea.
{ <u>m</u> . <u>m</u> }	<u>l</u> : — <u>se</u> : <u>l</u> <u>l</u> : — <u>m</u> . <u>m</u>	<u>l</u> : — <u>se</u> : <u>l</u> <u>l</u> : —
{ But I }	look to the west when I	gae to rest,
{ <u>m</u> }	<u>s</u> : — <u>t</u> : <u>s</u> <u>m</u> : — <u>s</u> : <u>m</u>	<u>r</u> : <u>t</u> : <u>s</u> : <u>s</u> : —
{ That }	hap - py my dreams and my	slumbers may be;
{ <u>m</u> }	<u>l</u> : — <u>se</u> : <u>l</u> <u>l</u> : — <u>m</u>	<u>l</u> : — <u>se</u> : <u>l</u> <u>l</u> : —
{ For }	far in the west lives	he I lo'e best,
{ <u>m</u> }	<u>m</u> : — <u>s</u> : <u>m</u> <u>r</u> : <u>t</u> : <u>s</u>	<u>t</u> : <u>l</u> <u>l</u> : <u>l</u> <u>l</u> : —
{ The }	lad that is dear to my	ba - by and me.



O WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN.

CHORUS. Key F.—LIVELY.

TUNE—"I'll gang nae mair to yon town."

{ <u>m</u> . <u>r</u> }	<u>d</u> : — <u>d</u> ! <u>d</u> ! : — <u>s</u>	<u>m</u> : — <u>d</u>
{ O }	wat ye wha's in	yon town,
{ <u>f</u> }	<u>m</u> : — <u>s</u> <u>d</u> : — <u>m</u> . <u>m</u> : <u>r</u>	<u>r</u> : <u>r</u>
{ Ye }	see the e'en - in'	sun up - on,
{ <u>m</u> . <u>r</u> }	<u>d</u> : — <u>d</u> ! <u>d</u> ! : — <u>s</u>	<u>m</u> : — <u>d</u>
{ The }	dear - est maid's in	yon town,
{ <u>f</u> }	<u>m</u> : — <u>s</u> <u>r</u> : <u>f</u>	<u>m</u> : <u>d</u> : <u>d</u>
{ The }	e'en - in' sun is	shin - ing on.
{ <u>s</u> . <u>f</u> }	<u>m</u> : <u>d</u> <u>s</u> : <u>m</u>	<u>f</u> : <u>l</u> <u>s</u> : <u>s</u>
{ Now }	hap - ly down yon	gay green shaw,
{ <u>f</u> }	<u>m</u> : — <u>d</u> <u>s</u> : — <u>m</u>	<u>f</u> : <u>r</u> : <u>r</u> : <u>r</u>
{ She }	wan - ders by yon	spread - ing tree;
{ <u>f</u> }	<u>m</u> : — <u>d</u> <u>s</u> : — <u>m</u>	<u>f</u> : <u>l</u> <u>s</u> : <u>s</u>
{ How }	blest ye flowers that	round her blaw,
{ <u>f</u> }	<u>m</u> : — <u>s</u> <u>r</u> : — <u>f</u>	<u>m</u> : <u>d</u> : <u>d</u>
{ Ye }	catch the glan - ces o'	her e'e!

How blest ye birds that round her sing,
And welcome in the blooming year;
And doubly welcome be the Spring,
The season to my Jeanie dear.

O wat ye wha's, &c.

The sun blinks blythe in yon town,
Among the broomy braes sae green;
But my delight in yon town,
And dearest pleasure, is my Jean.

O wat ye wha's, &c.

Without my Fair, not a' the charms
O' Paradise could yield me joy;
But give me Jeanie in my arms
And welcome Lapland's dreary sky!
O wat ye wha's, &c.

My cave would be a lover's bower,
Though raging Winter rent the air;
And she a lovely little flower,
That I wad tent and shelter there.
O wat ye wha's, &c.

O sweet is she in yon town,
The sinking sun's gane down upon;
A fairer than 's in yon town
His setting beam ne'er shone upon.
O wat ye wha's, &c.

If angry Fate is sworn my foe,
And suffering I am doom'd to bear;
I careless quit aught else below,
But spare, O spare me Jeanie dear.
O wat ye wha's, &c.

For while life's dearest blood is warm,
Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart,
And she, as fairest is her form,
She has the truest, kindest heart.
O wat ye wha's, &c.



O WERE I ON PARNASSUS HILL.

Key G.—SLOW.

TUNE—"My Love is Lost to me."

{ <u>l</u> . <u>t</u> }	<u>d</u> : <u>t</u> . <u>l</u> <u>m</u> : <u>l</u> . <u>t</u>	<u>d</u> : <u>t</u> . <u>l</u> <u>m</u> : <u>r</u> . <u>d</u>
{ O }	were I on Par -	nas - sus hill, Or
{ <u>t</u> : <u>s</u> <u>s</u> : — <u>l</u>	<u>t</u> : <u>d</u> . <u>r</u> . <u>t</u> <u>m</u> : — <u>se</u>	
{ had o' He - li -	con my fill; That	
{ <u>l</u> : — <u>t</u> <u>d</u> . <u>t</u> : <u>d</u> . <u>r</u>	<u>m</u> . <u>r</u> : <u>m</u> . <u>se</u> <u>l</u> : — <u>s</u> . <u>f</u>	
{ I might catch po -	et - ie skill, To	
{ <u>m</u> : <u>r</u> . <u>d</u> <u>f</u> . <u>m</u> : <u>r</u> . <u>d</u>	<u>t</u> : — <u>l</u> : <u>l</u> : <u>t</u>	<u>l</u> : <u>t</u>
{ sing how dear I	love thee, But	
{ <u>d</u> : <u>d</u> . <u>t</u> <u>l</u> : — <u>se</u>	<u>l</u> . <u>se</u> : <u>l</u> . <u>t</u> <u>m</u> : — <u>fe</u>	
{ Nith manna be my	Mus - e's well, My	
{ <u>s</u> . <u>l</u> : <u>t</u> . <u>l</u> <u>s</u> . <u>m</u> : — <u>s</u> . <u>m</u> : —	<u>r</u> . <u>d</u> : <u>t</u> . <u>l</u> <u>s</u> : <u>l</u> : <u>t</u>	
{ Muse manna be thy	bon - nie sel'; On	
{ <u>d</u> : <u>t</u> . <u>l</u> <u>r</u> : <u>d</u> . <u>t</u>	<u>m</u> . <u>r</u> : <u>m</u> . <u>se</u> <u>l</u> : <u>s</u> . <u>f</u>	
{ Cor - sin - eon I'll	glow'r and spell, And	
{ <u>m</u> : <u>r</u> . <u>d</u> <u>f</u> . <u>m</u> : <u>r</u> . <u>d</u>	<u>t</u> : — <u>l</u> : <u>l</u> : <u>t</u>	
{ write how dear I	love thee.	

Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay!
For a' the lee-lang simmer's day
I couldna sing, I couldna say,
How much, how dear, I love thee.

SONGS OF BURNS.

I see thee dancing o'er the green,
Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
Thy tempting lips, thy reguish een—
By heaven and earth I love thee!

By night, by day, a-field, at hame,
The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame;
And aye I muse and sing thy name—
I only live to love thee.

Though I were doom'd to wander on,
Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
Till my last weary sand was run;
Till then—and then—I love thee.



O WERE MY LOVE.

Key B♭.—SLOW.

TUNE—"Hughie Graham."

{ :l₁ :t₁ | d :— :t₁ :l₁ | l₁ :m₁ :l₁ :t₁ | d :— :t₁ :l₁ }
O were my love yon lil - ac
{ l₁ :— :s₁ :l₁ | t₁ :— :l₁ :s₁ | s₁ :r₁ :m₁ :s₁ :l₁ }
fair, Wi' pur - ple blos - soms
{ t₁ :— :d :t₁ :l₁ | s₁ :— :l₁ :t₁ | d :— :t₁ :l₁ }
to the spring; And I a
{ l₁ :m₁ :l₁ :t₁ | d :— :r :l₁ :l₁ :— :t₁ }
bird to shel - ter there, When
{ d :— :r :m :s | l :— :s | m :— :r :m :l | l₁ :— }
wea - ry | on my lit - tle wing!

How I wad mourn, when it was torn
By autumn wild and winter rude!
But I wad sing on war-ton wing,
When youthfu' May its bloom renew'd.



O WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST.

Key B♭.—ANDANTE.

DUET BY MENDELSSOHN.

{ s₁ :l₁ :s₁ :s₁ :d | r₁ :m₁ :m :— :s | m₁ :r₁ :r :— :m }
O wert thou in the cauld blast, On yon-der lea, on
{ m₁ :f₁ :m₁ :m₁ :m₁ | s₁ :d :d :— :m | d₁ :t₁ :t₁ :— :s₁ }
{ d₁ :t₁ :t₁ :— :s₁ | s₁ :s₁ :l₁ :s₁ :d :s₁ | l₁ :— :— :f }
yon-der lea, My plaidie to the angry airt, I'd
{ m₁ :r₁ :r₁ :— :f₁ | m₁ :m₁ :f₁ :m₁ :m₁ :m₁ | f₁ :— :— :l₁ }
{ r₁ :d :d :— :s₁ | f₁ :m₁ :m₁ :— :— :m₁ :l₁ :d :m₁ :d }
shelter thee, I'd shelter thee. Or did Misfortune's
{ f₁ :m₁ :m₁ :— :m₁ | r₁ :d :d :— :— :d₁ :m₁ :l₁ :d :l₁ }
{ t₁ :r :d :— :m | m₁ :r :d :— :t₁ | d₁ :t₁ :d :— }
bit-ter storms A-round thee blaw, a-round thee blaw,
{ s₁ :t₁ :l₁ :— :d | d₁ :t₁ :l₁ :— :s₁ | l₁ :s₁ :e₁ :l₁ :— }
{ d :d :d :t₁ :l₁ | s₁ :l₁ :t₁ :— :m | r₁ :d :d :— :s₁ | f₁ :m₁ :m₁ :— }
Thy bield should be my bo - son, To share it a', to share it a'.
{ l₁ :l₁ :l₁ :l₁ :l₁ | s₁ :s₁ :— :s₁ | f₁ :m₁ :m₁ :— :m₁ | r₁ :d :d :— }

Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,
The desert were a Paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there;
Or were I monarch o' the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
The brightest jewel in my crown
Wad be my Queen, wad be my Queen.



THE RANTIN' DOG, THE DADDIE O'T.

Key F.—LIVELY.

TUNE—"The East Neuk o' Fife."

{ :s₁ | d :d | d :m :f | s :m :d :m | s :f :m }
O wha my ba - bie | clouts will buy? O
{ r :— :r | r :d :t | l :— :s | l :t :d }
wha will tent me | when I cry?
{ s :f :m :r | d :r :m :f | s :m :d :m | s :— :m }
Wha will kiss me | where I lie? The
{ r :m :f :s | m :f :m :r | d :l₁ | l₁ :— :s :f }
ran - tin' dog, the dad - die o't. O
{ m :d | d :s :f | m :d | d :l₁ :s }
wha will own he | did the faut? O
{ fe :r | r :t :d' | r' :r | r :m :f }
wha will buy the | groan - in' mant? O
{ s :d | m :d | s :l :s :f | m :— :d }
wha will tell me | how to ca't? The
{ r :m :f :s | m :f :m :r | d :l₁ | l₁ :— }
rant - in' dog, the dad - die o't.

When I mount the creepie chair,
Wha will sit beside me there?
Gie me Rob, I'll seek nae mair—
The rantin' dog, the daddie o't.

Wha will crack to me my lane?
Wha will mak me fidgin' fain?
Wha will kiss me o'er again?
The rantin' dog, the daddie o't.



O WHA WILL TO ST. STEPHEN'S HOUSE.

Key G.

TUNE—"Killiecrankie."

{ .d :r | m :m :m :r :d | f :f :f :m :r | m :m :f :m :r :d }
O wha will to Saint Stephen's house, To do our er-rands
{ m :s :— :d :r | m :m :f :m :r :d | f :f :f :m :r }
there, man? O wha will to Saint Stephen's house, O'th'
{ m :f :s :m :r :— :d | l₁ :d :— :— :m :t :d' | r' :r :r :m :f }
mer-ry lads o' Ayr, man? Or will ye send a
{ m :r :m :d :t :d' | r' :r :r :r :r | t :r' :— :t :d }
man o' law? Or will ye send a | sod-ger? Or
{ r' :r :r :m :f | s :f :m :r :d :f :f :m :f :s :m :r :d | l₁ :d :— }
him wha led o'er | Scotland a' The mei-kle Ursa Maj-or?

SONGS OF BURNS.

Come will ye court a noble lord,
Or buy a score o' lairds, man?
For worth and honour pawn their word,
Their vote shall be Glencaird's, man.
Ane gies them coin, ane gies them wine,
Anither gies them clatter;
Annbank, wha guess'd the ladies' taste,
He gies a *fête champêtre*.

(For continuation of verses see vol. i., p. 143.)



O WHARE GAT YE?

Key B.7—SLOW.

TUNE—"Adieu, Dundee."

{ l₁ | m₁:l₁ | l₁ | l₁ : - t₁:d | t₁ : - l₁:s₁ | t₁:r : - r }
{ Oh | whare | gat ye | that | bon - nie blue bonnet? Oh, }

{ m m : - m | r m : - s | m : - r : d t₁ | l₁ : - l₁:s₁ }
{ what makes them aye put the | ques - tion to me? I }

{ m₁ : l₁ | l₁ | l₁ : - t₁:d | t₁ : - l₁:s₁ | t₁:r : - r }
{ gat | it | frae | a | bon - nie Scots callan, A - }

{ m : - m | r : m : s | m : - r : d t₁ | l₁ : - s }
{ tween | Saint Johnston and | bon - nie Dan - dee. Oh, }

{ s : - s | s : - l : t | t₁ : - l₁:s₁ | t₁ : r : - }
{ gin | I | saw | the | lad - die that gae me't! }

{ m : l : l | l : - s : l | t : - l : s f | m : - s }
{ Aft | has | he | dou - dled me | up - on his knee; May }

{ s : - l : s | s : - l : t | t₁ : - l₁:s₁ | t₁:r : - r }
{ Heav - en pro - tect my | bon - nie Scots laddie, And }

{ m : m : r t | r : - m : s | m : - r : d t₁ | l₁ : - }
{ send him safe hame to his | ba - by and me. }

My heart has nae room when I think on my laddie,
His dear rosy haffets bring tears to my e'e;
But, O! he's awa, and I dinna ken whar he's—
Gin we could ance meet, we'll ne'er part till we die.
O light be the breezes around him soft blawin'!
And o'er him sweet simmer still blink bonnilie,
And the rich dews o' plenty, around him wide fa'in,
Prevent a' his fears for my baby and me!

My blessings upon that sweet wee lippie!
My blessings upon that bonnie e'e-bree!
Thy smiles are sae like my blythe sodger laddie,
Thou's aye the dearer and dearer to me.
But I'll big a bower on yon green bank sae bonnie,
That's lav'd by the waters o' Tay wimplin' clear,
And cled thee in tartans, my wee smiling Johnnie,
And make thee a man like thy daddie dear.

O WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YOU.

Key A.—ALLEGRETTO.

{ d r | m d : - l₁ | s₁ : - f₁:m₁ | r₁:r : - r | r : - d r }
{ O | whistle, and I'll | come | to you, my lad, O }

{ m d : - l₁ | s₁:m₁ : - s₁ | l₁:d : - d | d : - d r }
{ whistle, and I'll | come | to you, my lad; Tho' }

{ m : d : l₁ | s₁:f₁ : - m₁ | r₁ : f : m | r : s : - f }
{ fa - ther and mither and | a' | should gae mad, O }

{ m d : - l₁ | s₁ : m₁ : s₁ | l₁:d : - d | d : - m r }
{ whistle, and I'll | come | to you, my lad. But }

{ d : m : s | d : m : s | d : m : s | s : - m r }
{ wa - ri - ly | tent, when you | come to court me, And }

{ d : m : s | d : m : s | l : r : r | r : - m r }
{ come na un - less the back - | yett be a - jee; Syne }

{ d : m : s | d : m : s | d : d : l | s : - s f }
{ up the back - stile and let | nae - bo - dy see, And }

{ m : d : l₁ | s₁ : - f₁:m₁ | r₁:r : - r | r : - s f }
{ come as ye were na | comin' to me, And }

{ m : d : l₁ | s₁ : m₁ : s₁ | l₁:d : - d | d : - }
{ come as ye were na | comin' to me. }

O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad;
Tho' father and mither, and a' should gae mad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.
At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
Gang by me as though that ye car'd na a flie;
But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,
Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me,
Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me.

O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad;
Tho' father and mither, and a' should gae mad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.

Aye vow and protest that ye care na for me,
And whyles ye may lightly my beauty a wee;
But court na anither, though jokin' ye be,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.



WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT.

Key D.—LIVELY.

{ m f | s : d¹ | l : s : f m | l : r¹ | d¹.t }
{ O | Wil - lie | brew'd a | peck o' | maut, }

{ l : s | d¹ : - l | s : m | l : r | r }
{ And | aob | and Al - lan | cam to | pree; }

{ m f | s : d¹ | l : s : f m | l : r¹ | d¹.t }
{ Three | bly - ther | hearts, that | lee - lang | night, }

SONGS OF BURNS.

{ : l . s | d' : - . l | s : m | s : d | d | }
 { Ye | wad na find in | Chris - ten - die. | }
 { : d' . r' | m' : - . d' | r' : - . t | d' . t : l . s | d' : - }
 { We | are na fou, we're nae that fou, | }
 { . m | f : - . l | s : m | l : r | r | }
 { But | just a drap - pie in our e'e; | }
 { : d' . r' | m' : - . d' | r' : - . t | d' . t : l . s | d' : - }
 { The | cock may crawl, the day may daw, | }
 { . m | f : l | s : - . f | m : d | d | }
 { But | aye we'll taste the bar - ley bree. | }

Here are we met, three merry boys,
 Three merry boys I trow are we;
 And mony a night we've merry been,
 And mony mae we hope to be!
 We are na fou, &c.

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
 That 's blinkin' in the lift sae hie;
 She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
 But, by my sooth, she 'll wait a wee!
 We are na fou, &c.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa',
 A cuckold, coward loon is he!
 Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
 He is the king among us three!
 We are na fou, &c.



TIBBIE DUNBAR.

Key D.—ALLEGRETTO. TUNE—"Johnny McGill."
 { : d' | s : m : m | m : r : d | s : m : m | m : - }
 { O | wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tib - bie Dun - bar? | }
 { : d' | s : m : m | m : r : m | d : l : l | l : - }
 { O | wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tib - bie Dun - bar? | }
 { : d' . l | s : m : m | m : r : d | s : m : m | m : - }
 { wilt thou | ride on a horse, or be drawn in a car, | }
 { : r . d | r : m : f | m : r : m | d : l : l | l : - }
 { Or | walk by my side, O sweet Tib - bie Dun - bar? | }
 { : s | d' : t : d' | r' : d' : r' | m' : d' : l | s : m | }
 { I | care na thy dad - die, his lands and his mo - ney, | }
 { : s | d' : t : d' | r' : d' : r' | m' : d' : l | l : d' | }
 { I | care na thy kin, sae high and sae lord - ly : | }
 { : r' | m' : d' : m' | r' : t : r' | d' : l : t | d' : - }
 { But | say that thou'lt hae me for bet - ter for waur, | }
 { : t . l | s : m : m | m : r : m | d : l : l | l : - }
 { And | come in thy coat - ie, sweet Tib - bie Dun - bar. | }

POWERS CELESTIAL! WHOSE PROTECTION.

Key C. TUNE—"Blue Bounnets."
 { : d' . r' . m' : r' . d' | r' . t : s | d' . t : l . s | l . s : f . m | }
 { Powers ce - les - tial, whose pro - tec - tion, | }
 { f . m : f . s | f . s : l : s . f | m . f . s : f . m | m : r | }
 { Ev - er guards the vir - tu - ous fair, | }
 { : d' . r' . m' : r' . d' | r' . t : s | l . d' : t . r' | d' . r' . m' : s | }
 { While in dis - tant climes I wan - der, | }
 { l . d' : t . r' | d' . m' : r' . f | m' : r' . d' | d' : - }
 { Let my Ma - ry be your care : | }
 { : d' . r' . m' : r' . d' | s' : - . t | d' . t : l . s | r' : d' . t | }
 { Let her form, sae fair and fault - less, | }
 { l . s : l . t | d' : t : l | s : f . m | m : r | }
 { Fair and fault - less as your own; | }
 { : d' . ta : l . s | f . s : l . f | r' . d' : t : l | s : l : t : s | }
 { Let my Ma - ry's kin - dred spi - rit, | }
 { l . d' : t . r' | d' . m' : r' . f | m' : r' . d' | d' : - }
 { Draw your ehoic - est in - fluence down. | }

Make the gales you waft around her
 Soft and peaceful as her breast;
 Breathing in the breeze that fans her,
 Soothe her bosom into rest:
 Guardian angels! O protect her
 When in distant lands I roam;
 To realms unknown while Fate exiles me,
 Make her bosom still my home.



RAVING WINDS AROUND HER BLOWING.

Key C.—VERY SLOW. TUNE—"McGrigor of Roro's Lament."
 { : s . l | d' : d' : r' . d' . r' | m' : s : s . l | d' : d' : r' . d' . r' | }
 { Raving winds a-round her blowing, Yellow leaves the woodlands | }
 { m' : s : d . m . s | m' : s' . m' | r' : d' : d' : l | }
 { strow - ing, by a riv - er hoarsely roar - ing, ls - a - | }
 { d' : m . r : m . s | l : d : s . l | d' : d' : r' . d' . r' | }
 { bel - la strayed, de - plor - ing, "Farewell" hours that late did | }
 { m' : s : s . l | d' : d' : r' . d' . r' | m' : s : d . m . s | }
 { meas - ure Sunshine days of joy and pleasure; Hail, thou | }
 { m' : m' : s' . m' | r' : d' : d' . l | s : m : s . m | r : d | }
 { gloomy night of sorrow, Cheerless night that knows no morrow. | }

"O'er the past too fondly wandering,
 On the hopeless future pondering;
 Chilly grief my life-blood freezes,
 Fell despair my fancy seizes.
 Life, thou soul of every blessing,
 Load to misery most distressing,
 Oh, how gladly I'd resign thee,
 And to dark oblivion join thee!"

SONGS OF BURNS.

SHE SAYS SHE LO'ES ME BEST OF A'.

Key F—ALLEGRETTO.

TUNE—"Onagh's Waterfall."

{ :d :— :d :— :r :— :— :t_i :— }
 { Sac flax - eu were her ring - lets, }
 { :t_i :— :l_i :— :d :— :r :— :d :— :t_i :— }
 { Her eye - brows of a dark - er hue, }
 { :m :— :r :— :d :— :t_i :— :l_i :— :— :l_i :— }
 { Be- witch - ing - ly o'er- arch - ing }
 { :se :— :l :— :m :— :r :— :d :— :t_i :— :l_i :— }
 { Twa laugh - ing een o' bon - nie blue. }
 { :se :— :l :— :— :m :— :se :— :l :— :— :m :— }
 { Her smil - ing sae wyl - ing, }
 { :se :— :l :— :d¹ :— :t :— :l :— :s :— :fe :— :m :— }
 { Wad make a wretch for- get his woe; }
 { :fe :— :s :— :— :r :— :fe :— :s :— :— :r :— }
 { What pleas - ure, what treas - ure, }
 { :fe :— :s :— :ta :— :l :— :s :— :f :— :m :— :r :— }
 { Un- to these ro - sy lips to grow: }
 { :l :— :l :— :se :— :l :— :fe :— :s :— :fe :— :s :— }
 { Such was my Chlo - ris' bon - nie face, }
 { :m :— :l :— :d¹ :— :t :— :l :— :s :— :f :— :m :— }
 { When first her bon - nie face I saw, }
 { :r :— :d :— :d :— :r :— :d :— :t_i :— :t_i :— :t_i :— }
 { And aye my Chlo - ris' dear - est charm, }
 { :se :— :l :— :m :— :r :— :d :— :t_i :— :l_i :— }
 { She says she lo'es me best of a'. }

Like harmony her motion;
 Her pretty ankle is a spy,
 Betraying fair proportion,
 Wad mak' a saint forget the sky.
 Sae warming, sae charming,
 Her faultless form and gracefu' air;
 Ilk feature—auld Nature
 Deelar'd that she could do nae mair:
 Her's are the willing chains o' love,
 By conquering beauty's sovereign law;
 And aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
 She says she lo'es me best of a'.
 Let others love the city
 And gaudy show at sunny noon;
 Gie me the lonely valley,
 The dewy eve, and rising moon,
 Fair beaming, and streaming,
 Her silver light the boughs amang;
 While falling, recalling,
 The amorous thrush concludes his sang;
 There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove
 By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,
 And hear my vows o' truth and love,
 And say thou lo'est me best of a'.

BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY AT BANNOCKBURN.

Key B⁷—BOLDLY.

TUNE—"Hey Tutt! Tatt!."

{ :s_i :— :s_i :— :s_i :— :m_i :— :s_i :— :l_i :— :d :— :l_i :— :l_i :— :s_i :— }
 { Scots, wha hae wi' Wal - lae bled, Scots, wham Bruce has }
 { :l_i :— :t_i :— :d :— :r :— :m :— :m :— :r :— :d :— :d :— :r :— :m :— }
 { af - ten led, Wel - come to your go - ry bed, }
 { :d :— :l_i :— :l_i :— :s_i :— :s_i :— :— :m :— :m :— :r :— }
 { Or to Vie - tor- ie! Now's the day, and }
 { :m :— :f :— :s :— :r :— :r :— :r :— :d :— :r :— :m :— :f :— }
 { now's the hour; See the front o' bat - tle lour; }
 { :s :— :m :— :r :— :d :— :d :— :r :— :m :— :d :— :l_i :— :l_i :— :s_i :— :s_i :— }
 { See approach proud Edward's power; Chais and Slaver- ie! }

Wha will be a traitor-knave?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave?
 Wha sae base as be a slave?
 Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
 Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
 Let him on wi' me!

By Oppression's woes and pains!
 By your sons in servile chains!
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
 Tyrants fall in every foe!
 Liberty 's in every blow!
 Let us do, or die!



SEE THE SMOKING BOWL BEFORE US.

Key F—LIVELY.

{ :s :— :l :— :s :— :f :— :m :— :l :— :s :— :f :— :m :— :r :— :r :— :m :— :f :— }
 { See the smoking bowl before us, Mark our jov-ial rag - ged ring! }
 { :f :— :f :— :f :— :f :— :s :— :f :— :m :— :s :— :f :— :r :— :d :— :m :— :r :— :t_i :— :d :— }
 { Round and round taken the chorus, And in raptures let us sing. }
 { :s :— :d¹ :— :d¹ :— :s :— :s :— :s :— :l :— :s :— :f :— :m :— :s :— :f :— :m :— :r :— }
 { A fig for those, a fig for those bylaw protected! }
 { :s :— :s :— :s :— :s :— :s :— :l :— :l :— :l :— :l :— :l :— :s :— }
 { Lib - er- ty's a glorious feast, lib - er- ty's a glorious feast! }
 { :s :— :s :— :m :— :m :— :f :— :s :— :s :— :m :— :m :— :f :— :s :— :s :— :m :— :m :— :f :— :s :— :s :— :m :— }
 { Courts for eowards were erected, Churches built to please the priest, }
 { :f :— :s :— :l :— :d :— :s :— :f :— :m :— :f :— :r :— :— :d :— :d :— }
 { Churches built, churches built to please the priest. }

What is title? what is treasure?
 What is reputation's care?
 If we lead a life of pleasure,
 'Tis no matter how or where!
 A fig for, &c.

SONGS OF BURNS.

With the ready trick and fable,
Round we wander all the day;
And at night, in barn or stable,
Hug our doxies on the hay.

A fig for, &c.

Does the train-attended earriage
Through the country lighter rove?
Does the sober bed of marriage
Witness brighter scenes of love?

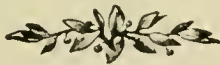
A fig for, &c.

Life is all a variorum,
We regard not how it goes:
Let them cant about decorum
Who have character to lose.

A fig for, &c.

Here 's to budgets, bags, and wallets !
 Here 's to all the wandering train !
 Here 's our ragged brats and callets !
 One and all cry out—Amen !

A fig for, &c.



ON SENSIBILITY.

TO MY DEAR AND MUCH-HONOURED FRIEND,
MRS. DUNLOP OF DUNLOP.

Key D — PLAINTIVE.

TUNE—"Cornwallis' Lament for Colonel Muirhead."

{ \dot{d} , \dot{r} | \dot{m} , \dot{m} : \dot{m} : \dot{r} . , \dot{d} | \dot{d} : \dot{s} | \dot{d} . , \dot{r} }
 { Sen-si- bi - li - ty, how | charm - ing, Dearest }

{ \dot{m} : \dot{m} : \dot{m} , \dot{d} , \dot{l} | \dot{s} : — : \dot{d} \dot{l} . , \dot{l} }
 { Nan - cy, thou canst | tell; But dis-

{ \dot{l} . \dot{s} : \dot{f} . \dot{m} : \dot{r} . , \dot{d} | \dot{d} : \dot{s} | \dot{d} . , \dot{r} }
 { tress, with hor - rors | arm - ing, Thou, a-

{ \dot{m} : \dot{m} : \dot{r} . , \dot{d} | \dot{d} : — || \dot{s} . , \dot{l} }
 { las! hast known too | well! || Fair - est }

{ \dot{d} : \dot{d} \dot{l} . , \dot{r} \dot{l} : \dot{m} \dot{l} . , \dot{r} \dot{l} | \dot{d} : \dot{s} : \dot{s} . , \dot{l} }
 { flow - er, be - hold the | li - ly, Bloom-ing }

{ \dot{d} : \dot{s} : \dot{f} . \dot{m} : \dot{r} . \dot{d} | \dot{r} : — : \dot{m} . , \dot{s} }
 { in the sun - ny | ray; Let the

{ \dot{d} : \dot{d} \dot{l} . \dot{r} \dot{l} : \dot{m} \dot{l} . , \dot{r} \dot{l} | \dot{d} : \dot{s} : \dot{m} \dot{l} . , \dot{f} \dot{l} }
 { blast sweep o'er the | val - ley, See it

{ \dot{s} \dot{l} . , \dot{l} : \dot{m} \dot{l} . : \dot{r} . , \dot{d} | \dot{d} : — : \dot{d} \dot{l} . , \dot{r} \dot{l} }
 { pros-trate in the | day, Fair - est

{ \dot{m} \dot{l} . : \dot{m} \dot{l} . , \dot{m} \dot{l} : \dot{r} \dot{l} . , \dot{m} \dot{l} | \dot{s} : \dot{s} : \dot{m} \dot{l} . , \dot{s} \dot{l} }
 { flow - er, be - hold the | li - ly, Bloom-ing }

{ \dot{l} . , \dot{s} : \dot{f} \dot{l} . \dot{m} \dot{l} : \dot{r} \dot{l} . , \dot{d} | \dot{r} \dot{l} : — : \dot{m} \dot{l} . , \dot{r} \dot{l} }
 { in the sun - ny | ray; Let the

{ d^1 . s : f . m : r . d } { s : $\hat{\text{s}}_1$: d . , r }
 | blast sweep over the | val - ley, See it }
 { m : m : r . d } { d : — ||
 | pros - trate in the | clay. ||

Hear the woodlark charm the forest,
Telling o'er his little joys:
Hapless bird! a prey the surest
To each pirate of the skies.
Dearly bought the hidden treasure
Finer feelings can bestow;
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,
Thrill the deepest notes of woe.



THE WINSOME WEE THING.

Key C.—LIVELY.

TUNE—"My Wife's a Wanton Wee Thing."

{ m^l.r^l | d^l :- : s | l^l.d^l : s | d^l :- :- | s^r.r :- } ^{Key F.}
She is a win - some wee thing, }

{ m | f : s : f | d : l_l : d | f :- :- | l^r.r :- } ^{Key C.}
She is a hand - some wee thing, }

{ m^l.r^l | d^l :- : s | l^l.t.d^l : s | d^l :- :- | s :- }
She is a bon - nie wee thing, }

{ f | m : d : m | r : t_l : r | d :- :- | - :- ||
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

{ m . f | s : l : s | m : d : m | s :- :- | m :- }
I ne - ver saw a fair - er, }

{ m | f : s : f | r : ta_l : r | f :- :- | r :- }
I ne - ver lo'ed a dear - er, }

{ m . f | s : d^l : s | m : d : m | s :- :- | s :- }
And niest my heart I'll wear her, }

{ f^l | m^l.d^l : m^l | r^l : t : r^l | d^l :- :- | - :- ||
For fear my jew - el time.

O leeze me on my wee thing,
My bonnie blythsome wee thing;
Sae lang's I ha'e my wee thing,
I'll think my lot divine.

Tho' world's care we share o't,
And may see meikle mair o't :
Wi' her I 'll blythely bear it,
And ne'er a word repine.

The last two verses of this song were altered by Mr. Thomson, and Burns considered the alteration "a positive improvement." The verses as originally written by the poet will be found at p. 26, vol. ii.

SONGS OF BURNS.

SHE 'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

Key G.—SLOWISH.

{ :d.r | m : -f : m | m : -r : d | t_i : -d : l_i | 'se_i : - }
 { She's | fair and fause | that | cans - cs my smart, }
 { :m_i | l_i : -t_i : d | r.t : - : se_i | l_i : - : - | - : - }
 { I | lo'ed her meikle and lang; }
 { :d.r | m : -f : m | m : r : d | t_i : -d : l_i | 'se_i : - }
 { She's | bro - ken her vow, | she's | bro - ken my heart, }
 { :m_i | l_i : -t_i : d | r.t : - : se_i | l_i : - : - | - : - || }
 { And | l_i may e'en | gae | hang. }
 { :d.r | m : - : dⁱ | dⁱ : t : l | s : m : l | s : - }
 { A | coof cam in | wi' | rooth o' gear, }
 { :m | d : -r : d | s : f : m | r : -m : d | dⁱ t_i : - }
 { And | I hae tint | my | dear - est dear; }
 { :s_i | d : -t_i : d | r : d : r | m : - : l_i | 'se_i : - }
 { But | wo - man is | but | world's gear, }
 { :m_i | l_i : -t_i : d | r.t : - : se_i | l_i : - : - | - : - || }
 { Sae | let the bonnie lass | gang. }

Whae'er ye be that woman love,
 To this be never blind;
 Nae ferlie 'tis though fickle she prove,
 A woman has 't by kind.
 O woman lovely, woman fair!
 An angel form 's faun to thy share,
 'Twad been owre meikle to gien thee mair—
 I mean an angel mind.



AULD LANG SYNE.

Key G.—SLOW.

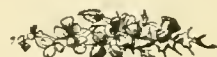
TEXT.—"I Fee'd a Lad at Michaelmas."

{ :s_i | d ., d : d . m | r ., d : r . m | d_i - : m . s }
 { Should | auld acquaintance | be | for-got, And | never brought to }
 { l : - : dⁱ | s ., m : m . d | r ., d : r . m, r }
 { mind? | Should | auld acquaintance | be | for-got, And }
 { d ., l_i : l_i . s_i | d : - : l . l | s, m, - : m . d }
 { days o' lang | syne! | For | auld lang }
 { r ., d : r . m | s, m, - : m . s | l : - : dⁱ }
 { syne, my dear, For | auld lang | syne, We'll }
 { s ., m : m . d | r ., d : r . m, r | d_i l_i - : l_i . s_i | d : - }
 { tak' a cup o' | kindness yet, For | auld lang | syne. || }

And surely ye 'll be your pint-stowp,
 And surely I 'll be mine;
 And we 'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
 For auld lang syne.
 For auld lang syne, &c.
 We twa ha'e run about the braes,
 And pu'd the gowans fine;
 But we 've wander'd mony a weary foot,
 Sin' auld lang syne.
 For auld lang syne, &c.

We twa ha'e paid't i' the burn,
 Frae morning sun till dine;
 But seas between us braid ha'e roar'd,
 Sin' auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, &c.
 And there 's a hand, my trusty fiere,
 And gie 's a hand o' thine;
 And we 'll tak' a right guid-willie wought
 For auld lang syne.
 For auld lang syne, &c.



SIR WISDOM 'S A FOOL WHEN HE 'S FOU.

Key E^b.—LIVELY.

TUNE—"Auld Sir Symon the King."

{ :s_i | l_i : -t_i : d | d : -r : d | d : - }
 { Sir | Wis - dom's a fool | when he's | fou, }
 { :s_i | l_i : -t_i : d . d | -d : -r : m | f : - }
 { Sir | Knave is a fool in a ses - sion; }
 { :d | l_i : -s_i : f_i | f_i : -s_i : f_i | l_i : t_i }
 { He's | there but a 'pren - tice, I | trow, }
 { :d | r : r : r : d | t_i : -l_i : t_i | s_i : - }
 { But | I am a fool by | pro-fes - sion. || }
 { :l | s : -l : f | m : -f : r | d : - }
 { My | gran - nie she | bought me a | henk, }
 { :d . l | s : -l : f | -m : d : -m | f : - }
 { And I | held a - wa | to the | school; }
 { :d . t_i | l_i : -s_i : f_i | f_i : -s_i : f_i | l_i : t_i : - }
 { I | fear I my | tal - ent mis - tenk, }
 { :d | r : m : r | d : -t_i : l_i | s_i : - }
 { But | what will ye | hae of a | fool? || }

For drink I would venture my neck;
 A hizzie 's the half o' my craft;
 But what could ye other expect
 Of ane that 's avowedly daft?
 I anee was tied up like a stirk,
 For civilly swearing and quaffing;
 I anee was abused i' the kirk,
 For towzling a lass i' my daffin'.
 Poor Andrew that tumbles for sport
 Let naeboddy name wi' a jeer;
 There 's even, I 'm tauld, i' the court,
 A tumbler ca'd the Premier.
 Observed ye yon reverend lad
 Mak faces to tickle the mob?
 He rails at our mountebank squad—
 It 's rivalryship just i' the job.
 And now my conclusion I 'll tell,
 For faith I 'm confoundedly dry;
 The chiel that 's a fool for himsel',
 Gude L—d! he 's far dafter than I.

SONGS OF BURNS.

THE LOVER'S MORNING SALUTE TO HIS MISTRESS.

Key B[♭].—ANDANTE.

TUNE—"Deil tak' the Wars."

{ ḍ : ḍ . m | ṃ . r : ḍ . ṭ | ḍ . ṣ : ḷ . ṭ , ḍ | ḷ , ṣ : f̣ . ṃ }
{ Sleep'st thou, or wak'st thou, fair - est crea - ture? }

{ ṃ , ṣ : ṣ , ḍ | ḍ : - . r | ṃ . f̣ . ṣ : f̣ . ṃ | ṃ : r }
{ Ro - sy morn now lifts his eye, }

{ ḍ : ḍ . m | ṃ . r : ḍ . ṭ | ḍ . ṣ : ḷ . ṭ , ḍ | ḷ . ṣ : f̣ . ṃ }
{ Num - ber-ing il - ka bud which Na - ture }

{ ṃ , ṣ : ṣ , ḍ | ḍ : ṣ . f̣ | ṃ : ṛ . ḍ , ṛ | ḍ : | : ṃ }
{ Wa - ters wi' the tears o' joy. || Now, }

{ ṃ . ḍ : ṃ . ṣ | ṃ . ḍ : ḍ | ṛ . ṭ : ṛ . ṣ | ṛ . ṭ : ṛ }
{ to the streaming fountain, Or up the heathly mountain, The }

{ ṃ . f̣ : ṃ . ḍ | ṛ . ṃ : ṛ . ṭ | ḍ . ṛ : ṃ . ṛ . ḍ , ṭ | ḷ : ḍ }
{ hart, hind, and roe, free ly, wildly wan-ton stray; In }

{ ṣ , ḷ : ṣ . ṃ | ṣ : ṣ | ṣ , ḷ : ṣ . ṃ | ṣ : ṣ }
{ twining hazel bow'r, His lay the lin-net pours; The }

{ ṣ , ṛ : ṛ . ṃ | ṃ . ṛ : ṛ . ṃ | f̣ . ṃ : ṛ . ḍ | ḍ : ṭ . ḷ }
{ lay'rock to the sky A - scends wi' sangs o' joy, While the }

{ ṣ , ḷ : ṣ . ṃ | ṣ : ṣ . f̣ | ṃ : ṛ . ḍ , ṛ | ḍ : }
{ sun and thou arise to bless the day. || }

Phœbus gilding the brow o' morning,
Banishes ilk darksome shade,
Nature gladdening and adorning;
Such to me my lovely maid.
When frae my Chloris parted,
Sad, cheerless, broken-hearted,
The night's gloomy shades, cloudy, dark, o'ercast my sky.
But when she charms my sight,
In pride of Beauty's light—
When through my very heart
Her burning glories dart;
'Tis then, 'tis then I wake to life and joy!

Note.—For variations in these two stanzas see footnotes on p. 72, vol. ii.



STAY, MY CHARMER, CAN YOU LEAVE ME?

Key C.—SLOW.

TUNE—"The Black-haired Lad."

{ ḍ : ṭ . ḷ | ṣ : f̣ . ṃ | f̣ : ṣ . ṭ a | ḷ : ṣ }
{ Stay, my char - mer, can you leave me? }

{ ḍ : ṛ , ṃ | f̣ : ṃ . ṛ | ḍ , ṃ : ṛ . ḍ | ṭ . ḷ : ṣ }
{ Cru - el, cru - el, to de - ceive me! }

{ f̣ : ṃ , f̣ | ṛ : ṃ , ḍ | ṭ : ḍ , ṃ | ṛ . f̣ : ṃ . ṛ }
{ Well you know how much you grieve me; }

H

{ ḍ : ṭ . ḷ | ṣ : ḍ . f̣ | ṃ : ṛ . ḍ , ṛ | ḍ : - }
{ Cru - el char - mer, can you go? }

{ f̣ : ṃ , f̣ | ṃ . ṛ : ṃ . ḍ | ṣ : ṛ . ḍ , ṛ | ḍ : - }
{ Cru - el char - mer, can you go? || }

By my love so ill requited,
By the faith you fondly plighted,
By the pangs of lovers slighted,
Do not, do not leave me so!
Do not, do not leave me so!



THE BANKS O' DOON.

FIRST VERSION.

Key B[♭].—SLOW.

TUNE—"Katherine Ogie."

{ ḷ , ṣ | ṃ : ḷ , ṭ | ḷ : - ṭ | ḍ : ṭ , ḷ | ḷ }
{ Sweet are the banks — the banks o' Doon, }

{ ṭ . ḍ | ṛ : - ṃ | ṛ . ṭ : ḷ . ṭ | ṣ : - ḷ | ṭ }
{ The spread - ing flowers are fair, }

{ ḷ , ṣ | ṃ : ḷ , ṭ | ḷ : - ṭ | ḍ , ṛ : ṭ , ḍ | ḷ }
{ And ev - 'ry - thing is blythe and glad, }

{ ḷ , ṣ | ṃ : ṛ . ḍ | ḍ . ṛ : ṭ . ḍ | ḷ : - ṃ }
{ But I am fu' o' care, || }

{ ḷ , ṭ | ḍ . ṛ : ṃ . f̣ | ṣ : - ḷ | ṣ . ṃ : ṛ . ṃ | ṣ }
{ Thou'll break my heart, thou bon - nie bird, }

{ ṛ . ḍ | ṭ : ṣ . ṃ | ṛ . ṭ : ḷ . ṭ | ṣ : - ḷ | ṭ }
{ That sings up - ou the bough; }

{ ḷ . ṣ | ḍ : ṭ . ḷ | ḷ : - ṃ | ḷ . ṭ : ḍ . ṛ | ṃ }
{ Thou minds me o' the lap - py days }

{ ṛ . ḍ | ṛ . ṃ : ṣ . ḷ | ṣ . ṃ : ṛ . ḍ | ḷ : - ṃ }
{ When my fause Love was true, || }

Thou 'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
That sings beside thy mate;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
To see the woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its Love,
And sae did I o' mine:

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Upon its thorny tree;
But my fause Luvèr staw my rose,
And left the thorn wi' me:

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Upon a morn in June;
And sae I flourished on the morn,
And sae was pu'd or noon!

SONGS OF BURNS.

CRAIGIEBURN WOOD.*

Key F.—VERY SLOW, WITH EXPRESSION. TUNE—"Craigieburn Wood."

{ :s . f | m : -r : d | r : m : s | l : -t : d | s.m : - }
 { Sweet | fa's the eve on | Craig - ie - burn, }

{ :d | d' : -t : l | s : m : d | r : - : - | s : - }
 { And | blythe a - wakes the | mor - row, }

{ :s . f | m : -r : d | r : m : s | l : -t : d | s.m : - }
 { But | a' the pride o' | spring's re - turn }

{ :d | d' : -t : l | s : m : d | r : - : - | s : - || }
 { Can | yield me nocht but | sor - row. }

{ :s | l : d' : t | d' : -r' : m' | r' : -d' : t | t : l }
 { I | see the flow'rs and | spread - ing trees, }

{ :s | l : d' : t | d' : -r' : m' | m' : - : - | d' : - }
 { I | hear the wild birds | sing - ing; }

{ :t . d' | r' : d' : t | d' : -t : l | s : m : s | d' : - }
 { But | what a wea - ry | wight can please, }

{ :d' . t | l : -t : d' | s : m : d | r : - : - | s' : - || }
 { And | care his bo - som | wring - ing? }

Fain, fain would I my griefs impart,
 Ye darena for your anger;
 But secret love will break my heart,
 If I conceal it langer.
 If thou refuse to pity me,
 If thou shalt love anither,
 When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,
 Around my grave they 'll wither.



THE BAIRNS GAT OUT.

Key C.—LIVELY: TUNE—"The Deuks Dang o'er my Daddie."

{ m' . r' | d' : - : s | m : r : d | r : m : r | t : - : l . t }
 { The | bairns gat out wi' an | un - co shout, The }

{ d' : - : s | m : - : r | m : d : - | d : - : m' . r' }
 { deuks | dang o'er my | dad - die, O! The }

{ d' : - : s | m : r : d | r : m : r | t : - : l . t }
 { tient - | ma - care, quo' the | feir - rie auld wife, He }

{ d' : d' : s | m : - : r | m : d : - | d : - : s }
 { was | but a paid - lin' | bo - dy, O! He }

{ d' : t | d' : l : t : d' | r' : m' : d' | t : l : s }
 { pai - | dles out, and he | pai - dles in, An' he }

{ d' : t | d' : r' : m' : f' | m' : d' : d' | d' : - : m' }
 { pai - | dles late and | ear - ly, O: This }

{ f' : m' : f' | l : t : d' | r' : m' : d' | t : - : l . t }
 { sev - en | lang years I | hae | lien by his side, An' he }

{ d' : d' : s | m : m : r | m : d : d | d : - }
 { is | but a fu - sion - less | car - lie, O. }

* Burns sent to Johnson's "Museum" another version of this song. See vol. i. p. 195.

O, haud your tongue, my feirrie auld wife,
 O, haud your tongue now, Nansie, O,
 I've seen the day, and sae hae ye,
 Ye wadna been sae donsie, O!
 I've seen the day ye butter'd my brose,
 And cuddled me late and early, O!
 But downa does come o'er me now,
 And, och! I feel it sairly, O!



THE BLUDE-RED ROSE AT YULE MAY BLAW.

Sono. Key G.—MODERATE. TUNE—"To Daunton me."

{ :t . r | m : l . t | l : r . d | t : l . t | s }
 { The | blude - red rose at | Ynle may blaw, }

{ :s . l | t . l : s . m | s . m : r . t | m : l . t | l }
 { The | sim - mer li - lies | bloom in snaw, }

{ :t . r | m : l . t | l : r . d | t . d : l . t | s }
 { The | frost may freeze the | deep - est sea, }

{ :s . l | t . l : s . m | s . m : r . t | m : l . t | l || }
 { But an | auld man shall ne - ver | daun - ton me. }

CHORUS.

{ :t . l | s : s . l | s : - : l | t . l : s . m | r }
 { To | daun - ton me, and | me sae young, }

{ :s | m : l . t | l : - : t | d' . t : l . s | m }
 { Wi' | hns fause heart and | flat - t'ring tongue, }

{ :s . l | t : d' . t | l : t . l | s . l : s . m | r }
 { That | is the thing you | ne'er shall see, }

{ :s . l | t . l : s . m | s . m : r . t | m : l . t | l || }
 { For an | auld man shall ne - ver | daun - ton me. }

For a' his meal and a' his maut,
 For a' his fresh beef and his saut,
 For a' his gold and white monie,
 The auld man shall never daunton me.
 To daunton me, &c.

His gear may buy him kye and yowes,
 His gear may buy him glens and knowes;
 But me he shall not buy nor fee,
 For an auld man shall never daunton me.
 To daunton me, &c.

He hirples twa-fauld as he dow,
 Wi' his toothless gab and his auld beld pow,
 And the rain rains down frae his red bleard e'e;
 That auld man shall never daunton me.

To daunton me, &c.

SONGS OF BURNS.

THE CATRINE WOODS WERE YELLOW SEEN.

Key A.—ANDANTE.

{ s₁ | d : — : s₁ | d : — : r | m : — : f | s : — : }

{ The | Cat - rine woods were | yel - low seen, }

{ f | m : r | d | d : — : t₁ | l₁ | r : — : d : t₁ | l₁ | s₁ : — : }

{ The | flowers de - cay'd on | Cat - rine lee, }

{ s₁ | d : — : s₁ | d : — : r | m : — : f | s : — : }

{ Nae | lav - 'rock sang on | hil - lock green, }

{ f | m : r | d | l : — : s : f | m : — : f : r | d : — : }

{ But | na - ture siek - en'd on | the e'e. }

{ s | l : — : f | f : m : r | s : — : f : m : r | d : t₁ }

{ Thro' | fad - ed groves Ma - ri - a sang, }

{ d | r : — : r | r : m : d | t₁ : — : d : l₁ | s₁ : — : }

{ Her - sel' in beau - ty's | bloom the while; }

{ s₁ | d : — : s₁ | d : — : r | m : — : f | s : — : }

{ And | aye the wild - wood | ech - oes rang, }

{ f | m : — : r : d | l : — : s : f | m : — : f : r | d : — : }

{ Fare - weel the braes o' | Bal - loch - myle. }

Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,
Again ye 'll flourish fresh and fair;
Ye birdies dumb, in with'ring bowers,
Again ye 'll charm the vocal air.
But here, alas! for me nae mair
Shall birdie charm, or floweret smile;
Fareweel the bonnie banks of Ayr,
Fareweel, fareweel, sweet Ballochmyle!



THE COOPER O' CUDDIE

Key G.—LIVELY.

TUNE—"Bab at the Bowster."

{ m | f : — : s : l : t | d¹ : s : m | r : m : d | t₁ : — : }

{ The | coop - er o' Cud - die cam' | here a - wa', }

{ s₁ | d : — : s | m : s : m | d : — : s | m : — : }

{ He | ca'd the girrs out | owre us a'— }

{ m | f : — : s : l : t | d¹ : s : m | r : — : m : r | t : — : }

{ An' | our gude wife has | got - ten a ca', }

{ l : t | d¹ : t : l | s : l : f | m : — : — : | d : — : }

{ That | anger'd the sil - ly gude - man, O. }

CHORUS.

{ r : m | f : — : f | m : f : m | r : — : d | t₁ : — : }

{ We'll | hide the coop - er be - hind the door, }

{ s₁ | d : r : d | m : r : m | d : r : d | m : r : }

{ Be - hind the door, be - hind the door, }

{ m | f : — : f | m : f : m | r : m : r | t : l : }

{ We'll | hide the cooper be - hind the door, }

{ t | d¹ : t : l | s : l : f | m : — : — : | d : — : }

{ And | cov - er him un - der a | mawn, O. }

He sought them out, he sought them in,
Wi' deil hae her! and deil hae him!
But the body was sae doited and blin',
He wist na where he was gaun, O.
We 'll hide the cooper, &c.

They cooper'd at e'en, they cooper'd at morn
Till our gudeman has gotten the scorn;
On ilka brow she 's planted a horn,
And swears that they shall stan', O.
We 'll hide the cooper, &c.



THE DAY RETURNS, MY BOSOM BURNS.

Key D.

TUNE—"Seventh of November."

{ d¹ | s : m | m : r : d | l : r | r : d¹ | s : m }

{ The | day re - turns, my bo - som burns, The bliss - ful }

{ f : m : r : d | s₁ : d | d : d¹ | s : m | m : r : d }

{ day we | twa did meet; Though | win - ter wild in }

{ l : r | r : d : r | m : d¹ | l | s : m : r : d | s₁ : d | d¹ }

{ tem - pest toil'd, Ne'er | sum - mer sunn was | half so sweet }

{ s : l | d¹ : d¹ | m¹ : r : d¹ | l : r¹ | r¹ : d¹ | l | s : l : d¹ : r¹ }

{ Than | a' the pride that | loads the tide, And | cross - es }

{ m¹ : r : d¹ | s : d¹ | d¹ : s : f : l : f | m : s : m }

{ o'er the | sul - try line; Than | king - ly robes, than }

{ l₁ : r | r : d¹ | l : s : m : l | s : m : r : d | s₁ : d | d¹ }

{ crowns and | globes, Heav'n | gave me more, it | made thee mine }

While day and night can bring delight,
Or Nature aught of pleasure give;
While joys above my mind can move,
For thee, and thee alone, I live!
When that grim foe of life below
Comes in between to make us part;
The iron hand that breaks our band,
It breaks my bliss—it breaks my heart!



THE EXCISEMAN.

Key F.—ALLEGRETTO.

TUNE—"The Hemp-Dresser."

{ d | d : — : s | s : l : s | s : f : m | r : m }

{ The | deil cam' fid - dlin' | through the town, }

{ f | s : — : d | d : d : r | m : — : — : | s : — : }

{ And | danc'd awa' wi' th' Ex - cise - - man, }

{ d | d : — : s | s : l : s | s : f : m | r : m }

{ And | il - ka wife cries | "Auld Ma - houn, }

{ f | s : — : d | d : d : r | m : — : — : | s : — : }

{ I | wish you luck o' the | prize, man! "

CHORUS.

{ s | m : — : r : m | d : — : r : m | r : — : d : r | s₁ : — : }

{ The | deil's a - wa', the deil's a - wa', }

{ s₁ | d : — : d | d : d : r | m : — : — : | s : — : }

{ The | deil's a - wa' wi' th' Ex - cise - - man, }

{ s : f | m : — : r : m | d : — : r : m | r : — : d : r | s₁ : — : }

{ He's | danc'd a - wa', he's | danc'd a - wa', }

{ t | d¹ : — : d | d : d : r | m : — : — : | s : — : }

{ He's | danc'd a - wa' wi' th' Ex - cise - - man. }

SONGS OF BURNS.

We'll mak our maut, we'll brew our drink,
We'll laugh, sing, and rejoice, man;
And mony braw thanks to the meikle black deil
That danced awa' wi' th' Exeisman.

The deil's awa', &c.

There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,
There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man;
But the ae best dance e'er cam to the land
Was—the deil's awa' wi' th' Exeisman.

The deil's awa', &c.



THE GLOOMY NIGHT IS GATHERING FAST.

Key E♭.

TUNE—"Roslin Castle."

{	d	.	t		l	:	m	.	f		m	:	r	.	m		f	.	m	:	r	.	d		t		}	
The	gloom	-	y		night	is		gath	-	ring	fast,																	
{	d	.	t		l	:	l	.	t		d	:	t	.	l		se	.	l	:	t	.	se		m		}	
Loud	roars	the		wild	in-	con	-	stant	blast,																			
{	r	.	m		f	.	m	:	r	.	d		t	:	d	.	r		m	.	d	:	t	.	l		se	
Yon	mur	-	ky		cloud	is		foul	with	rain,																		
{	l	.	t		d	:	l	:	t	.	se		l	.	m	:	r	.	m		d	:	t	.	l		l	
I	see	it		driv	-	ing		o'er	the	plaid.																		
{	m		l	:	l	.	t		d	:	t	.	l		m	.	r	:	d	.	r		t		}			
The	hun	-	ter		now	has		left	the	moor,																		
{	l	.	se		l	.	m	:	l	.	t		d	:	t	.	l		m	.	r	:	d	.	r		d	
The	scat	-	tred		co	-	veys	met	se	-	care;																	
{	r	.	m		f	.	m	:	r	.	d		t	:	d	.	r		m	.	d	:	t	.	l		se	
While	here	I		wan	-	der		prest	with	care,																		
{	l	.	t		d	:	l	:	t	.	se		l	.	m	:	r	.	m		d	:	t	.	l		l	
A	long	the		lone	-	ly		banks	of	Ayr.																		

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn
By early Winter's ravage torn;
Across her placid, azure sky,
She sees the scowling tempest fly;
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave;
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr.

'Tis not the surging billow's roar,
'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore;
Though death in every shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear!
But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpierced with many a wound;
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.

Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales;
The scenes where wretched Fancy roves,
Pursuing past, unhappy loves!
Farewell, my friends! farewell, my foes!
My peace with these, my love with those—
The bursting tears my heart declare;
Farewell, the bonnie banks of Ayr!



THE HEATHER WAS BLOOMING, THE MEADOWS WERE MAWN.

Key C.

TUNE—"The Tailor's March."

{	s	.	f		m	:	f	:	s		m	:	r	:	m		d	:	l	:	—	:	l		l	:	—			
The	hea	-	ther	was	bloom	-	ing	the	meadows	were	mawn,																			
{	s	.	f		m	:	f	:	s		m	:	r	:	m		d	:	l	:	—	:	s		s	:	—			
Our	lads	gaed	a	-	hunt	-	ing	ae	day	at	the	dawn;																		
{	s	.	f		m	:	s	:	m		f	:	l	:	f		m	:	r	:	d		l	:	—					
O'er	moors	and	o'er	moss	-	es	and	mon	-	y	a	glen,																		
{	s	.	f		m	:	s	:	m		f	:	l	:	f		m	:	r	:	d		l	:	—					
Take	some	on	the	wing,	and	some	as	they	spring,																					
{	d	.	r		m	:	l	:	s	:	f		m	:	r	:	d		d	:	l	:	—	:	s		s	:	—	
At	length	they	dis	-	cov	-	er'd	a	bonnie	moor	hen.																			
{	d	.	r		m	:	l	:	s	:	f		m	:	r	:	d		d	:	l	:	—	:	s		s	:	—	
But	can	-	ni	-	ly	steal	on	a	bonnie	moor	hen.																			

Sweet brushing the dew from the brown heather-bells,
Her colours betray'd her on yon mossy fells;
Her plumage outlusted the pride o' the spring,
And O! as she wanton'd gay on the wing.

I rede you beware, &c.

Auld Phœbus himsel', as he peep'd o'er the hill,
In spite at her plumage he trièd his skill;
He levell'd his rays where she bask'd on the brae—
His rays were outshone, and but mark'd where she lay.

I rede you beware, &c.

They hunted the valley, they hunted the hill;
The best of our lads wi' the best o' their skill;
But still as the fairest she sat in their sight,
Then, whirr! she was over a mile at a flight.

I rede you beware, &c.



THE LADDIES BY THE BANKS O' NITH.

AN ELECTION BALLAD.

Key G.—SLOW.

TUNE—"Up and Warn a'."

{	s		d	.	l	:	s	.	m		f	.	f	:	l		d	.	l	:	s	.	m		r	:	r	.	l			
The	lad	-	dies	by	the	banks	o'	Nith	Wad	trust	his	grace	wi'	a',																		
{	t	.	t		d	.	l	:	s	.	m		f	.	s	:	l		d	.	s	.	f	:	m	.	r		d	:	s	
But	he'll	sair	them	as	he	sair'd	the	king,	Turn	tail	and	rin	a	-	wa',																	

SONGS OF BURNS.

CHORUS

{ d, d, - m, d | f : f, l, - | d, d, - m, d | r : - m }
{ Up and waur them a', Jamie, | Up and waur them a'; 'The }

{ d, r : m, d | f, f, - f, l | s, f : m, r | d : }
{ Johnstones hae the guidin' o't, Ye | turncoat Whigs, a - wa'! }

The day he stude his country's friend,
Or gied her face a claw, Jamie,
Or frae puir man a blessin' wan,
That day the Duke ne'er saw, Jamie.
Up and waur, &c.

But wha is he, his country's boast ?
Like him there is na twa, Jamie ;
There 's no a callant tents the kye,
But kens o' Westerha', Jamie.
Up and waur, &c.

To end the wark, here 's Whistlebirk,
Lang may his whistle blaw, Jamie ;
And Maxwell true, o' sterling blue,
And we 'll be Johnstones a', Jamie.
Up and waur, &c.



THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MOOR.

Key D.—Slow.

TUNE—"The last time I came o'er the Moor."

{ s, f | m : r, d | d' : - r' | m' : r' | d' | t }
{ The | last time I came o'er the moor, }

{ l, s | l : - s | m, r : m, s | l : - t | d' }
{ And | left Ma-ri - as dwell - ing, }

{ s, f | m : r, d | d' : - r' | m' : r' | d' | t }
{ What | throes, what tor - tures | pass - ing enre, }

{ l, s | l, t : d' | r' | m' : r' | d' | t | l : - t | d' }
{ Were | in my bo - som | swell - ing! }

{ r' | d' | t : l, s | s : - m' | r' : t : l, t | s }
{ Con - demn'd to drag a | hope - less chain, }

{ - m | s : - l | s, l : s, m | s : - d' }
{ And | yet in se - eret | lan - guish; }

{ s | l, s : l, d' | l : s, m | s, m : s, l | d' }
{ To | feel a fire in | ev' - ry vein, }

{ - r' | m' : r' | d' | l | s, l : d' | f | m : r | d }
{ Yet | dare not speak my | an - guish. }

The wretch of love unseen, unknown,
I fain my crime would cover :
The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,
Betray the guilty lover.

I know my doom must be despair,
Thou wilt nor canst relieve me ;
But oh, Maria, hear my prayer,
For Pity's sake, forgive me !

The music of thy tongue I heard,
Nor wist while it enslav'd me :
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,
Till fear no more had sav'd me :
The unwary sailor thus, aghast,
The wheeling torrent viewing,
'Mid circling horrors yields at last
To overwhelming ruin.

The following is a later variation of the same song adapted to a different tune:—

Key B♭.—ANDANTE.

TUNE—"Nancy 's to the Greenwood game."

{ s | s : - l | l, s : f, m | f, m : r, d | l }
{ Fare - well, thou stream that | wind - ing flows }

{ - d | s : - l | s, l : s, m | s : - d }
{ A - round E - li - za's | dwell - ing! }

{ s | l : l, t, d | l, s : f, m | f, m : r, d | l }
{ O | mem - ry, spare the | cru - el throes }

{ d | s : - l | s, l : d, m | s : - d }
{ With - in my bo - som | swell - ing: }

{ s | d : m | m : r, m | f, m : r, d | l }
{ Con - demn'd to drag a | hope - less chain, }

{ s, l | d : m | f, m : r, d | m : - f | s }
{ And | yet in se - cret | lan - guish; }

{ l | s : - m | f, m : r, m | f, m : r, d | l }
{ To | feel a fire in | ev' - ry vein, }

{ f | m, f : s : - s, l, s : m | s : - d }
{ Nor | dare dis - close my | an - guish. }

Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,
I fain my griefs would cover :
The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,
Betray the hapless lover.
I know thou doomst me to despair,
Nor wilt, nor canst relieve me :
But oh ! Eliza, hear one prayer—
For pity's sake forgive me !

The music of thy voice I heard,
Nor wist while it enslav'd me ;
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,
Till fears no more had sav'd me :
Th' unwary sailor thus aghast,
The wheeling torrent viewing,
'Mid circling horrors sinks at last
In overwhelming ruin

SONGS OF BURNS.

THE LAZY MIST.

Key A

{ s₁ | s₁ : d : d | d : - r : m | l : s : m : d | r : - }
 { The | la - zy | mist | hangs from the | brow of the | hill, }
 { l | l : s : m : d | r : t₁ : s₁ | s₁ : l : d : d | d : - }
 { Con- | ceal - ing | the | course of the | dark wind-ing, | fill; }
 { s₁ | s₁ : d : d | d : - r : m | l : s : m : d | r : - }
 { How | lan - guid the | scenes, late so | sprightly, ap- | pear! }
 { l | l : s : m : d | r : t₁ : s₁ | s₁ : l : d : d | d : - }
 { As | Au - tumn to | Win-ter re- | signs the pale | year. || }
 { l | s : m : d | r : - d : r | m : d' : l | s : - }
 { The | for - ests are | leaf - less, the | meadows are | brown, }
 { l | l : s : m : d | l : s : m : d | r : s₁ : s₁ | s₁ : - }
 { And | all the | gay | fop - pery of | sum - mer is | flown; }
 { s₁ | s₁ : d : d | d : - r : m | l : s : m : d | r : - }
 { A - | part let me | wan - der, a- | part let me | muse, }
 { m : s | l : s : m : l : s | m : r : d : l : s₁ | l₁ : d : d | d : - }
 { How | quick Time is | fly - ing, how | keen Fate pur- | sues! || }

How long I have lived—but how much lived in vain;
 How little of life's scanty span may remain;
 What aspects old Time, in his progress, has worn;
 What ties cruel fate in my bosom has torn!
 How foolish, or worse, till our summit is gain'd!
 And downward, how weaken'd, how darken'd, how pain'd!
 This life's not worth having with all it can give—
 For something beyond it poor man, sure, must live.



THE LOVELY LASS O' INVERNESS.

Key D.—Slow.

TUNE—"The Lovely Lass of Inverness."

{ s : l : t | d' : s : f | m : d' | r' : m' : d' : m | r }
 { The | love - ly | lass | o' | In - ver - ness, }
 { d | s : l : t | d' | t : - d' | r' : m' : f : m' | r' }
 { Nae | joy | nor | plea - sure | can | she | see; }
 { s : f | m : f : m | r : s | l : t : d' : r' | t }
 { For | e'en | to | mora | she | cries | a - las! }
 { l : s | r' : m' : f : s' : m' : - r' : d' | t : l : s | s }
 { And | aye | the | saut | tear | hlin's | her | e'e. || }
 { s : d' : r' : m' | l : f : m' | r' : d' : t : l | se }
 { Drum- | os - sie | moor, | Drum- | os - sie | day; }
 { - m : f : m : r | m : l : t : t : - l | l }
 { A | wae - fu' | day | it | was | to me! }
 { - d' : s : m : - r : d | d : - r | m : d' : - s : m : - s }
 { For | there | I | lost | my | fa - ther | dear, }
 { m' : s' | l' : s' : m' | r' : d' : l : t : d' | s : m : - r : d | d }
 { My | fa - ther | dear, | and | breth - ren | three. || }

Their winding-sheet the bluidy clay,
 Their graves are growin' green to see;
 And by them lies the dearest lad
 That ever blest a woman's e'e!

Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
 A bluidy man I trow thou be;
 For mony a heart thou hast made sair,
 That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee!



NITHSDALE'S WELCOME HAME.

Key D.—SLOWISH.

{ m' : r' | d' : d : d : r | d : r : d : m | r : d : r : m | r' : r' : m' }
 { The | noble Maxwells and their powers | Are | coming o'er the bor - der, And }
 { f' : m' : r' : d' | l : s : l : d' | s : d' : m : d' | r : d' | s }
 { they'll gae big Terreagles' towers And | set them a' in or - der. || And }
 { d' : r' : d' : t | l : s : l : d' | s : l : d' : m' | r' : d' : r' : m' }
 { they de - clare Ter - rea - gles fair, For | their a - bode they choose it; There's }
 { s : d' : d' : t | l : s : l : d' | s : d' : m : d' | r : d : s }
 { no a heart in a' the land But's | lighter at the news o't. And }
 { d' : r' : d' : t | l : s : l : d' | s : l : d' : m' | r' : d' : r' : m' }
 { they de - clare Ter - rea - gles fair, For | their a - bode they choose it; There's }
 { f' : m' : r' : d' | l : s : l : d' | s : l : d' : m' | r' : d' }
 { no a heart in a' the land But's | lighter at the news o't. || }

Though stars in skies may disappear,
 And angry tempests gather;
 The happy hour may soon be near
 That brings us pleasant weather:
 The weary night o' care and grief
 May hae a joyfu' morrow;
 So dawning day has brought relief,
 Fareweel our night o' sorrow.



THE CHEVALIER'S LAMENT.

Key G.—Slow.

TUNE—"Captain O'Kean."

{ l : m₁ : l₁ : t₁ | d : - : t₁ : l₁ | t₁ : d : r : d : t₁ : l₁ | s₁ : l₁ : t₁ }
 { The | small birds re-joyce | in the | green leaves re - turning, The }
 { d : m : d | r : d : t : l : s₁ | m₁ : l₁ : l₁ | l₁ : - : l₁ }
 { mur - mur-ing stream-let winds | clear through the vale; The }
 { m₁ : l₁ : t₁ | d : - : t₁ : l₁ | t₁ : d : r : d : t₁ : l₁ | s₁ : l₁ : t₁ }
 { prim-ros - es | blow | in the | dew of the morning, And }
 { d : m : d | r : d : t : l : s₁ | m₁ : l₁ : l₁ | l₁ : - : l₁ : t₁ }
 { wild scattered cow-slips be - | deck the green dale: || But }
 { d : m : m | m : m : r : d | t₁ : r : r | r : - : s : s }
 { what can give pleasure, or | what can seem fair, While the }
 { m : l : t | d' : - : t : l | m : l : se | l : - : l : t }
 { lin - ger-ing mo-ments are | num-ber'd by care? No }
 { d' : - : t : l | s : f : m | r : t₁ : s | s₁ : - : l : t₁ }
 { flow'rs gaily springing, nor | birds sweet-ly sing-ing, Can }
 { d : m : d | r : d : t : l : s₁ | m₁ : - : l : l₁ | l₁ : - }
 { soothe the sad bo - som of | joy - less de - spair. || }

SONGS OF BURNS.

The deed that I dared, could it merit their malice,
A king and a father to place on his throne?
His right are these hills, and his right are these valleys,
Where the wild beasts find shelter, though I can find none.
But 'tis not my sufferings thus wretched, forlorn;
My brave gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn;
Your deeds proved so loyal in hot bloody trial—
Alas! can I make you no sweeter return!



THE SMILING SPRING.

Key G.—SLOW.

{ s₁ | d.s₁:d | m.f | s.m:s | d'l | s.f:m | r.d }
{ The | smiling Spring comes | in rejoicing, And | surly Win-ter }
{ m.d:l₁ | -:s₁ | d.s₁:d | m.f | s.m:s | d'l }
{ grimly flies; Now | crystal clear are the | falling wa-ters, And }
{ s.f:m | r.d | r,m:d | -: | d | m,f:s | s.l:t }
{ bonnie blue are the | sunny skies. | Fresh | o'er the mountains breaks }
{ d'l:t:l | s.:s | l.d'l:m | r.d | r.d:l₁ | -:s₁ }
{ forth the morn-ing, The | ev'ning gilds the | ocean's swell; All }
{ d.s:d | d.r:m | s.m:s | d'l | s.f:m | r.d | r,m:d }
{ creatures joy in the | sun's returning, And | I re-joice in my | bonnie Bell. }

The flowery Spring leads sunny Summer,
The yellow Autumn presses near;
Then in his turn comes gloomy Winter,
Till smiling Spring again appear:
Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,
Old Time and Nature their changes tell;
But never ranging, still unchanging,
I adore my bonnie Bell.



THE TAILOR.

Key A.

TUNE—"The Tailor's March."

{ s.f | m₁ | -:f:s₁ | m | -:r:m | d.l₁ | -: | l₁ | l₁ | -: }
{ The | tai - lor fell through the bed, | thimbles au' a', }
{ s₁ | m₁ | -:f:s₁ | m | -:r:m | d.s₁ | -: | s₁ | s₁ | -: }
{ The | tai - lor fell through the bed, | thimbles an' a'; }
{ s.f | m | s | m | f | -:l:f | m | -:r:d | l₁ | -: }
{ The | blankets were thin and the | sheets they were sma', }
{ d.r | m | -:s:f | m | -:r:d | d.l₁ | -: | s₁ | s₁ | -: }
{ The | tai - lor fell through the bed, | thimbles an' a' }

The sleepy bit lassie, she dreaded nae ill,
The sleepy bit lassie, she dreaded nae ill;
The weather was cauld, and the lassie lay still,
She thought that a tailor could do her nae ill.

Gie me the groat again, canny young man,
Gie me the groat again, canny young man;
The day it is short, and the night it is lang,
The dearest siller that ever I wan!
There's somebody weary wi' lying her lane,
There's somebody weary wi' lying her lane;
There's some that are dowie, I trow we'd be fain
To see the bit tailor come skippin' again.



THE BANKS OF NITH.

Key F.

{ d.r | m | s₁ | m | -:r | d | l₁.t₁ | s₁ }
{ The | Thames flows proud - ly | to the sea, }
{ m.f | s | -:l | s.l | s.m | f.m:r.d | r }
{ Where | roy - al cit - ies | state - ly stand; }
{ d.r | m | s₁ | m | -:r | d | l₁.t₁ | s₁ }
{ But | sweet - er flows the | Nith to me, }
{ s.f | m.s:r.m | d.m:l₁.d | s₁.d:t₁.r | d }
{ Where | Com - yns ane had | high com - mand; }
{ m.f | s | m | d'l | -:r | d'l,r,m | d.r | d }
{ When | shall I see that | hon - our'd land, }
{ m.f | s.m:m'l | d'l | s.m | r.d:r.m | s₁ }
{ That | wind - ing stream I | love so dear! }
{ d.r | m | s₁ | m | r.d | f | l₁ | f }
{ Must | way - ward For - tune's | ad - verse hand }
{ m.r | m.s:r.m | d.m:l₁.d | s₁.d:t₁.r | d }
{ For | ev - er, ev - er | keep me here? }

How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales,
Where spreading hawthorns gaily bloom;
How sweetly wind thy sloping dales,
Where lambskins wanton through the broom!
Though wandering, now, must be my doom,
Far frae thy bonnie banks and braes,
May there my latest hours consume,
Among the friends of early days!



THE WINTER IT IS PAST.

Key F.—VERY SLOW.

{ d.r | m,r:m.l | d | d'l,l | s.m:r.d | r }
{ The | winter it is past, and the | simmer's come at last, }
{ s.m | f.,s:l.t | d'l:t:l.se | l | -: | }
{ And the | small birds they sing on ev'ry tree; }
{ s.f | m.s:l.t | d'l | -:l | s.m:r.d | r }
{ Now | ev'-ry thing is glad, while | I am ve-ry sad, }
{ d.r | m | m.l | s.f:m.r | d | -: | }
{ Since my | true love is part - ed from me. }

SONGS OF BURNS.

The rose upon the breer, by the waters running clear,
May have charms for the linnet or the bee;
Their little loves are blest, and their little hearts at rest,
But my true love is parted from me.



CALEDONIA.

Key C — ANDANTINO.

TUNE—"The Humours of Glen."

{ m | l : d' t : l s e | l : m : m | m : d' : t | d' : m }
{ Their | groves o' sweet myr-tle let | for - eign lands reckon, }
{ m | l : d' t : l s e | l : m : d | r : m : s e | l : - }
{ Where | br'ght beam-ing sum-mers ex- | alt the per - fume; }
{ m | l : d' t : l s e | l : m : m | m : d' : t | d' : m }
{ For | dear - er to me you lone | glen o' green breckan, }
{ m . m | f : s . f : m . r | m : f . m : r . d | r : m : s e | l : - }
{ W' the | burn steal-ing un - der the | lang yel - low broom; }
{ s | s : d' : d' | d' : - m' : r' | d' t : d' r' : m' f | s' : - }
{ Far | dear - er to me are you | hum-ble bloom bowers, }
{ m' . d' | f' : m' : r' | m' : d' : l | s : m : s e | l : - }
{ Where the | blue - bell and gow-an lark | low - ly un - seen; }
{ t . d' | s : m : m | l : f : f | s : m : d' | l s : f . m }
{ For | there, light-ly trip-ping a - | mang the wild flow-ers, }
{ r . d' | s : m : d' | l s : f . m : r . d | r : m : s e | l : - }
{ A - | list-n'ing the lin - net, aft | wan - ders my Jean. }
{ t . d' | s : m : m | l : f : f | s : m : d' | l s : f . m }
{ For | there, light-ly trip-ping a - | mang the wild flow-ers, }
{ r . d' | f' : - m' : r' | m' : d' : l | r : m : s e | l : - }
{ A - | list - 'ning the lin - net, aft | wan - ders my Jean. }

Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay, sunny valleys,
And could Caledonia's blast on the wave:
Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace
What are they?—The haunt of the tyrant and slave!
The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains.
The brave Caledonian views w' dislain;
He wanders as free as the winds o' his mountains,
Save love's willing fetters, the chains o' his Jean.
He wanders as free, &c.



AULD ROB MORRIS.

Key D — MODERATO.

TUNE—"Auld Rob Morris."

{ m . r | d : l : s : l | l : d : d' : l | s : f . m : r . d }
{ There's | auld Rob | Mor - ris that wons in yen }
{ r : - : m . r | d . r : d . l : s : l | l : d : d' : l }
{ glen, | He's the king o' guid | fel - lows and }
{ s : f . m : r . m | d : - : f . m | r : r : m . s }
{ wale of | auld men; | He has | gowd in his }
{ l : l : d . r | m' : r' : d' : l : s . m | r : - : m . r }
{ cof - lers, | he has | ow - sen and kine, And }
{ d . r . d . l : s : l | l : d : d' : l | s : f . m : r . m | d : - }
{ ae bon - nie | las - sie, his | dar - ling and mine. }

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May;
She's sweet as the ev'ning among the new hay;
As blythe and as artless as the lambs on the lea,
And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e.
But O! she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird,
And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard;
A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed,
The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead.

The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane;
The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane;
I wander my lane like a night-troubled ghaist,
And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.

O had she but been of a lower degree,
I then might ha'e hop'd she'd ha'e smil'd upon me!
O, how past describing had then been my bliss,
As now my distraction no words can express!



THERE'S A YOUTH IN THIS CITY.

Key G. — SLOWISH.

TUNE — A Gaelic Air.

{ l : s : l | m : l : l : l | l : s : l : l | t : l : t : t : s }
{ There's a | youth in this ci - ty, it | were a great pi - ty, }
{ m | r : t : r | s : m : s | r : t : s : l : s : - }
{ That | he from our lass-es should | wan-der a - wa'; }
{ l : s : l | m : l : l : l | l : - : s . l | t : l : t : l | l : - }
{ For he's | bon - nie and braw, weel | fa - vou'd with-a', }
{ s : f | m : - r : d | r : - d : t : m . d : - : l : l : - }
{ An' his | hair has a na - tu - ral | buekle an' a'. }

Key D

{ m | l : m : l | d' : - t : l | s : l : t | d' : - }
{ His | coat is the hue of his | bon-net sae blue; }
{ m' . r' | d' : - t : l | s : m : d' . l | s : m : d | d' : - }
{ His | feek - et is white as the | new driv - en snaw: }
{ l | r' : l : r' : m' | f' : - : m' : r' | d' : r' : m' | f' : - }
{ His | hose they are blae, and his | shoon like the slae, }
{ m' . r' | d' : - t : l | s . m : - : s | l : f : r : r : - }
{ And his | clear sil - ler buekles they | daz - zle us a'. }
{ l | r' : l : r' | f' : - : m' : r' | d' : r' : m' | f' : - }
{ His | coat is the hue of his | bon-net sae blue; }

Key G.

{ m' . r' | d' : - t : l | s : m : d' . l | s : m : d | d' : - }
{ His | feek - et is white as the | new driv - en snaw: }
{ l : s : l | m : l : l : l | l : - : s . l | t : l : t : l | l : - }
{ His | hose they are blae, and his | shoon like the slae, }
{ s : f | m : - r : d | r : - d : t : m : d : l : l : - }
{ And his | clear sil - ler buck - les they | daz - zle us a'. }

For beauty and fortune the laddie's been courtin';
Weel-featur'd, weel-tocher'd, weel-mounted, an' braw;
But chiefly the siller that gars him gang till her,
The penny's the jewel that beautifies a'.

SONGS OF BURNS.

There's Meg wi' the mailen that faun wad a haen him,
And Susie, wha's daddie was laird o' the Ha';
There's lang-tocher'd Nancy maist fetters his fancy,
But the laddie's dear sel' he lo'es dearest o' a'.



GALA WATER.

Key D.—VERY SLOW.

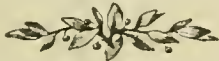
TUNE—"Gala Water."

{ . m | m : r, d | d : - . m | s : - . l | s . m : r . d }
{ There's | braw, braw lads on | Yar - row braes, That }
{ m : r | r : m . s | l . s : d' . t | l : s . s }
{ wan - der through the | bloom - ing hea - ther; But }
{ s : l . t | d' : - . r' | m' . r' : d' . l | d' : - . m }
{ Yar - row braes nor | Et - trick shaws, Can }
{ m : r . m | r : m . s | d' : - . t | l : s | m : r . d | d : - }
{ match the lads o' | Ga - la wa - ter. | Braw, braw lads. | }

But there is ane, a secret ane,
Aboon them a' I lo'e him better;
And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
The bonnie lad o' Gala Water.

Although his daddie was nae laird,
And though I ha'e na meikle tocher;
Yet, rich in kindest, truest love,
We'll tent our flocks by Gala Water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure;
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
O that's the chiefest warld's treasure!



THERE'S NEWS, LASSES, NEWS.

Key C.—MODERATO.

TUNE—"I Winna gang to my Bed until I get a Man."

{ . r' | m' : m' . d' | f' : - . r' | m' : m' . d' | l }
{ There's | news, lasses, news, Guid | news I've to tell! }
{ d' . r' | m' : m' . d' | f' : f' . r' | m' . f' . s' : r' . m' | d' }
{ There's a | boat - fu' o' lads Come to | our town to sell. }
{ f' | m' . f' . s' : s . l | s . l : d' . m | m . d : r . m | l }
{ The | wean wants a cradle, An' the | era-dle wants a cod, }
{ l . f' | m' . f' . s' : s . l | s . l : d' . m | r . d : r . m | l : - }
{ An' I'll | no gang to my bed, Un- | til I get a nod. }

Father, quo' she, Mither, quo' she,
Do what you can,
I'll no gang to my bed
Until I get a man.

The wean, &c.

I hae as guid a craft rig
As made o' yird and stane;
And waly fa' the ley-crap,
For I maun till'd again.

The wean, &c.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

Key D.—ALLEGRETTO.

TUNE—"We're a' dry wi' drinkin' o't."

{ . d | d . d : m . r | m . d : d . m | r . r : l . s | l . r : - . r . m }
{ There's | nought but care on ev'ry ban', In | ev'ry hour that passes, O; What }
{ f . m : f . l | s . m : d . m | r . f : m . r | d . l . - : l }
{ sig-ni - fies the life o' man An' | 'twere-na for the lasses, O. }
{ s : d' . t | d' . s : - : s | l : r' . d' | r' . l : - : l . t }
{ Green | grow the rashes, O, | Green grow the rashes, O; The }
{ d' . r' : d' . l | s . m : d . m | r . f : m . r | d . l . - : l }
{ sweet-est | hours that e'er I spend, Are | spent among the lasses, O. }

The warly race may riches chase,
And riches still may fly them, O!
And though at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O!
Green grow, &c.

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O!
And warly cares, an' warly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O!
Green grow, &c.

For you sae douse, ye sneer at this;
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O!
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
He dearly loved the lasses, O!
Green grow, &c.

Auld Nature swears the lovely dears,
Her noblest work she classes, O!
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O!
Green grow, &c.



RANTIN', ROVIN' ROBIN.*

Key D.—ALLEGRETTO.

TUNE—"O gin ye were dead, Guidman."

{ . d | d : d | s : d . r | m : r | r }
{ There | was a lad was | born in Kyle, }
{ m . r | d : d | s : d . r | m : d' | s }
{ But | what - na day o' | what - na style, }
{ . s | l . t : d' . s | m . f : s . m | l . s : f . m | r }
{ I | doubt it s bard - ly | worth the while, }
{ m . r | d : d' | s . l : s . f | m : - . r | d }
{ To | se sae nice wi' | Ro - bin. }
{ s . l | d' : d' | d' . r' : m' . d' | r' . d' : r' . m' | r' }
{ For | Ro - bin was a | ro - vin' boy, }
{ d' . l . l | s . l : d' . r' | d' . r' : m' . r' | d : s | l : s }
{ A | ran - tin', ro - vin', | ran - tin', ro - vin', }
{ l . t : d' . s | m . f : s . m | l . s : f . m | r . f }
{ Ro - bin was a | ro - vin' boy; }
{ m . r | d : d' | s . l : s . f | m : - . r | d }
{ O | ran - tin', ro - vin' | Ro - bin. }

* This is the modern adaptation of the song, "Dainty Davie" being the air to which it was originally set by Burns; see vol. i., page 38.

SONGS OF BURNS.

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
Was five-and-twenty days begun,
'Twas then a blast o' Janwar' win'
Blew hanel in on Robin.

For Robin was, &c.

The gossip keekit in his loof,
Quo' scho, "Wha lives will see the proof,
This waly boy will be nae coof;
I think we 'll ca' him Robin."

For Robin was, &c.

"He 'll hae misfortunes great and sma',
But aye a heart aboon them a';
He 'll be a credit till us a'—

We 'll a' be proud o' Robin!"

For Robin was, &c.

"But sure as three times three mak' nine,
I see by ilka score and line,
This chap will dearly like our kin',
So leeze me on thee, Robin!"

For Robin was, &c.

"Guid faith," quo' scho, "I doubt you 'll gar
The bonnie lasses lie aspar;
But twenty fants ye may hae waur—
So blessin's on thee, Robin!"

For Robin was, &c.



BONNIE JEAN.

Key D.—LIVELY.

TUNE—"Bonnie Jean."

{	<u>.m.</u>	<u>r</u>	<u>d</u>	<u>.d.r.m</u>	<u>s₁</u>	<u>:-</u>	<u>.l₁</u>	<u>d</u>	<u>.d.r</u>	<u>m</u>	}			
	There	was	a	lass,	and	she	was	fair,						
{	<u>.r</u>	<u>d</u>	<u>f</u>	<u>:-</u>	<u>.l</u>	<u>s</u>	<u>.m</u>	<u>.m.d</u>	<u>r.</u>	<u>.m</u>	<u>r.d</u>	<u>l₁</u>	}	
	At	kirk	or	mar	-	ket	to	be	seen;					
{	<u>.m.</u>	<u>r</u>	<u>d</u>	<u>.d.r.m</u>	<u>s₁</u>	<u>:-</u>	<u>.l₁</u>	<u>d</u>	<u>.d</u>	<u>d</u>	}			
	When	a'	the	fair	-	est	maids	were	met,					
{	<u>.t.</u>	<u>.l</u>	<u>s.</u>	<u>.l</u>	<u>s.m</u>	<u>r.</u>	<u>.m</u>	<u>f.s</u>	<u>m</u>	<u>.r.</u>	<u>d</u>	<u>d</u>		
	The	fair	-	est	maid	was	bon	-	nie	Jean.				
{	<u>.s.</u>	<u>.l</u>	<u>t</u>	<u>d</u>	<u>.d.r.m</u>	<u>s</u>	<u>:-</u>	<u>.l</u>	<u>d</u>	<u>.t</u>	<u>d</u>	<u>.r</u>	<u>m</u>	}
	And	aye	she	wrought	her	mam	-	mie's	wark,					
{	<u>.d</u>	<u>.r</u>	<u>m</u>	<u>.r</u>	<u>d</u>	<u>.l</u>	<u>s.</u>	<u>.l</u>	<u>d</u>	<u>.m</u>	<u>f.m</u>	<u>r.d</u>	<u>l₁</u>	}
	And	aye	she	sang	sae	mer	-	ri	-	lie:				
{	<u>.m.</u>	<u>r</u>	<u>d</u>	<u>.d.r.m</u>	<u>s₁</u>	<u>:-</u>	<u>.l₁</u>	<u>d</u>	<u>.d</u>	<u>d</u>	}			
	The	blyth	-	est	bird	up-	on	the	bush					
{	<u>.t.</u>	<u>.l</u>	<u>s.</u>	<u>.l</u>	<u>s.m</u>	<u>r.</u>	<u>.m</u>	<u>f.s</u>	<u>m</u>	<u>.r.</u>	<u>d</u>	<u>d</u>		
	Had	ne'er	a	light	-	er	heart	than	she.					

But hawks will rob the tender joys
That bless the little lintwhite's nest;
And frost will blight the fairest flowers,
And love will break the soundest rest.

Young Robie was the brawest lad,
The flower and pride of a' the glen;
And he had owsen, sheep, and kye,
And wanton naigies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,
He danc'd wi' Jeanie on the down;
And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown.
As in the bosom o' the stream,
The moonbeam dwells at dewy e'en;
So trembling, pure, was tender love
Within the breast o' bonnie Jean.

And now she works her mammie's wark,
And aye she sighs wi' care and pain;
Yet wist na what her ail might be,
Or what wad mak' her weel again.
But did na Jeanie's heart loup light,
And did na joy blink in her e'e,
As Robie tauld a tale o' love
Ae e'enin' on the lily lea?

The sun was sinking in the west,
The birds sang sweet in ilka grove;
His cheek to hers he fondly prest,
And whisper'd thus his tale o' love:
O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear;
O canst thou think to fancy me?
Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,
And learn to tent the farms wi' me?

At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,
Or naething else to trouble thee;
But stay amang the heather-bells,
And tent the waving corn wi' me.
Now what could artless Jeanie do?
She had nae will to say him na:
At length she blush'd a sweet consent,
And love was aye between them twa.



THERE WAS A WIFE.

Key G.—SLOWISH.

TUNE—"Scroggan."

{	<u>.m</u>	<u>l₁</u>	<u>:-</u>	<u>.t₁</u>	<u>d</u>	<u>:-</u>	<u>.r</u>	<u>m</u>	<u>:-</u>	<u>.se</u>	<u>l</u>	<u>:-</u>	<u>:-</u>	}						
	There	was	a	wife	wonn'd	in	Cockpen,													
{	<u>.t₁</u>	<u>.s₁</u>	<u>:-</u>	<u>l</u>	<u>:-</u>	<u>.m</u>	<u>l</u>	<u>:-</u>	<u>.t</u>	<u>d</u>	<u>:-</u>	<u>.t</u>	}							
	Scroggan;			She	brew'd	gude	ale	for												
{	<u>l</u>	<u>.se</u>	<u>l</u>	<u>l₁</u>	<u>:-</u>	<u>.t₁</u>	<u>d</u>	<u>:-</u>	<u>.r</u>	<u>:-</u>	<u>.r</u>	<u>:-</u>	<u>:-</u>	}						
	gen	-	tle	-	men,	Sing	and	Cowl,												
{	<u>m</u>	<u>:-</u>	<u>.f</u>	<u>.m</u>	<u>r</u>	<u>:-</u>	<u>.d</u>	<u>.r</u>	<u>m</u>	<u>:-</u>	<u>.ba</u>	<u>.se</u>	<u>l</u>	<u>:-</u>	<u>.m</u>	<u>d</u>	<u>l₁</u>	<u>:-</u>	}	
	lay	yon	down	by	me,	Scroggan,	my	dear	-	ie,	ruffum.									

The gudewife's dochter fell in a fever,
Scroggam,
The priest o' the parish fell in anither ;
Sing auld Cowl, lay you down by me,
Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum.

They laid the twa i' the bed thegither,
Scroggam,
That the heat o' the tane might cool the tither ;
Sing auld Cowl, lay you down by me,
Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum.



THE FIVE CARLINS.
AN ELECTION BALLAD.

Key G.—VERY SLOW.

TUNE—"Chevy Chace,"

{ s₁ | s₁, l₁ : d : d | r, m : s₁ : -s | f, m : r : -d }
 { There | was five Car-lins | in the South, They | fell upon a }

{ l₁ : - : d | s₁, l₁ : d : d | r, m : s₁ : -m }
 { scheme | To | send a lad | to | Lon'on town, | To }

{ f, m : f : s | l : - : | l, t, d' | s, m : r : d }
 { bring them tidings | hame, | Nor | on-ly bring them }

{ f, s : l : s | s, m : r : -d, s₁ | l₁ : - : d }
 { tidings hame, | But | do their er - rands | there; | And }

{ s₁, l₁ : d : d | r, m : f : f, s, l | s, f : m : r | d : - }
 { aiblins gowd and | honour baith Micht | be that laddie's | share. }

There was Maggy by the banks o' Nith,
A dame wi' pride eneugh ;
And Marjory o' the mony Lochs,
A carlin auld and teugh.

For remaining verses see vol. i., p. 162



JOHN BARLEYCORN.

Key G.—SLOWISH.

TUNE—"John Barleycorn,"

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \underline{s}_1 \quad \underline{d} \quad \text{---} \quad \underline{r} \mid \underline{m} \quad \text{---} \quad \underline{r} \mid \underline{d} \quad \text{---} \quad \underline{r} \mid \underline{d} \end{array} \right\}$
 There was three kings in to the east,

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \underline{m.s} \quad \underline{d}^1 \quad \text{---} \quad \underline{s} \mid \underline{s} \quad \text{---} \quad \underline{l} \mid \underline{s} \quad \text{---} \quad \text{---} \end{array} \right\}$
 Three kings both great and high,

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \underline{.m} \quad \underline{f} \quad \text{---} \quad \underline{s} \mid \underline{l} \quad \underline{.f} \quad \underline{s} \quad \text{---} \quad \underline{.m} \mid \underline{d} \end{array} \right\}$
 And they have sworn a so - lemn oath,

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \underline{d} \quad \underline{d} \quad \underline{r} \quad \underline{d} \quad \text{---} \quad \underline{.t}_l \mid \underline{d} \quad \text{---} \quad \text{---} \end{array} \right\}$
 John Bar - ley - corn should die.

They took a plough and plough'd him down,
Put clods upon his head ;
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleveorn was dead.

But the cheerful spring came kindly on,
And showers began to fall ;
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surprised them all.

The sultry suns of summer came,
And he grew thick and strong,
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

The sober autumn enter'd mild,
When he grew wan and pale ;
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail.

His colour sicken'd more and more,
He faded into age;
And then his enemies began
To show their deadly rage.

They've taen a weapon, long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee ;
Then tied him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,
And eudgell'd him full sore ;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

They fill'd up a darksome pit
With water to the brim ;
They heav'd in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him further woe ;
And still as signs of life appear'd,
They toss'd him to and fro.

They wasted, o'er a scorching flame,
The marrow of his bones ;
But a miller used him worst of all,
For he crush'd him between two stones.

And they hae ta'en his very heart's blood,
And drank it round and round ;
And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise ;
For if you do but taste his blood,
'Twill make your courage rise.

'Twill make a man forget his woe ;
'Twill heighten all his joy ;
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
Though the tear were in her eye.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand ;
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland !

SONGS OF BURNS.

STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT.

Key D.—PLAINTIVE.

TUNE—"Strathallan's Lament."

{ :s .l t	d' :s	:l .t, d	s ., m :d	}
{ Thickest	night	sur -	round my	dwel - ing!
{ :m ., s	d' :l ., m' f, m' r, d'	l	:—	}
{ Howling	tem -	pests	o'er me	rave!
{ :f . m	f :l	:l, s. f, m	r .m, f: m	}
{ Tur - bid	tor -	rents,	win - try	swell - ing,
{ :f ., l	l .s	:f . m :r ., m	d	:—
{ Roar-ing	by	my	lone - ly	cave!
{ :m' ., r'	d' :t	:l, d' . t, l	s	:m
{ Crys - tal	stream -	lets,	gent - ly	flow - ing,
{ :m' ., r'	d' :t . l	:s . l	m	:—
{ Bus - y	haunts	of	base man -	kind,
{ :f . f	m :r	:f, m, r, d	r	:m
{ Western	breez -	es,	soft - ly	blow - ing,
{ :l . t, d'	l .s	:f . m :r ., m	d	:—
{ Suit not	my	dis -	tract - ed	mind.

In the cause of Right engagèd,
Wrongs injurious to redress,
Honour's war we strongly wagèd,
But the Heavens denied success.
Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,
Not a hope that dare attend;
The wide world is all before us—
But a world without a friend!



NANCY.

Key G.—ALLEGROTTTO.

TUNE—"The Quaker's Wife."

{ d :r :m	s ₁ :— :m	f :— :m	m :r :d	}
{ Thine	am I,	my faith -	ful fair,	}
{ d :r :m	s ₁ :— :s ₁	l ₁ :— :—	d :— :—	}
{ Thine	my love -	ly Nan -	cy;	}
{ d :r :m	s ₁ :— :m	f :— :m	m :r :d	}
{ Ev -	'ry pulse	a -	long my veins,	}
{ d :r :m	s ₁ :— :s ₁	l ₁ :— :—	d :— :—	}
{ Ev -	'ry rov -	ing fan -	cy.	}
{ d :— :m	s :— :m	l :— :f	s :— :m	}
{ To	thy bo -	som lay	my heart,	}
{ d :— :m	s :l :f	m :— :s	:— :—	}
{ There	to throbb	and lan -	guish;	}
{ l :— :f	r :m :f	s :— :m	d :— :—	}
{ Though	de - spair	had wrang	its core,	}
{ d :r :m	s ₁ :— :s ₁	l ₁ :— :—	d :— :—	}
{ That	would heal	its an -	guish.	}

Take away those rosy lips,
Rich wi' balmy treasure;
Turn away thine eyes of love,
Lest I die with pleasure.

What is life when wanting love?
Night without a morning:
Love 's the cloudless summer sun,
Nature gay adorning.



THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER.

Key F.—MODERATO.

TUNE—"Fee him, Father."

{ d ., d :r . m	s, m. - :m, d' -	d ., d :r . m	s, m. - :—	}
{ Thou hast left me ever,	Jamie!	Thou hast left me ever;		}
{ d ., d :r . m	s, m. - :m, d' -	d ., d :r . m	s, m. - :—	}
{ Thou hast left me ever,	Jamie!	Thou hast left me ever.		}
{ d' ., t :l . s	l ., s :m	d' ., t :l . se	l, m. - :—	}
{ Aften hast thou vow'd that death	On - ly should us sever;			}
{ d' ., t :l . s	l ., t :d'	d ., d :r . m		}
{ Now thou'st left thy lass	for aye,	I maun see thee		}
{ s, m. - :m, d' -	d :r . m	s, m. - :—		}
{ never,	Jamie,	I'll see thee never.		}

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie!
Thou hast me forsaken;
Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie!
Thou hast me forsaken.
Thou canst love anither jo,
While my heart is breaking:
Soon my weary e'en I'll close—
Never mair to waken, Jamie,
Never mair to waken.



TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Key B♭.—SLOW.

TUNE—"Mary's Dream."

{ d ., r	m :l ₁ ., t ₁	l ₁ :d ., r	m . r :m . f	m	}
{ Thou	ling -	'ring star,	with	less -	'ning ray,
{ d ., r	m :l ₁ ., t ₁	l ₁ :t ₁ . d	r . d :t ₁ . l ₁	s ₁	}
{ That	lov'st	to greet	the	ear -	ly morn,
{ d ., t ₁	l ₁ :— :s ₁	s ₁ :m ., s ₁	d :r . m, f	m	}
{ A -	gain	thou ush -	er'st	in	the day
{ r ., d	r, m. - :s . l	m :— :r	d :t ₁ ., l ₁	l ₁	}
{ My	Ma -	ry from	my soul	was	torn.
{ m ., s	l :— :s	f . m :r . d	r :m ., s	s	}
{ O	Ma -	ry! dear	de -	part -	ed shade!
{ m ., s	l :— :s	f . m :r . d	d, r, m, r, d, t ₁ ., l ₁	s ₁	}
{ Where	is	thy place	of	bliss -	ful rest?
{ d ., t ₁	l ₁ :— :s ₁	s ₁ :m ., s ₁	d :r . m, f	m	}
{ Seest	thou	thy lov -	er	low -	ly laid?
{ r ., d	r, m. - :s . l	m :— :r	d :t ₁ ., l ₁	l ₁	}
{ Hear'st	thou	the groans	that	rend	his breast?

SONGS OF BURNS.

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love!
Eternity can not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thickening green;
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar
Twined amorous round the raptured scene;
The flowers sprang wanton to be press'd,
The birds sang love on every spray—
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?



FRAGMENT OF SONG.

Key D.—SLOW.

{ :s | m : r . d | r . m : s | m' : r' . d' | l : - }
{ Tho' | cru - el fate should bid us part }
{ :s | d' . r' : d' . l | s . m . - : r . d | l : - | }
{ Far | as the pole and line, }
{ :d' | s . , l : s . m | f . m : l . s | d' . l : s . m | r : - }
{ Her | dear i - de - a round my heart }
{ :s | l . d' : t . l | s . m . - : r . , d | d : - | - }
{ Should | ten - der - ly en - twine. }
{ :s | m : r . d | r . m . - : s . , l | s . m : r . d | r . m . - }
{ Tho' | moun - tains rise and de - serts howl, }
{ :d' . r' | m' : m | d' : t . , l | l : - | - }
{ And | o - ceans roar be - tween; }
{ :s . l . t | d' . s : l . d' | m : s | l . s : f . m | r }
{ Yet | dear - er than my death - less soul, }
{ :s | l . t . d' : t . l | s . m . - : r . , d | d : - | - }
{ I | still would love my Jean. }

JESSIE.

Key B?—SLOW.

TUNE—"Adieu, Dundee."

{ :l | m : l : l | l : - : t : d | t : - : l : s | t : r : - }
{ True | heart-ed was he, the sad swain o' the Yarrow, }
{ :r | m . m : - : m | r . m : - : s | m : - : r : d . t | l : - }
{ And | fair are the maids on the banks o' the Ayr, }
{ :l . s | m : l : l | l : - : t : d | t : - : l : s | t : r : - }
{ But | by the sweet side of the Nith's winding river, }
{ :r | m : m : m | r : m : s | m : - : r : d . t | l : - }
{ Are | lov - ers as faith - ful, and maid - ens as fair; }
{ :s | s : s : s | s : - : l : t | t : - : l : s | t : r : }
{ To | e - qual young Jes - sie, seek Scot - land all o - ver; }
{ :r | m : l : l | l : - : s : l | t : - : l : s . f | m : - }
{ To | e - qual young Jes - sie you seek it in vain; }
{ :s | s : - : l : s | s : - : l : t | t : - : l : s | t : r : - }
{ Grace, | beau - ty, and el - e - gance | fet - ter her lover, }
{ :r | m : m : r . t | r : - : m : s | m : - : r : d . t | l : - }
{ And | maid - en - ly mo - des - ty | fix - es the chain. }

O, fresh is the rose in the gay, dewy morning,
And sweet is the lily at evening close;
But in the fair presence o' lovely young Jessie,
Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.
Love sits in her smile, a wizard ensnaring,
Enthron'd in her een he delivers his law:
And still to her charms she alone is a stranger!—
Her modest demeanour 's the jewel of a'.



FAIR ELIZA.

Key G.—VERY SLOW.

TUNE A Gaelic Air.

{ :d . , r | m : - : r : m . r . d | r : d : d . , r }
{ Turn a - gain, thou fair E - li - za! Ae kind }
{ m : - : r : m . r . d | d : - : d . , r }
{ blink | be - fore we part; Rew on }
{ m : - : r : f . m . r . d | r : d : d . , r }
{ tby | de - spair - ing | lov - er, Can'st thou }
{ m : s . m : r . , d | d : - : s . , s }
{ break | his faith - fu' heart? | Turn a - }
{ s : m . , s : l . , s | s : m : d' . , l }
{ gain, | thou fair E - li - za! | If to }
{ l : s . , m : r . , m | l : - : l : d' . , l }
{ love | thy heart de - nies, For pi - ty }
{ l : - : s : l . , m : r : d : d . , r }
{ hide | the cru - el sen - tence Un - der }
{ m : s . , m : r . , d | d : - : }
{ friend - ship's kind dis - guise! }

Thee, sweet maid, hae I offended?
My offence is loving thee;
Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,
Wha for thine would gladly die?

SONGS OF BURNS.

While the life beats in my bosom,
Thou shalt mix in ilka throe :
Turn again, thou lovely maiden,
Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

Not the bee upon the blossom,
In the pride o' sunny noon ;
Not the little sporting fairy,
All beneath the simmer moon ;
Not the minstrel, in the moment
Fancy lightens in his e'e,
Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,
That thy presence gies to me.



THE BONNIE LASS O' BALLOCHMYLE.

Key E^b—MODERATO.

{ :d.r | m : - s | f.m:r.d | m : s | l : - }
{ 'Twas | ev'n— the dew - y | fields were green, }

{ .d' | s : - l | s.m:r.d | m : r | r }
{ On | ev - 'ry blade the | pearls hang; }

{ :d.r | m : - s | f.m:r.d | m : s | l : - }
{ The | ze - phyr wan - ton'd | round the bean, }

{ .d' | s : - l | s.m:r.d | m : d | d }
{ And | bore its fra - grant | sweets a - lang; ||

{ :s | d'.t:d'.r' | d'.t:l.s | l.t:d'.l | s : - }
{ In | 'ev - 'ry glen the | ma - vis sang, }

{ .f | m.s:l.s | f.m:r.d | m : r | r }
{ All | na - ture lis - t'ning | seem'd the while, }

{ :s | d'.t:d'.r' | d'.t:l.s | l.s:l.t | d' : - }
{ Ex - | cept where green - wood | e - choes rang, }

{ .l | s : - l | s.m:r.d | m : d | d }
{ A - | mang the braes o' | Bal - loch - myle. ||

With careless step I onward stray'd,
My heart rejoiced in Nature's joy,
When, musing in a lonely glade,
A maiden fair I chanced to spy ;
Her look was like the morning's eye,
Her air like Nature's vernal smile :
Perfection whisper'd, passing by,
Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle !

Fair is the morn in flowery May,
And sweet is night in Autumn mild ;
When roving through the garden gay,
Or wand'ring in the lonely wild :
But woman, Nature's darling child !
There all her charms she does compile ;
Even there her other works are foil'd
By the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

Oh, had she been a country maid,
And I the happy country swain !
Though shelter'd in the lowest shed
That ever rose on Scotland's plain,
Through weary winter's wind and rain,
With joy, with rapture, I would toil ;
And nightly to my bosom strain
The bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

Then pride might climb the slippery steep,
Where fame and honours lofty shine ;
And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
Or downward seek the Indian mine :
Give me the cot below the pine,
To tend the flocks, or till the soil,
And every day have joys divine
With the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.



'Twas NA HER BONNIE BLUE E'E.

Key F.—SLOW.

TUNE—"Laddie, lie near me."

{ m : l : se | l : - t:d' | m : l : se | l : - t:d' }
{ 'Twas na | her bon - nie blue | e'e was my ru - in; }

{ l.s:f.m:r.d | d : - r:m.r | d : t.l : t.se }
{ Fair | though she be, | that was ne'er my un - }

{ l : - t:l : l | d : - r:d | r : - m:r }
{ do - | ing: | 'Twas the dear smile when nae - }

{ m : l : se | l : - t:d' | l.s:f.m:r.d }
{ bo - | dy did mind us, | 'Twas the be - }

{ d : - r:m.r | d : t.l : t.se | l : - t:l : l }
{ witch - | ing, sweet stown glance o' | kind - ness. ||

Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me,
Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me !
But tho' fell fortune should fate us to sever,
Queen shall she be in my bosom for ever.

Mary, I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest,
And thou hast plighted me love o' the dearest !
And thou 'rt the angel that never can alter,
Sooner the sun in her motion would falter.



WAE IS MY HEART.

Key D.—VERY SLOW.

TUNE—"Wae is my Heart."

{ m : r : d | d : d'.l | s.m:-r : d | r : — }
{ Wae | is my heart, and the | tear's in my e'e; }

{ m : r : d | d : d'.l | s.m:-r.m.s | ta : - .ta }
{ Lang, lang | has Joy been a | stran - ger to me: For - }

{ l.s : s : l | d'.r' : m'.r' | d'.l : s : m | r : ta : ta }
{ sak - | en and friendless, my | bur - den I bear, And the }

{ l.s : - s.m | s : l : d'.l | s.m : - r.m | d : — }
{ sweet voice o' | Pi - ty ne'er | sounds in my ear. ||

SONGS OF BURNS.

Love, thou hast pleasures, and deep hae I lov'd;
Love, thou hast sorrows, and sair hae I pruv'd;
But this bruised heart that now bleeds in my breast,
I can feel by its throbings, will soon be at rest.

Oh, if I were—where happy I hae been—
Down by yon stream, and yon bonnie castle-green!
For there he is wand'ring and musing on me,
Wha wad soon dry the tear-drop that clings to my e'e.



WEARY FA' YOU, DUNCAN GRAY.

Key A.—LIVELY.

TUNE—"Duncan Gray."

{	s _i	:d		t _i	:—	.d		r	:m		t _i	:—	}
{	Wea	- ry		fa'		you,		Dun	- can		Gray—		}
{	d	:—		r	:—	.f		m	:d		d	:	}
{	Ha,			ha,		the		gir	- din'		o't!		}
{	s _i	:d		t _i	:—	.d		r	:m		t _i	:—	}
{	Wae	ga ²		by		you,		Dun	- can		Gray—		}
{	d	:—		r	:—	.f		m	:d		d	:	}
{	Ha,			ha,		the		gir	- din'		o't!		: .m }
{	m	:s		s	:f . m		f	:f		f	:f		}
{	a'	the		lave	gae		to	their		play,	Then		}
{	f	:—	.m		r	:d		t _i	:r		s _i	:s	}
{	I		maun	sit		the		lee	lang		day,	And	}
{	s	:l . s		f	:m		r . m : f . r		t _i	:—	.t _i		}
{	jog	the		era	- dle		wi'	my		tae,	And		}
{	d	:—		r	:—	.f		m	:d		d	:	}
{	a'		for		the	gir	- din'		o't.				

Bonnie was the Lammas moon—

Ha, ha, the girdin' o't!

Glowrin' a' the hills aboon—

Ha, ha, the girdin' o't!

The girdin' brak, the beast cam down,

I tint my curch and baith my shoon;

Ah! Duncan, ye're an unco loon—

Wae on the bad girdin' o't!

But, Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith—

Ha, ha, the girdin' o't!

I'se bless you wi' my hindmost breath—

Ha, ha, the girdin' o't!

Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith,

The beast again can bear us baith,

And auld Mess John will mend the skaith,

And clout the bad girdin' o't.

INDEED WILL I, QUO' FINDLAY.

Key B.—LIVELY.

TUNE—"Lass, an I come near thee."

{	l _i	.,t _i	:d	.,r		t _i	:s _i	.,t _i		l _i	.,t _i	:d	.m		l	:m	.,fe	}	
{	Wha	is	that	at	my	how'r	door?	O		wha	is	it	but	Find-lay;	Then			}	
{	s	.,l	:s	.m		r	.,t _i	:s _i	.,t _i		l _i	.,t _i	:d	.,r		t _i	:l _i		
{	gae	your	gate,	ye'se	no	be	here!	In-		deed	maun	I,	quo'	Find-lay.					
{	m	.m	:d	.d		r	.r	:t _i	.r		m	.m	:m	.se		l	:m	.m,fe	}
{	What	mak	ye,	sae	like	a	thief?	O		come	and	see,	quo'	Findlay;	Be	-		}	
{	s	.,l	:s	.m		r	.,t _i	:s _i	.,t _i		l _i	.,t _i	:d	.,r		t _i	:l _i		
{	fore	the	morn	ye'll	work	mischief;	In-		deed	will	I,	quo'	Find	- lay.					

Gif I rise and let ye in

(Let me in, quo' Findlay)

Ye'll keep me waukin' wi' your din';

(Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.)

In my bower if you should stay

(Let me stay, quo' Findlay)

I fear ye'll bide till break o' day;

(Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.)

Here this night if ye remain

(I'll remain, quo' Findlay)

I dread ye'll learn the gate again;

(Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.)

What may pass within this bower

(Let it pass, quo' Findlay)

Ye maun conceal till your last hour;

(Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.)



WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE?

Key D.—MODERATO.

TUNE—"What can a Young Lassie do wi' an Auld Man?"

{	m		l	:—	.t	:l		d	:—	.r	:m		r	:—	.m	:d		t	:l	}	
{	What		can		a	young	las-sie,	what		shall	a	young	las	- sie,						}	
{	s		l	:—	.t	:l		d	:—	.r	:m		s	:m	:m		m	:—		}	
{	What		can		a	young	las	- sie	do	wi'	an	auld	man?								
{	d		m	:d	:—	.d		m	:r	:—	.r		s	:m	:—	.m		m	:l	:—	}
{	Bad		luck	on		the	pennie	that		tempted	my	minnie								}	
{	s		m	:d	:—	.d		m	:r	:—	.r		s	:m	:—	.s		l	:—	}	
{	To		sell	her		puir	Jenny	for		siller	an'	lan'!								}	
{	d		m	:d	:—	.d		m	:r	:—	.r		s	:m	:—	.s		d	:d	:—	}
{	Bad		luck	on		the	pennie	that		tempted	my	minnie								}	
{	r		m	:—	.r	:d		t	:—	.l	:s		m	:l	:l		l	:—		}	
{	To		sell		her	puir	Jen	- ny	for		siller	an'	lan'!								

He's always compleenin' frae mornin' to e'enin',

He hoasts and he hirples the weary day lang;

He's doyl't and he's dozin', his bluid it is frozen,

O dreary 's the night wi' a crazy auld man!

SONGS OF BURNS.

He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers ;
I never can please him, do a' that I can ;
He 's peevish and jealous of a' the young fellows,
O dool on the day I met wi' an auld man !

My auld Auntie Katie upon me takes pity,
I 'll do my endeavour to follow her plan ;
I 'll cross him and wrack him until I heart-break him,
And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.



MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN :

A DIRGE.

Key D.—Slow.

TUNE—"Peggy Bawn."

{	s	:	d'	:	m'.d':t.s		d'.l:f	:	m.r		d	:	m.s:l.t	}	
	When		chill		November's		surly		blast		Made		fields and forests		
{	d'	:	—	:	s		d'	:	m'.d':t.s		d'.l:f	:	m.r	}	
	bare,		One		ev - 'ning		as I		wander'd		forth A -				
{	d	:	m.s:l.t		d'	:	—	:	d'.r'		m'	:	m'.f'.r'	}	
	long		the banks of		Ayr,		I		spied		a man whose				
{	m'.d':l	:	t.d'		r'	:	r'	:	m'.d'		t	:	—	:	s
	aged		step		Seem'd		wea - ry,		worn with		care ;		His		
{	d'	:	m'.d':t.s		d'.l:f	:	m.r		d	:	m.s:l.t		d'	:	—
	face		was		farrow'd		o'er with years,		And		hoar - ry		was his		hair.

"Young stranger, whither wanderest thou?"

Began the reverend sage ;

"Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,

Or youthful pleasure's rage ?

Or haply, press'd with cares and woes,

Too soon thou hast began

To wander forth, with me, to mourn

The miseries of man !

"The sun that overhangs yon moors,

Out-spreading far and wide,

Where hundreds labour to support

A haughty lordling's pride

I 've seen yon weary winter-sun

Twice forty times return ;

And every time has added proofs

That man was made to mourn.

"O man ! while in thy early years,

How prodigal of time !

Mis-spending all thy precious hours,

Thy glorious, youthful prime !

Alternate follies take the sway ;

Licentious passions burn ;

Which tenfold force gives Nature's law,

That man was made to mourn.

"Look not alone on youthful prime,

Or manhood's active might ;

Man then is useful to his kind,

Supported is his right :

But see him on the edge of life,

With cares and sorrows worn,

Then Age and Want—oh ! ill-match'd pair !—

Show man was made to mourn.

"A few seem favourites of fate,

In pleasure's lap caress'd ;

Yet, think not all the rich and great

Are likewise truly blest.

But, oh ! what crowds in every land,

All wretched and forlorn,

Through weary life this lesson learn—

That man was made to mourn.

"Many and sharp the numerous ills

Inwoven with our frame !

More pointed still we make ourselves,

Regret, remorse, and shame !

And man, whose heaven-erect face

The smiles of love adorn—

Man's inhumanity to man

Makes countless thousands mourn !

"See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,

So abject, mean, and vile,

Who begs a brother of the earth

To give him leave to toil ;

And see his lordly fellow-worm

The poor petition spurn,

Unmindful, though a weeping wife

And helpless offspring mourn.

"If I 'm design'd yon lordling's slave—

By Nature's law design'd—

Why was an independent wish

E'er planted in my mind ?

If not, why am I subject to

His cruelty or scorn ?

Or why has man the will and power

To make his fellow mourn ?

"Yet, let not this too much, my son,

Disturb thy youthful breast :

This partial view of human-kind

Is surely not the last !

The poor, oppress'd, honest man,

Had never, sure, been born,

Had there not been some recompense

To comfort those that mourn !

"O Death ! the poor man's dearest friend—

The kindest and the best !

Welcome the hour my aged limbs

Are laid with thee at rest !

The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,

From pomp and pleasure torn ;

But, oh ! a blest relief to those

That weary-laden mourn !"

SONGS OF BURNS.

WHEN FIRST I CAME TO STEWART KYLE.

Key F.—VERY SLOW.

TUNE—"I had a Horse, and I had nae mair."

{ .s₁ | d.d. - : d : d' . l | s . m : r : - . m }
 { When | first I | came | to | Stewart Kyle. | My }
 { d.d. - : d : - . r | m . l₁ : - . : . s₁ l₁ }
 { mind it | was | nae | steady; | Whier- }
 { d . d : d : d' . l | s . m : r : - . m }
 { e'er I | gaed, | wher - | e'er I | rade, | A }
 { d.d. - : d : - . r | m : l₁ : - . : d }
 { mistress | still | I | had | aye; | But }
 { f . f : f . f : - . f | m . m : m : - . d }
 { when I | came roun' | by | Mauchline town, | Not }
 { r . r . - : r : - . m | m . l₁ : - . : d' }
 { dreading | a | - | ny | bo - dy, | My }
 { s . . l : d' : d' . r' . m' | r' . d' : l : - . d' }
 { heart | was caught | be - | fore I | thought, | And }
 { s . m . r . d : d : - . r | m : l₁ : - . : }
 { by | a | Mauch | - | line | la - | dy }



WHEN FIRST I SAW FAIR JEANIE'S FACE.

Key A.—LIVELY.

TUNE—"Maggie Lander."

{ . s₁ | d . d : d . m | d . d : d . m | r . m : r . d | t₁ : r . f }
 { When | first I | saw fair | Jeanie's face, | I | couldna | tell what | ailed | me, | My }
 { m . d : d . d | d . r : d . m | s . . l : s . f | m : s . m }
 { heart | went fluttering | pit-a - | pat, | My | een | they al - | most | failed | me, | She's }
 { f . . s : f . l | m . . f : m . s | r . m : r . d | t₁ : r . l₁ , t₁ }
 { aye | sae | neat, | sae | trim, | sae | tight, | All | aye | do | round | her | hov - | er, | Ae }
 { aye, | aye | sae | blythe, | sae | gay, | She's | grace | does | blythe | and | cheer - | le; | She's }
 { d . s : l₁ . m₁ | f₁ . m₁ : r₁ . f | m . s : r . m | d : d }
 { look | deprived | me | o' | my | heart, | And | I | became | a | lov - | er, }
 { aye | sae | bonnie, | blythe, | and | gay, | O | gin | I | were | her | dear - | ie. }

Had I Dundas's whole estate,
 Or Hopetoun's wealth to shine in;
 Did warlike laurels crown my brow,
 Or humbler bases entwining—
 I'd lay them a' at Jeanie's feet,
 Could I but hope to move her,
 And prouder than a belted knight,
 I'd be my Jeanie's lover.
 She's aye, aye sae blythe, &c.
 But sair I fear some happier swain
 Has gained sweet Jeanie's favour:
 If so, may every bliss be hers,
 Though I maun never have her.
 But gang she east, or gang she west,
 'Twixt Forth and Tweed all over,
 While men have eyes, or ears, or taste,
 She'll always find a lover.
 She's aye, aye sae blythe, &c.

JOHNNIE LAD, COCK UP YOUR BEAVER.

Key F.—SLOWISH.

TUNE—"Cock up your Beaver."

{ l | s . s : - : d | m : - . r : d | r : - . m : r | f : - : l }
 { When | first my | brave Johnnie | lad | came | to the town, | He }
 { s . s : - : d | m : - . r : m | d : d' : s | m : - . f : s }
 { had a | blue | bon - | net that | wanted | the | crown; | But }
 { l : - . s : l . t | d' : s : m | r : - . m : r | f : - : l }
 { now | he | has got - | ten | a | hat | and a | fca - | ther. }
 { s : - : f | m : - . f : r | d : d' : s | m : - : s }
 { Hey, | brave John - | nie | lad, | cock up | your bea - | ver! }
 { f : d' : d' : s | m : s : m | r : r' : r | f : - : m : r }
 { Cock up | your bea - | ver, and | cock it | fu' | sprush, | We'll }
 { d : - . d' : s | m : s : m | d : d' : s | m : - : m }
 { ov - | er the | bor - | der and | gie them a | brush; | There's }
 { f : - . s : l . t | d' : s : m | r : - . m : r | f : - : l }
 { some - | body | there we'll | teach | bet - | ter be - | hav - | iour, }
 { d' : - . t : l | s : m : s | l : d' : s | m : - : s }
 { Hey, | brave Johnnie | lad, | cock up | your bea - | ver! }



ON THE AMERICAN WAR.

Key A.

TUNE—"The Black Watch."

{ . m , r | d . l : l . s , l₁ | d . l : l₁ . l₁ | d . s₁ : s₁ , m₁ | s₁ : s₁ , s₁ , l₁ }
 { When | Guildford | good our | pilot | stood, | An' | did our | helms | throw, | man, | Ae }
 { d . l₁ : l₁ , s₁ , l₁ | d . l₁ : l₁ , l₁ , t₁ | d . r : m . d | l₁ : l₁ , t₁ }
 { night, | at tea, | began a | plea, | With - | in | A - me - ri - ca, | man; | Then }
 { d . r : m . , d | r . , d : m . , d | l₁ : s₁ : d . m₁ | s₁ : s₁ , l₁ }
 { up they | gat the | maskin' | pat, | And | in | the sea | did | jaw, | man; | An' }
 { s₁ : l₁ : d . r | m . , r : d . , l | s . m : r . , d | l₁ : l₁ }
 { did nae | less in | full Congress, | Than | quite | refuse | our | law, | man. }

For continuation of verses see vol. i., p. 19.



MY AIN KIND DEARIE, O.

Key F.—ANDANTINO.

TUNE—"The Lea Rig."

{ . m , r | m : s₁ | s₁ : l₁ | d : - . r | d }
 { When | o'er | the | hill | the | east - | ern star }
 { . m | r : - . m | f . m : r . d | m : l₁ | l₁ }
 { Tells | bught - | in' - | time | is | near, | my | jo! }
 { . m , r | m : s₁ | s₁ : l₁ | d : - . r | d }
 { And | ow - | sen | frae | the | fur - | row'd field }
 { d' . t | l : - . s | l . t : d' . s | m : d | d }
 { Re - | turn | sae | dowf' | and | wea - | ry, | O; }
 { . s | l . s : l . t | d' : m | f . m : f . s | l }
 { Down | by | the | burn, | where | scent - | ed | birks }
 { . d | r . d : r . m | f . m : r . d | m : l₁ | l₁ }
 { Wi' | dew | are | hang - | ing | clear, | my | jo, }
 { . m , r | m : s₁ | s₁ : l₁ | d : - . r | d }
 { I'll | meet | thee | by | the | lea - | rig, }
 { d' . t | l : - . s | l . t : d' . s | m : d | d }
 { My | ain | kind | dea - | rie, | O. }

SONGS OF BURNS.

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,
I'd rove and ne'er be eerie, O,
If through that glen I gae'd to thee,
My ain kind dearie, O!
Although the night were ne'er sae wild,
And I were ne'er sae weary, O,
I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O!

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
To rouse the mountain deer, my jo;
At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
Along the burn to steer, my jo;
Gie me the hour of gloaming grey,
It maks my heart sae cheery, O,
To meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O!



WHEN ROSY MAY.

Key A.—SLOWISH.

TUNE—"The Gardener's March."

{ : s₁ | d : - . r | m : f | s : l . s | f : - }
{ When | ro - sy May comes | in | wi' | flowers, }
{ . f | m : f . m | r : d | d : m . f | s₁ : - }
{ To | deck her gay, green | spread - ing | bowers, }
{ . s₁ | d : r | m : f | s : l . s | f : - }
{ Then | bus - y, bus - y | are | his | hours, }
{ : s . f | m : r . d | r . m : f . m | r : - | d }
{ The | gard - 'ner wi' his | pai - | dle. ||
{ : f . s | l : f | r : m . f | s : m | d }
{ The | crys - tal wa - ters | gent - ly | fa', }
{ : r . m | f : m | r : d | t₁ . d : r . t₁ | s₁ : - }
{ The | mer - ry birds ate | lov - ers | a', }
{ . s₁ | d : - . r | m : f | s : l . s | f : - }
{ The | seent - ed breez - es | round him | blaw : }
{ : s . f | m : r . d | r . m : f . m | r : - | d }
{ The | gard - 'ner wi' his | pai - | dle. ||

When purple morning starts the hare
To steal upon her early fare,
Then through the dews he maun repair—
The gard'ner wi' his paille.

When day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws of Nature's rest,
He flies to her arms he lo'es best—
The gard'ner wi' his paille.

THE POOR AND HONEST SODGER.

Key A.—ANDANTE.

TUNE—"The Mill, Mill, O."

{ : d . , r | m : s₁ . l₁ | s₁ : - . d | l₁ . , s₁ : l₁ . d | r }
{ When | wild war's dead - ly blast | was | blawn. }
{ : d . , r | m : s₁ | f . m : r . d | l₁ : - . t₁ | d }
{ And | gen - tle peace re - | turn - | ing, }
{ : d . , r | m : s₁ . l₁ | s₁ : - . d | l₁ . , s₁ : l₁ . d | r }
{ Wi' | mo - ny a sweet babe | fa - | ther - less, }
{ : d . , r | m : s₁ . s₁ | f . m : r . d | l₁ : - . t₁ | d }
{ And | mo - ny a wi - dow | mourn - | ing; ||
{ . s₁ | d . r | m . f | s : - . l | l . s : f . m | r : - }
{ I | left the lines and | tent - ed | field, }
{ . s₁ | d . r | m . f | s . , l : s . f | m : - . f | s }
{ Where | lang I'd been a | lod - | ger, }
{ . s₁ | d . r | m . f | s : f . s | l . s : f . m | r }
{ My | hum - ble knap - sack | a' | my | wealth, }
{ : d . , r | m : s₁ | f . m : r . d | l₁ : - . t₁ | d }
{ A | poor and | hon - est | sod - | ger. ||

A leal, light heart was in my breast,
My hand unstain'd wi' plunder;
And for fair Scotia, hame again,
I cheery on did wander.

I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon the witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonnie glen,
Where early life I sported;
I pass'd the mill, and trysting thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted:
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling!
And turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, Sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,
O! happy, happy may he be
That's dearest to thy bosom!
My purse is light, I've far to gang,
And fain would be thy lodger;
I've serv'd my king and country lang—
Take pity on a sodger.

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
And lovelier was than ever;
Quo' she, A sodger ance I lo'ed,
Forget him shall I never:
Our humble cot and hamely fare,
Ye freely shall partake it,
That gallant badge—the dear cockade—
Ye're welcome for the sake o't.

SONGS OF BURNS.

She gaz'd—she reddened like a rose ;
 Syne pale like ony lily,
 She sank within my arms, and cried,
 Art thou my ain dear Willie ?
 By him that made yon sun and sky,
 By whom true love 's regarded,
 I am the man ; and thus may still
 True lovers be rewarded !

The wars are o'er, and I 'm come hame,
 And find thee still true-hearted ;
 Though poor in gear, we're rich in love,
 And mair, we'se ne'er be parted.
 Quo' she, My grandsire left me gowd,
 A mailen plenish'd fairly ;
 And come, my faithfu' sodger lad,
 Thou 'rt welcome to it dearly !

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
 The farmer ploughs the manor ;
 But glory is the sodger's prize,
 The sodger's wealth is honour :
 The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
 Nor count him as a stranger ;
 Remember he 's his country's stay
 In day and hour of danger.



WHEN WINTER'S WIND.

Key C.—Slow.

TUNE—"The Lass that Made the Bed to me."

{ m | l . l : t . d | m ' l : se . , m }
 { When | win - ter's wind was | blaw - ing cauld, As }
 { s . s : r ' . , d | t . l . s . f : s . , m | l . s . f : m . r . d }
 { to the north I | bent my way, The | mirk-some night did }
 { r . , m : f . , f | m . l : t . d | r ' | d ' . t : l }
 { me en - fauld, I | knew na where to | lodge till day. ||

A charming girl I chane'd to meet,
 Just in the middle o' my care ;
 And kindly she did me invite
 Her father's humble cot to share.

Her hair was like the gowd sae fine,
 Her teeth were like the ivorie ;
 Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,
 The lass that made the bed to me.

Her bosom was the drifted snaw,
 Her limbs like marble fair to see ;
 A finer form nane ever saw,
 Than her's that made the bed to me.

She made the bed baith lang and braid,
 Wi' twa white hands she spread it down ;
 She bade "gude night," and smiling said,
 "I hope ye 'll sleep baith saft and soun'."

Upon the morrow when I raise,
 I thank'd her for her courtesie ;
 A blush cam o'er the comely face
 Of her that made the bed to me.

I clasp'd her waist, and kiss'd her syne ;
 The tear stood twinkling in her e'e ;
 O dearest maid, gin ye 'll be mine,
 Ye aye sall mak the bed to me.



FAIR JENNY.

Key D.—Slow.

TUNE—"Saw ye my Father."

{ d . r : m . , f | s : s . , s | l : r ' . , d ' | t : l . s }
 { Where are the joys I have | met in the morn-ing, That }
 { d ' : t . , d ' | l : l . , s | s : — | : }
 { dane'd to the lark's ear - ly song? }
 { m . r : m . d | m : r . , d | r . d : r . , m | f : s . , l }
 { Where is the peace that a- | wait - ed my wand'-ring, At }
 { s : m . s | s . f : m . r | d : — | : }
 { ev'n - ing the wild woods a- | mong? ||

No more a-winding the course of yon river,
 And marking sweet flowerets so fair :
 No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,
 But sorrow and sad-sighing care.

Is it that summer 's forsaken our valleys,
 And grim surly winter is near ?
 No, no ! the bees, humming round the gay roses,
 Proclaim it the pride of the year.

Fain would I hide what I fear to discover,
 Yet long, long too well have I known,
 All that has caus'd the wreck in my bosom,
 Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone.

Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,
 Nor hope dare a comfort bestow ;
 Come then, enamour'd and fond of my anguish,
 Enjoyment I 'll seek in my woe.



BRAVING ANGRY WINTER'S STORMS.

Key A.—Stowish.

TUNE—"Neil Gow's Lamentation for Abercainry."

{ m | d . , m : s | d | l . , d : s | d | r . , m : f . m . r . d | l : — }
 { Where, | brav-ing an - gry winter's storms, The | lof - ty O - chills rise, }
 { d | d . , m : s | d | l . , d : s . d | l | s . d : s . f . m . r | d : — }
 { Far | in their shade my Peggy's charms First | blest my wond'ring eyes ; }
 { l | s . l . t : d ' | s | l . s : d ' . m | f . l . f : m . d ' | m | r : — }
 { As | one who by some savage stream A | lone-ly gem sur - veys, }
 { m | d . , m : s | d | l . d . l : s . d | l | s . d : s . f . m . r | d : — }
 { As- | ton-ish'd, doubly marks it beam With | art's most pol-ish'd blaze. ||

SONGS OF BURNS.

Blest be the wild, sequester'd shade,
And blest the day and hour,
Where Peggy's charms I first surveyed,
When first I felt their power!
The tyrant Death, with grim control,
May seize my fleeting breath;
But tearing Peggy from my soul
Must be a stronger death.



THE GALLANT WEAVER.

Key C—CHEERFUL.

TUNE—"The Weaver's March."

{ m.f | s : s.f | m : f.s | to : l | s : - }
 { Where | Cart | rius | row - in' | lo | the | sea, }
 { .s | l.t : d' | t : d' | f' : m' | r' : - }
 { By | mony | a | flow'r | and | spread - ing | tree, }
 { .s | s : s.f | m.f : s | l.t : d' | l | s }
 { There | lives | a | lad, | the | lad | for | me, }
 { :s | l.t : d' | t : d'.r' | r' : - | d' ||
 { He | is | a | gal - lant | weav - er. ||
 { :d'.r' | m' : f'.m' | r' : m'.r' | d'.m' : r' | d' : t }
 { O | I | had | woo - ers | aught | or | nine, }
 { :l.s | l.t : d' | t : d' | f' : m' | r' }
 { They | gied | m's | rings | and | rib - bons | fine : }
 { .s | s.l : s.f | m.f : s | l : l | s }
 { And | I | was | fear'd | my | heart | wad | time, }
 { :s.s | l.t : d' | t : d'.r' | r' : - | d' ||
 { And I | gied | it | to | the | weav - er. ||

My daddie sign'd my tocher-band,
To gie the lad that has the land,
But to my heart I'll add my hand,
And give it to the weaver.
While birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
While bees delight in opening flowers,
While corn grows green in summer showers,
I'll love my gallant weaver.



PHILLIS THE FAIR.

Key B \flat —ANDANTINO.

TUNE—"Robin Adair."

{ s : l : t | d : - : r : m | s : d : l : d : - : t : r : - }
 { While larks with | lit - the wing | Fann'd the | pure }
 { d : - : | s : l : t | d : - : r : m }
 { air, | Tast - ing | the | breath - ing spring, }

{ s : d : l : d : - : t : r : - | d : - : | m : m : m }
 { Forth I | did | fare; | Gay | the | sun's }
 { s : - : s : s | m : m : s : f : r : t | d : - : l : s }
 { gold - en eye | Peep'd o'er | the | moun - tains high; }
 { s : f : m : r : d | d : - : r : m | s : d : l : d : - : t : r : - | d : - : ||
 { Such thy morn' | did | I cry, | Phil - lis | the | fair. ||

In each bird's careless song
Glad did I share,
While yon wild flowers among;
Chance led me there:
Sweet to the opening day,
Rosebuds bent the dewy spray;
Such thy bloom! did I say,
Phillis the fair.

Down in a shady walk
Doves cooing were:
I marked the cruel hawk
Caught in a snare;
So kind may fortune be,
Such make his destiny,
He who would injure thee,
Phillis the fair.



ELECTION BALLAD,

WRITTEN IN 1795.

Key A.—MODERATO.

TUNE—"For a' that, an' a' that."

{ .s | d : r : d : s | l : d : r : f | m : r : d : s | l : l : s }
 { Whom | will ye send to London town, To | Parliament and a' that? Or }
 { d : r : d : s | l : d : r : f | m : r : d : l | s : s : f }
 { who in a' the country roun' The | best deserves to fa' that! For }
 { m : f : s : m | f : m : r : f | m : f : s : s | l : l : f }
 { a' that, and a' that, Thro' | Gal-lo-way and a' that, Where }
 { m : f : s : m | l : r : r : f | m : r : d : l | s : s : f }
 { is the laird or belted knight That | best deserves to fa' that? }

Wha sees Kerroughtree's open yett,
(And wha is't never saw that?)
Wha ever wi' Kerroughtree met,
And has a doubt of a' that?
For a' that, and a' that,
Here's Heron yet for a' that!
The independent patriot,
The honest man, and a' that.

For continuation of verses see vol. i., p. 221.

SONGS OF BURNS.

SIC A WIFE AS WILLIE HAD.

Key A.—SLOW.

TUNE—"Tibbie Fowler o' the Glen."

{ l₁, l₁ . : l₁ . . t₁ | s₁ ., l₁ : t₁ . r | m ., l₁ : l₁ ., t₁ | s₁ . m₁ : m₁, m₁ }
{ Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed, The spot they ca'd it Linkundoddie; }

{ l₁, l₁ . : l₁ . t₁ | s₁ ., l₁ : t₁ . r | m ., l₁ : l₁ ., t₁ | s₁ . m₁ : m₁, m₁ }
{ Willie was a wabster guid, Could stoun a clue wi' on-y bo-dy; }

{ s . m : m . d | r . m : r . t₁, t₁ | s . m : m . s | l . ., t : s . m }
{ He had a wife was dour and din, O Tinkler Maidgie was her mither; }

{ r ., m : s . l | m, s . : r . t₁ | d . l₁ : l₁ . t₁ | s₁ . m₁ : m₁, m₁ }
{ Sic a wife as Willie had, I wad na gie a button for her. }

She has an e'e, she has but ane,
The cat has twa the very colour;
Five rusty teeth forbye a stump,
A clapper tongue wad deave a miller:
A whiskin' beard about her mou',
Her nose and chin they threaten ither;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

She 's bow-hough'd, she 's hen-shinn'd,
Ae limpin' leg a hand-breed shorter;
She 's twisted right, she 's twisted left,
To balance fair in ilka quarter:
She has a hump upon her breast,
The twin o' that upon her shoulder;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

Auld baudrons by the ingle sits
An' wi' her loof her face a washin';
But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,
She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion:
Her wale nieves like midden-creeles,
Her face wad fyle the Logan Water;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.



TO MARY CAMPBELL.

Key F.—ANDANTE.

TUNE—"The Ewe-Bughts."

{ : l₁ . ., t₁ | d₁ : r . m | d₁ : t . ., d₁ | l₁ : l₁ ., t₁ }
{ Will ye | go to the | In - dies, my | Ma - ry, And }

{ d : r . m | d₁ : t . ., d₁ | l₁ : - . d₁, d₁ }
{ leave auld | Sco - tia's | shore? Will ye }

{ s, m . - : m ., f | f : m ., f | r : m . s }
{ go to the | In - dies, my | Ma - ry, A - }

{ l : l₁ . f | m . r : d . t₁ | d : - . d₁, d₁ }
{ cross th' At- | lan - tie's | roar? Will ye }

{ s, m . - : m ., f | f : m ., f | r : m . s }
{ go to the | In - dies, my | Ma - ry, A - }

{ l : l₁ . f | m . r : d . t₁ | l₁ : - . d₁, d₁ }
{ cross th' At- | lan - tie's | roar? }

O sweet grows the lime and the orange,
And the apple on the pine;
But a' the charms o' the Indies
Can never equal thine.

I ha'e sworn by the Heavens to my Mary,
I ha'e sworn by the Heavens to be true;
And sae may the Heavens forget me,
When I forget my vow!

O plight me your faith, my Mary,
And plight me your lily-white hand;
O plight me your faith, my Mary;
Before I leave Scotia's strand.

We ha'e plighted our troth, my Mary,
In mutual affection to join:
And eurst be the cause that shall part us!
The hour and the moment o' time!



WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE?

Key G.—TENDERLY.

TUNE—"The Sutor's Dochter."

{ d . ., s₁ : l₁ . ., s₁ | d : s₁ . ., s₁ | d . ., r : f, m, r, d }
{ Wilt thou be my dear - ie? When | sor - row wrings thy }

{ m . r : r, f, m, r | d . ., s₁ : l₁ . ., s₁ | d : s₁ }
{ gen - tle heart, O | wilt thou let me cheer thee? }

{ d . ., r : m . s | f . m : m | r . ., d : r . m, s }
{ By the treas - ure of my soul, | That's the love I }

{ l : l₁ . t, d₁ | s . ., l : l, s, f, m | l . r : r . m, r }
{ bear thee! I | swear and vow that on - ly thou shall }

{ d . ., s₁ : l₁ . ., s₁ | d : s₁ | l . ., s : s . m, d }
{ ev - er be my dear - ie. | On - ly thou, I }

{ m ., r : r, f, m, r | d . ., s₁ : l₁ . ., s₁ | d : s₁ }
{ swear and vow, Shall | ev - er be my dear - ie. }

Lassie, say thou lo'es me;
Or if thou wilt na be my ain,
Say na thou 'lt refuse me:
If it winna, canna be,
Thou for thine may choose me,
Let me, lassie, quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me.
Lassie, let me quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me.

SONGS OF BURNS.

HIGHLAND MARY.

Key B[♭].—SLOW. TUNE—"Katherine Ogie."

{ :l ₁ ., s ₁ }	{ m ₁ :l ₁ ., t ₁ l ₁ : - . t ₁ }	{ d : t ₁ ., l ₁ l ₁ }	}
{ Ye }	{ banks, and braes, and }	{ streams a - round }	}
{ :t ₁ . d }	{ r : - . m r . t ₁ :l ₁ ., t ₁ }	{ s ₁ : - . l ₁ t ₁ }	}
{ The }	{ eas - tle o' Mont- }	{ go - mer-y, }	}
{ :l ₁ ., s ₁ }	{ m ₁ :l ₁ ., t ₁ l ₁ : - . t ₁ }	{ d ., r : t ₁ ., d l ₁ }	}
{ Green }	{ be your woods, and }	{ fair your flowers, }	}
{ :l ₁ ., s ₁ }	{ m : r . d ., t ₁ d ., r : t ₁ ., d }	{ l ₁ : - m }	
{ Your }	{ wa - ters nev - er }	{ drum - lie! }	
{ :l ₁ ., t ₁ }	{ d . r : m . f s : - . l }	{ s . m : r . m s }	}
{ There }	{ sin - mer first un- }	{ fauld her robes, }	}
{ :r ., d }	{ t ₁ : s . m r . t ₁ :l ₁ ., t ₁ }	{ s ₁ : - . l ₁ t ₁ }	}
{ And }	{ there the lan - gest }	{ tar - ry; }	}
{ :l ₁ . s ₁ }	{ d : t ₁ ., l ₁ l ₁ : - . m }	{ l ₁ . t ₁ : d . r m }	}
{ For }	{ there I took the last }	{ fare - weel }	}
{ :r . d }	{ r . m : s . l s . m ., - : r . t ₁ ., - }	{ l ₁ : - m }	
{ O' }	{ my sweet High - land }	{ Ma - ry. }	

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom !
 As underneath their fragrant shade,
 I clasp'd her to my bosom !
 The golden hours, on angel wings.
 Flew o'er me and my dearie ;
 For dear to me as light and life,
 Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
 Our parting was fu' tender ;
 And, pledging aft to meet again,
 We tore oursels asunder ;
 But oh ! fell death's untimely frost,
 That nipt my flower sae early !
 Now green 's the sod, and could 's the clay
 That wraps my Highland Mary !
 O pale, pale now those rosy lips,
 I aft ha'e kiss'd sae fondly !
 And clos'd for aye the sparkling glance
 That dwelt on me sae kindly !
 And mouldering now in silent dust,
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly !
 But still within my bosom's core,
 Shall live my Highland Mary.



THE BANKS O' DOON.

Key A.—ANDANTE. TUNE—"The Caledonian Hunt's Delight."

{ :s ₁ }	{ d : - : d r : - . d : r }	{ m : s : m r : d }	}
{ Ye }	{ banks and braes o' }	{ bon - nie Doon, }	}
{ :r }	{ m : - . r : d d . l : - : s ₁ s ₁ : - . l : d r : - }	}	
{ How }	{ can ye bloom sae }	{ fresh and fair? }	}

{ :m . r }	{ d : - : d r : - . d : r }	{ m : s : m r : d }	}
{ How }	{ can ye chant, ye }	{ lit - tle birds, }	}
{ :r }	{ m : - . r : d d . l : - : s ₁ s ₁ : l ₁ : d d : - }	}	
{ And }	{ I sae wea - ry, fu' }	{ o' care! }	
{ :m }	{ s : - : l s : m d }	{ s : - : l s : m }	}
{ Thou'll }	{ break my heart, thou }	{ war - bling bird, }	}
{ :d }	{ s : m : d s : m : d l : - . s : f . m r : - }	}	
{ That }	{ wan - tons through the }	{ flower - ing thorn: }	}
{ :m . r }	{ d : - : d r : - . d : r }	{ m : s : m r : d }	}
{ Thou }	{ minds me o' de- }	{ part - ed joys, }	}
{ :r }	{ m : - . r : d d . l : - : s ₁ s ₁ : l ₁ : d d : - }	}	
{ De - }	{ part - ed nev - er }	{ to re - turn. }	

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,
 To see the rose and woodbine twine ;
 And ilka bird sang o' its luvie,
 And fondly sae did I o' mine.
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree ;
 And my fause luvier staw my rose,
 But ah ! he left the thorn wi' me.

For first version see page 57.



BEWARE O' BONNIE ANN.

Key F.—SLOW.

{ :m . f }	{ s . m : r . d d ¹ : - . t ₁ s . m : r . d m }	}
{ Ye }	{ gal - lants bright, I rede ye right, }	}
{ :f . l }	{ s . m : r . d f : m ., f m : r }	}
{ Be - }	{ ware o' bon - nie Ann, }	}
{ :m . f }	{ s . m : r . d d ¹ : - . t ₁ s . m : r . d f : - }	}
{ Her }	{ come - ly faec, sae fu' o' grace, }	}
{ . l }	{ s . d ¹ : r . f m : r d : - - }	
{ Your }	{ heart she will tre - pan. }	
{ :m . f }	{ s . m : l . d ¹ s : t ₁ . r m : d ¹ . l s : - }	}
{ Her }	{ een sae bright, like stars by night, }	}
{ . s }	{ l . d ¹ : t . r ¹ d ¹ . t : l . se l : - - }	}
{ Her }	{ skin is like the swan; }	}
{ :l . t . d ¹ }	{ s . m : r . d l . f : m . r t . s : f . m d ¹ }	}
{ Sae }	{ jump - y laced her gen - ty waist, }	}
{ :t . l }	{ s . d ¹ : r . f m : r d : - - }	
{ That }	{ sweet - ly ye night span. }	

Youth, grace, and love, attendant move,
 And pleasure leads the van ;
 In a' their charms and conquering arms,
 They wait on bonnie Ann.
 The captive bands may chain the hands,
 But love enslaves the man.
 Ye gallants braw, I rede ye a',
 Beware o' bonnie Ann.

SONGS OF BURNS.

YE SONS OF OLD KILLIE.

Key D.—LIVELY.

TUNE—"Shawn-boy," or "Over the water to Charlie."

f: d	d : m : s	s : m : s	l : d' : m	m : r
{ Ye	sons of old Kil - lic,	as -	sem - bled by	Wil - lie }
f: d	d : m : s	s : m : s	l : - : -	d' : -
{ To	fol - low the no - ble vo -	ea -	-	tion; }
f: d	d : m : s	s : m : s	l : d' : m	m : r
{ Your	thrift - y old mo - ther has	scarce such an - o -	-	ther }
f: d'	d' : m' : d'	r' : t : s	l : - : -	d' : -
{ To	sit in that hon - our - ed	sta -	-	tion. }
f: d'	d' : m' : d'	r' : t : s	l : d' : m	m : r
{ I've	lit - tle to say,	but	on - ly to pray,	
f: d'	d' : m' : d'	r' : t : s	l : - : -	d' : -
{ As	pray - ing's the ton of your	fash -	-	ion; }
f: d'	d' : m' : d'	r' : t : s	l. d' : -	m : r
{ A	pray'r from the Muse	you	well may ex -	cuse, }
f: d	d : m : s	s : m : s	l : - : -	d' : -
{ 'Tis	sel - dom her fav - our - ite	pas -	-	sion. }

Ye powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide,
Who markèd each element's border;
Who formed this frame with beneficent aim,
Whose sovereign statute is order;
Within this dear mansion may wayward contention
Or witherèd envy ne'er enter;
May secrecy round be the mystical bound,
And brotherly love be the centre!



THE GOWDEN LOCKS OF ANNA.

Key C.—SLOWISH.

TUNE—"Banks of Banna."

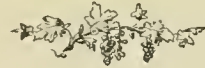
{ s	d' : -	r' d', r' : m' : r' d' : s ., l s : -
{ Yes -	green	I had a pint o' wine,
{ s	l : s	d' : t ., d' t : l s
{ A	place where bo -	dy saw na;
{ s	d' : -	r' d' m' : m' : s' s : s ., l s : -
{ Yes -	green	lay on this breast o' mine,
{ . m	f : s : l . t d' : m ., f r : -	d
{ The	gow - den locks o'	An - na.
{ d	m : -	r m : f s : s . l s
{ The	hun - gry Jew in	wil - der - ness,
{ s	l : s	d' : t ., d' l : - s
{ Re -	joie - ing o'er	his man - na,
{ s	d' : d', r' d' : m	l : l r
{ Was	nae - thing to the	hin - ny bliss }
{ . m . f	s : -	. l s : f . m r : - d
{ Up -	on the lips of	An - na. }

Ye monarchs, take the East and West,
Frae Indus to Savannah;
Gie me, within my straining grasp,
The melting form of Anna:

There I'll despise Imperial charms,
An Empress or Sultana,
While dying raptures, in her arms,
I give and take wi' Anna!
Awa, thou flaunting God of Day
Awa, thou pale Diana!
Ilk Star, gae hide thy twinkling ray,
When I'm to meet my Anna!
Come, in thy raven plumage, Night,
(Sun, Moon, and Stars, withdrawn a';)
And bring an angel-pen to write
My transports with my Anna!

POSTSCRIPT.

The Kirk an' State may join an' tell,
To do sie things I maunna;
The Kirk an' State may gae to h—,
And I'll gae to my Anna.
She is the sunshine o' my e'e,
To live but her I canna;
Had I on earth but wishes three,
The first should be my Anna.



DAMON AND SYLVIA.

Key F.—LIVELY.

TUNE—"The Tither Morn."

{ . s ₁	d . m : m . s	l . , t : d' . l	s . m : m . d
{ Yon	wand'ringrill, that marks the hill,	And	glances o'er the
{ r	: d . s ₁	d . m : m . s	l . , t : d' . , l
{ brace,	sir, Slides	by a bower, where mony a flower	Sheds
{ s . m : f . m . r . d	r	: d	s d' . , r' : d' . t
{ fragrance on the day,	sir,	There	Da - mon lay, with
{ l . , s : m . s	d' . t : l . s	s : s . l , t	
{ Syl - via gay, To	love they thought nae crime,	sir;	The
{ d' . t : l . s	l . t : d' . l	s ., m : f . m . r . d	r : d
{ wild birds sang, the echoes rang, While	Damon's heart beat time, sir.		



YON WILD MOSSY MOUNTAINS.

Key B.—SLOW.

TUNE—"There's Few Guid Fellows when Jamie's Awa'."

{ . l ₁ . t ₁	d : -	t ₁ : l ₁	t ₁ : -	. l ₁ : s ₁	r ₁ . m ₁ : s ₁	s ₁
{ Yon	wild mossy	moun - tains sae	lof - ty	and		
{ s ₁ : -	. l ₁ . t ₁	d : -	t ₁ : l ₁	t ₁ : m : -	s ₁	
{ wide,	That nurse	in their	bo - som	the		
{ m ₁ : l ₁	. l ₁ . t ₁	l ₁ : -	l ₁ . , t ₁	d : r . m : f		
{ youth o'	the	Clyde,	Where the	grouse lead their co -		
{ s : f : -	. m	r : t ₁ : s	s ₁ : -	. l ₁ . t ₁		
{ veys thro'	the	hea - ther to	feed,	And the		
{ d : -	t ₁ : l ₁	t ₁ : m : -	s ₁ m ₁ : l ₁	. l ₁ . t ₁ l ₁ : -		
{ shep - herd tents	his flock	as	he pipes	on his	reed:	

SONGS OF BURNS.

Not Gowrie's rich valley, nor Forth's sunny shores,
To me hae the charms o' you wild mossy moors;
For there by a lauely sequesterèd stream,
Resides a sweet lassie, my thought and my dream.

Amang thae wild mountains shall still be my path,
Ilk stream foaming down its ain green, narrow strath;
For there, wi' my lassie, the day lang I rove,
While o'er us unheeded flee the sweet hours o' love.

She is not the fairest, although she is fair;
O' nice education but sma' is her share;
Her parentage humble as humble can be;
But I lo'e the dear lassie because she lo'es me.

To beauty what man but manna yield him a prize,
In her armour of glances, and blushes, and sighs?
And when wit and refinement hae polish'd her darts,
They dazzle our e'en, as they flee to our hearts.

But kindness, sweet kindness, in the fond sparkling e'e,
Has lustre outshining the diamond to me;
And the heart beating love, as I'm clasped in her arms,
O, these are my lassie's all-conquering charms!



YOUNG PEGGY BLOOMS.

Key A.—ANDANTE.

TUNE—"Loch Eroch Side."

{ .s₁f₁ | m₁.s₁:s₁.l₁ | d.,r:d.t₁ | l₁.,s₁:l₁.d }
{ Young | Peggy blooms our | bonniest lass, Her | blush is like the }
{ r.,m:r.s₁f₁ | m₁.,s₁:s₁.l₁ | d.,r:m.,r }
{ morn - ing, The | ro - sy dawn, the | springing grass, With }
{ r,d,t₁:s.,m | r : d | .s,f | m.s:d.m }
{ ear - ly gems a - | dorn - ing, | Her | eyes out - shine the }
{ s,f,m,f:s.f,m | f.l:r.f | l,s,f,s:l.s,f }
{ radiant beams That | gild the pass - ing | show - er And }
{ m.,s:r.,m | d.,r:m.,r | r,d,t₁:s₁.d,m | r:d }
{ glit - ter o'er the | crys - tal streams, And | cheer each fresh'ning | flow - er. }

Her lips, more than the cherries bright,
A richer dye has graced them;
They charm th' admiring gazer's sight,
And sweetly tempt to taste them;

Her smile is as the evening mild,
When feather'd pairs are courting,
And little lambkins wanton wild,
In playful bands disporting.

Were Fortune lovely Peggy's foe,
Such sweetness would relent her;
As blooming spring unbends the brow
Of surly, savage winter.
Detraction's eye no aim can gain,
Her winning powers to lessen;
And fretful envy grins in vain
The poison'd tooth to fasten.

Ye Powers of honour, love, and truth,
From every ill defend her:
Inspire the highly-favour'd youth
The Destinies intend her:
Still fan the sweet connubial flame
Responsive in each bosom;
And bless the dear parental name
With many a filial blossom.



LOVE IN THE GUISE OF FRIENDSHIP.

Key C.—VERY SLOW.

TUNE—"Banks of Spey."

{ d | m : s | d¹ : - m¹ | r¹.t. - : l . s | d¹ : - }
{ Your | friend - ship much can | make me | blest, }
{ .l | s,m. - : d¹.l. - | s,m. - : r . d | r : - | }
{ O | why that bliss de - | stroy! }
{ m¹.f | s¹.m¹:d¹.m¹ | f¹.r¹:m¹.f | m¹:f¹.m¹.r¹.d¹ | t }
{ Why | urge the en - ly | one : f¹.m¹.r¹.d¹ | t }
{ .l.s | l . t : d¹.r¹ | m¹.r¹:d¹.t | d¹ : - | - }
{ You | know I will de - | ny! }
{ m¹.f | r¹ : - . d¹ | t . r¹:s¹.t | d¹.t:l.se | l : - }
{ Your | thought, if Love must | har - bour there, }
{ .m | l . t : d¹.r¹.m¹.f | m¹.r¹:d¹.t | l : - | }
{ Con - | ceal it in that | thought; }
{ .l,t,d | s,m. - : r . d | l . t . d¹ | s,m. - : r . d | d¹ : - }
{ Nor | can - e me from my | bo - som tear, }
{ .l | s,m. - : d¹.l. - | s,m. - : r . m | d : - | - }
{ The | ve - ry friend I | sought. }

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